

TALES OF THE CASTLE:

OR,

S T O R I E S

OF

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

V O L. III.

TALES OF THE CASTLE

S T O R I E S

INSTRUCTION AND DEFEAT

LES VILLES DE CHATEAUX

BAMFORD OF THE CASTLE

AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF THE CASTLE

INSTRUCTION AND DEFEAT



PRINTED FOR E. ROBINSON

TALES OF THE CASTLE:

O R,

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O F

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

B E I N G

LES VEILLÉES DU CHATEAU,

WRITTEN IN FRENCH

BY MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS,

AUTHOR OF THE THEATRE OF EDUCATION,
ADELA AND THEODORE, &c.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

Come raccende il gusto il mutare esca,
Così mi par, che la mia Istoria, quanto
Or quà, or là più variata fia,
Meno a chi l'udirà noiosa fia.

ARIOSTO.

As at the board, with plenteous Viands grac'd,
Cate after Cate excites the sickening taste,
So, while my Muse pursues her varied strains,
Tale following Tale the ravish'd ear detains.

HOOLE.

V O L. III.

L O N D O N :

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TALES OF THE CASTLE.

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LES VILLES DU CHATEAU

III. 0 V

PRINTED FOR S. MORRISON, N. 15
PATRICKSON



T H E
TALES OF THE CASTLE:
O R,
S T O R I E S
O F
INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF
ALPHONSO AND DALINDA.

THELISMAR, as they drew near to France, thought proper to make his young pupil promise carefully to conceal his love from Dalinda. You will travel with her, said he; I have told you it is the wish of my heart to unite, by the most holy ties, two objects who are now almost equally dear to me; but you cannot, Alphonso, dispose of yourself without a father's consent: I have no doubt his consent will be granted; yet there is a possibility it may be refused.

Oh heavens! refused!

Were I to present you to Dalinda as her future husband, she would look upon you, beyond dispute, with the eye of affection; and, uncertain as we are, would it be right to hazard troubling the repose of her life?

I trouble her repose, or trouble your's! though but for a moment? No; let me rather never behold her—but we are so certain of my father's consent.

And yet, suppose, through some unaccountable caprice, he should refuse.

What, my father pronounce sentence of death upon me!

Either Alphonso, I have lost the fruits of all my cares, or you will support this misfortune with fortitude. Is it in the power of fate to make us miserable while we are virtuous, and while we possess a faithful friend?

Oh Thelismar! you shall for ever be the Sovereign Arbitrator of my destiny. Do you not dispose of my actions, my opinions, my feelings, as you please? Oh yes; and the ascendancy you have acquired you can never lose; reason, virtue, gratitude, and friendship confirm your power. I
will



will faithfully follow the law you impose—I will see Dalinda, and be silent—Yet what an effort! But shall I doubt my power to perform what you prescribe?

Our travellers came to Bourdeaux, whence they immediately departed; and their carriage breaking down at thirty leagues distance from Paris, they were obliged to stop where the accident happened. Thelismar writ from this place to his wife, informing her, he should certainly be with her the next day by five in the afternoon at latest, and delivered the letter to a courier, who departed immediately. Thelismar and his pupil rose before day-break, got into their carriage, and departed for Paris.

What a charming morning! said Alphonso, transported and embracing Thelismar, as he beheld the rising sun: what a fine day! Before it is ended, I shall see Dalinda.

Remember your promise, replied Thelismar; I dread lest you should betray your feelings at this first interview.

Oh, I am certain of myself.

Do not be too sure : take my advice ; from this moment moderate those transports, those joys, which in a few hours must be totally concealed ; let us speak of something else.

How is it possible ?

If you wish to acquire a command over your passions, accustom yourself to regulate your imagination at your pleasure, and to banish any certain train of thoughts you wish so to do.

But provided my conduct is always rational, will it matter what my thoughts are ?

How is it possible to give any marking proofs of fortitude, if we are habitually feeble ? He who suffers his imagination to have dominion over him, can neither drive from his memory what is dangerous to recollect, nor reject thoughts he ought not to entertain ; and can such a person always be supposed rational ? The faculty of thinking should be turned to the improvement of the heart and mind ; but we pervert this noble faculty, when we suffer our imagination to dwell upon objects beneath, unworthy of, or derogatory to ourselves ; therefore there is no doubt but the most secret thoughts of a wise man are far more pure and sublime than his words.

Alphonso

Alphonso sighed, and for a few moments remained silent; then, by an effort over himself, entered again into conversation. Thelismar spoke of their travels, and recapitulated whatever they had seen most remarkable; spoke of the arts, chymistry, botany, and various subjects of natural history, while Alphonso was insensibly drawn to listen with pleasure.

How happy you are, said Alphonso to Thelismar; how extensive your knowledge, nothing can astonish, nothing is new to you.

How mistaken *you* are, replied Thelismar, the heaven and earth, the universe, all we see, all that environs us, is the work of an infinite Being; an eternal book, in which man to the end of time shall find secrets that are impenetrable, objects for ever new, and discover, through each succeeding age, mysteries the most sublime, without ever knowing them all.

Thus conversing, they drew near to Paris, when our travellers, almost equally moved, became thoughtful and silent; they remained so a considerable time. At last Alphonso said to Thelismar, Will you not own that, at present, you do not chuse your thoughts, but that you are obliged

to accept those which so forcibly, so naturally present themselves?

As Alphonso was speaking, the Postillion told Thelismar he saw something that very much surprised him in the air. Thelismar looked out, and discovered, above the clouds, towards Paris, a small round body, opaque and dark, which appeared in motion, and slowly approaching as it were to meet them.

Thelismar astonished, looked very attentively at this phænomenon, and his astonishment increased at beholding the body become larger and luminous. He determined to descend the better to examine it, and the terrified Postillion had already stopt his horses. They alighted in a charming meadow, adjoining to Arpajon, six leagues from Paris; the luminous Globe, however, seemed still to increase in size.

It is a meteor, said Alphonso, and much such a one as I saw in Spain, when I was travelling to Loxe.

It is no meteor, said Thelismar.

What is it then?

I can-

I cannot conceive : it approaches still, and still becomes brighter. Have you your pocket telescope about you?

Yes.

Lend it me——Thelismar took the telescope that Alphonso presented him, and having adjusted it, looked and cried, It is incredible, I can perceive underneath this Globe a kind of vessel, a small Ship fastened to it; this is certainly an illusion——Here, take your turn to look.

Alphonso took the telescope, and presently exclaimed, good God ! I see a man !

Thelismar began to laugh; you have hit it, said he, it is Abaris the Scythian (a).

I am not surprized at your incredulity, said Alphonso; for though I am certain I see it, I do not believe it——and yet——why what enchantment is this?——heavens!——I now see two people distinctly !

Alphonso rubbed his eyes, and the telescope dropt from his hands; he looked at Thelismar,

(a) Abaris was said to have received an arrow from Apollo, on which he flew through the air.

who motionless and fixed in amazement, said not a word! The Globe still kept approaching, and at last appeared almost over their heads. I can doubt no longer, cried Thelismar: this Globe of purple and gold contains living Beings!— I see them!—Oh inconceivable prodigy! Oh happy triumph of audacious Genius!

While Thelismar was speaking, the Globe hovered over his head, majestically descended, and they saw in the vessel, suspended to the Globe, two celestial figures; they were females: the one had the dignity and beauty of Juno or Minerva; the other clothed in white, and crowned with roses, resembled Aurora, or the charming Goddess of Spring-time and Flowers.

Alphonso flew towards the Globe; he was stopt by a violent palpitation of the heart; no, cried he, these ravishing creatures cannot be mortal—they approach—they come hand in hand—surely it is Innocence and Virtue, descending from heaven to give back the Golden age—but—good God—is it a new delusion?—Oh, Dalinda, this young Divinity, the more to charm us, has taken thy form—I dare not believe my eyes, and yet my heart cannot deceive me—Yes, it is she, it is Dalinda herself!

Alphonso

Alphonso wildly called Thelismar, just as the Globe and it's Car touched the earth ; while the latter pale, trembling, petrified with surprize and doubt, looked on it, sent forth a piercing cry, and transported with joy, ran, or rather fled towards them.

The two Divinities were not less eager ; they sprang, they wept, they sunk in his arms.

Alphonso, quite beside himself, durst not follow the dictates of his heart : he stopped, and the excess of his feelings obliged him to lean against a tree, for his trembling legs were unable to support his body.

In the first moments of joy, the magic Globe, the Car, the Miracle, were totally forgotten. Thelismar beheld nothing but his wife and daughter, and his curiosity was suspended, superior to the power of all enchantment. Alphonso, a witness of this happy meeting, did not taste a joy unmixed ; he contemplated Dalinda with rapture ; he enjoyed, with transport, the sweet pleasure of understanding her in her native language, while she spoke every thing that filial affection could inspire to a dear and tender father. But this interesting scene brought to memory Don Ramirez, and all his wrongs ; and thus was one single sub-

ject of remorse sufficient to poison all his pleasure.

Reflection, after a while, having again given birth to surprize and curiosity, Dalinda and her mother were questioned concerning the miracle they had seen. They replied, they had not ventured themselves passengers in *the Air Balloon*, had they not first seen experiments which had assured them of it's safety; that knowing the day and hour when Thelismar would arrive, and having a favourable wind, they could not resist their desire of thus surprizing him, especially when it would bring them sooner to his arms; that living in the same house with a Philosopher, who had a globe ready prepared, they had seized so favourable an opportunity of flying to meet a husband and father so dear; they added, as they were hovering over the meadow of Arpajon, they had distinguished a carriage and horses with their telescopes, and consequently had descended.

Thelismar after this went to examine the Globe, and his wife gave a short account of the experiments which had been made at the Muette, and the Tuileries. Thelismar felt himself greatly moved, while she described the general enthusiasm which these sublime experiments had excited; and the universal admiration with which the whole nation

nation beheld the immortal author of that discovery, and the two illustrious Philosophers, whose heroic daring had procured to France a spectacle so pompous and so new.

Thelismar likewise heard with pleasure, that all the truly learned partook in this well-founded national enthusiasm; and Alphonso was astonished to find, that Envy wanted power to poison the triumph of the author of this brilliant discovery.

A little reflection, said Thelismar, will rob you of your surprize; such lights as may serve to guide men to the things they wish, are always received with transport. Suppose a Chymist, by making a discovery, should open a new career to the learned, and furnish materials for an infinity of interesting speculations, and a multitude of new ideas, would he not thus afford them new means of distinguishing themselves, and acquiring glory? From one discovery a thousand others may arise, while each Philosopher is only busied in bringing it to perfection, and thence deducing new lights and further fame: thus, far from endeavouring to diminish the merit of the first invention, each employs his talents and his genius to make it more useful, consequently more glorious.

You give me infinite pleasure, said Alphonso; there exists then a way, in which men may run towards the same goal, may overtake and outstrip, yet not hate each other. Oh noble triumph, in which the victor is crowned by the vanquished; where the excellence of an individual is the delight of the whole, and becomes to them an inexhaustible source of fame and fresh success. Oh that men of wit would follow this sublime example!

You wish a thing impossible, answered Thelismar; facts cannot be denied; a discovery proved by experiment, is beyond criticism, above censure; but so are not works of imagination. An author who writes to the fancy, may ardently desire to prove his work is good, but cannot do it geometrically; it is in vain that he may affirm it a hundred different ways in his preface, when whosoever pleases can affirm the contrary: thus when he has composed a *Chef-d'oeuvre*, Ill taste and Malignity may deny his merit. Hence arise disputes, spiteful criticisms, and enmities which dishonour literature. the Philosopher can write nothing which describes new facts, that is not useful to all other Philosophers; while the wit and talents of the man of polite literature, are subservient only to his own individual fame.

After

After this conversation, they took a turn in the meadows, then entered their carriages, and went for Paris, where they arrived in the evening.

Thelismar made no stay at this city, but departed with his family and Alphonso to England. They passed some time at London; but not being able to learn any tidings of Don Ramirez they left it, and went to Buxton in Derbyshire.

I will conduct you, said Thelismar, as they were walking out, to a Fountain, which, from the fabulous virtues attributed to it, would be much better placed in Sicily or Greece than England. It is pretended, that the spring only flows for constant hearts; and that any Lover, capable of the least infidelity, cannot drink of it's waters, because they stop at his approach. It is long since I heard this old tale, added Thelismar, the gallantry of which recalls to memory the fountain Acadine, and the story of Argyra (1).

The Guides now spoke to Thelismar in English, which language Alphonso did not understand: they tell me, said Thelismar, we are not an hundred yards from the Fountain; but as the road is full of stones and brambles, they and our servants will go before and clear the way. Let us sit down under these trees a moment till they call.

call. So saying, Thelismar seated himself between his wife and daughter, where they had not sat long, before the Guides returned, and conducted them to the Fountain.

I am going, said Thelismar, smiling, to his wife, to prove a fidelity, of which I hope you have never doubted: besides, this clear and abundant spring invites me to drink; I therefore willingly consent to submit to this proof of perfect constancy.

So saying, he approached the spring, and drank two or three times. Who, continued he, will, after this, pretend that men are inconstant! You see!——But come, Alphonso, are not you thirsty?

No, replied Alphonso, laughing; however, I will drink.

Alphonso drew near, but Thelismar stopped him, as he was going to stoop, and whispered, What, have you the audacity to expose yourself to this proof; have you forgot Greece, and the black-eyed youthful Zoë?

Nay, Thelismar, now you are cruel.

Well, well, since you have engaged with so much temerity, you must go through with it now; you must drink.

While

While this dialogue was passing, Dalinda drew near, and Alphonso fearing she might overhear Thelismar's jokes, stooped towards the Fountain ; but as his lips drew near the stream, it instantly ceased to flow. Alphonso, abashed and astonished, felt his heart violently beat, and stood like the Statue of Surprise. Dalinda blushed and smiled, though with an air of some constraint, while Thelismar silently, with mischievous pleasure, looked on ; at last, Away, profane mortal, said he, in a tragic tone, depart from these sacred haunts.

Certainly, said Alphonso, this cannot be a real Fountain.

I protest, said Thelismar, it is.

I own it has all the appearance of one ; and can you, who possess so many other wonderful secrets, forbid the Fountain to flow ?

That would indeed be a wonderful secret.

Yet I have seen you do things as surprising.

This, however, surpasses my power ; I assure you I have no influence over this Fountain ; the prodigy, at which you seem so astonished, is entirely

tirely the work of nature. I will endeavour this evening to explain the phænomenon ; in the mean time, Alphonso, cede your place to me, for as I have a clear conscience, I dare supply it, untrified by your disgrace ; look, and you shall see the stream flow once more.

As Thelismar approached the spring, it began again impetuously to bubble forth it's waters ; and when he had enjoyed his triumph for a moment, Thelismar took Alphonso under the arm, and quitted this miraculous Fountain.

Alphonso was not ignorant enough to believe the Fountain was enchanted ; and after some reflection, he nearly divined the cause of an effect so extraordinary ; but Thelismar's pleasantry had so disconcerted him, that he could not recover himself during the whole walk.

Thelismar departed from Buxton, and conducted his wife and daughter to the frontiers of Scotland (2), where they left him to go to Edinburgh. The wife of Thelismar had an ancient relation and benefactor who lived in that city, and who was very desirous to see her once again ; while, therefore, they went to Scotland, it was determined that Alphonso and Thelismar should make a tour to Iceland.

Alphonso

Alphonso at parting from Dalinda, acquitted himself with a fortitude that even surpassed the hopes of Thelismar; fearing he should betray himself, he determined scarcely to look at her, and pronounced no other kind of farewell, but such as mere politeness required.

As soon as he was alone with his friend, he uttered his tender complaints, but the praises of Thelismar soon softened his chagrin. They embarked, and arrived in Iceland, at Skalhott, whence they went to Geizer. The first thing they admired in this wild place, was a cascade of prodigious height; but another, and a newer spectacle, soon drew all their attention: look this way, said Thelismar, behold the superb columns of Ruby, Ivory, and Crystal, which cover that immense plain.

Alphonso turned, and over a vast extent of ground, among rocks and gulfs, he saw thrown up into the air, at equal heights and distances, innumerable spouts of water, as from prodigious fountains, and of various colours; some of a bright red, some of a dazzling white, others of pure and limpid water, but almost all reaching to the very clouds (3).

Alphonso and Thelismar could not be tired with so beautiful, so brilliant a sight. They admired many
other

other phænomenæ in the same island, equally curious; and, after having seen every thing it contained, of interesting and uncommon, they re-embarked, and again returned for England, where Alphonso once more saw Dalinda, when the pains of absence were forgotten, though the necessity of hiding it considerably abated his joy.

Thelismar left England with inexpressible satisfaction, and at last embarked for Sweden. After so many travels, so many perilous voyages, to see himself in his own country, in the midst of his family and friends, was a delight not easily to be described.

Here he had the pleasure to find once more the virtuous Zulaski, with whom he had lodged at the Azore Islands, and whose house was so miraculously thrown into the sea. Thelismar learnt with joy, that the filial piety of this young man had made him the object of public admiration; that his Sovereign had heaped benefits upon him; that he had found his mistress faithful, and that he was married, and the happiest of men.

Thelismar wished to contemplate him in the bosom of his family; he there saw Zulaski, with his father on one side of him, his wife on the other, and his child, a beautiful boy, not

two years old, on his knees. Oh Zulaski! said Thelismar, where is happiness may be compared to your's? The wife you dote on, the child you love, your wealth, your reputation, your pleasures, your felicity, your glory, all, all are the effects of your virtues. And your happiness is still the more pure, since it is too interesting to incite envy. Those qualities which are only brilliant, have ever more enemies than admirers; but those which are the offspring of the heart, obtain the suffrages of all. You cannot outshine other men, without wounding their pride; whilst you astonish them, you often irritate; and whenever you are personal, you are assuming. Your son too, that tender object of your dearest hopes, what may you not expect from him? since, to make him worthy of yourself, to make him feel how extensive are the sacred duties of nature, you have only to relate your own story.

Alphonso, more than ever a prey to disquietude concerning the fate of his father, and cherishing still the fond hope of finding him in Russia, told Thelismar he was determined to go to Petersburg. Easily imagining what Alphonso's afflictions must be, should he not find Don Ramirez there, Thelismar determined not to abandon, but go with him.

At

At Peterburgh they found Frederic, the old friend of Thelismar, whom they had met in the island of Policandro: I am destined, said Frederic, to shew you, and see in your company, extraordinary things; follow me, and you shall behold a Palace of crystal.

We know, said Alphonso, that you called a Cavern formed by nature a Palace. For this time, however, replied Frederic, it is no play of words, but a real Palace, built by men, according to the most regular rules of architecture.

This assurance scarcely could persuade Alphonso; therefore, to cure him of his incredulity, Frederic immediately took him to this marvellous Palace. As soon as they came in sight of it, Alphonso uttered an exclamation of surprize! He saw a real transparent Palace, of beautiful architecture, apparently built of various coloured crystal.

Go on, said Frederic, and your amazement will be doubled: look at yonder battery.

What do I behold? cried Alphonso: Cannon too of crystal?

The concert is going to begin in this enchanted Castle, continued Frederic; you may go in, if you dare

dare enter a Palace which must at least be the habitation of Fairies.

I am too much accustomed to them now, said Alphonso, to stand in fear of enchantments.

So saying, he passed beneath the brilliant porticos of the Palace; and, led by celestial harmony, came to a magnificent hall, the walls and columns of which, built of the same materials with the rest, were, likewise, ornamented with garlands and festoons of roses; the girandoles of crystal, which were placed in the angles of the hall, were filled with an infinite number of wax-lights, which being reflected on every side, produced a most dazzling brightness.

But what struck Alphonso most, was the beauty of the women, which he found assembled in this magic Palace. He was in no danger of taking them for Fairies, they were clothed nearly as Calypso, or the Nymphs of Diana are painted; something like Arethusa, or the beauteous Atalanta; their robes were the spoils of animals, run down or vanquished at the chase; their mantles, made of the skins of the Ermine and the Fox, hung from their shoulders, fastened with diamond clasps; and, in these superb habits, their charms effaced the brightness of the habitation.

Quitting

Quitting this Palace, Alphonso was informed of the nature of the materials with which it was built; it was the Ice taken from the river Neva (4).

What, mamma, cried Cæsar, a Palace of Ice!

Nothing is more certain.

Filled with burning candles too, and yet not melt! How is it possible to find Ice thick enough for such a building? Besides, you said the Ice was of various colours.

My Notes will answer all these questions.

O dear, cried Pulcheria, how I long to read these Notes!

You had reason, mamma, to tell us that Fairy Tales are not so miraculous as your's; but pray, dear mamma, continue your story, we will not interrupt you any more.

It is too late, said Madame de Clémire, you shall hear the rest to-morrow.

The following evening Madame de Clémire thus continued the History of Alphonso:

All

All the enquiries of Alphonso relative to his father, were as fruitless in Russia as they had been in England: overwhelmed with grief, he found in the affections of a generous benefactor, the sole consolations he was capable of receiving. Neither duty nor the laws, said Thelismar, permit you to marry without the consent of your father; you must, therefore, dear Alphonso, submit to your fate; all that depended upon you, have you done to find him; now then you must wait with resignation, till the age that you are allowed to dispose of yourself: you must henceforth be separated from Dalinda, and see her no more till you receive her hand. You shall pass this time in Sweden, in a house that appertains to me, and in which I lived before my travels; I will conduct you there and leave you alone, while I go to Stockholm and join my family. We shall be separated, but we shall inhabit the same country, and with the certitude of being for ever united in two years.

Alas! said Alphonso, how cruel an exile, how severe a separation will this be to me!—If Dalinda only knew my love——might I but hope her pity——but I submit to my fate; and oh! may the pangs I shall suffer expiate my guilt; may heaven, moved by my repentance, give me back a father who has caused me so many tears!

Thelismar

Thelismar left Petersburg, and brought Alphonso to his destined retreat. It was an antique mansion, situated in a wild place, near Salseberist.

Here then, said Alphonso, is the solitude in which I must pass two long years away; were it not for the cutting remembrance of my father and my faults, I might support this rigorous exile with fortitude, but remorse now will be my only companion.

Always preserve, said Thelismar, this just remorse; but be not vanquished by it: industriously employ yourself in bringing that knowledge, the elements of which I have given you, to perfection. I formerly promised you a treasure, the value of which you are now capable of knowing; behold those shelves, those books; behold there my dear Alphonso, an immortal work, which will more extensively instruct you in the secrets of nature. I will stay with you a few days, and shew you the neighbourhood; in these savage environs, you will find objects worthy to excite you curiosity.

The next morning Thelismar and the melancholy Alphonso, were in their carriage by day-break. Thelismar promised to shew him something curious, but Alphonso was too deeply pensive to hope that any thing might divert his sadness.

ness. After they had rid about three miles, they came to a wild desolate place, surrounded on all sides by enormous mountains.

Here let us stop, said Thelismar. If I had not known your courage, Alphonso, I would not have brought you to this Desert, for our enterprize will be very perilous. Look here——do you perceive various gulfs on the other side of those rocks? ——Into the Abyss they lead to we must descend.

As Thelismar spoke, two men of a fearful aspect approached; they were wrapped in long dismal garments, with naked arms, and lighted torches in their hands.

These are our Guides, said Thelismar; here we must separate; we shall soon meet again.

Accordingly he went with one of the men, and Alphonso followed the other, who walked silently before. When they had gone a little way, Alphonso found himself on the brink of a pit; he stooped, and saw in the mouth of this abyss, a kind of small barrel or basket, suspended in the air; into this bark the guide leapt, and Alphonso followed; after which the Guide, still keeping the lighted torch in his hand, made his deep hollow voice reverberate down the gulf; and while it's sides

still shook with the sound, their vehicle began to descend, and an invisible hand seemed to precipitate them into the deep bowels of the earth. Alphonso looked upwards at the infinite firmament of heaven, which was as an imperceptible point; this point itself presently vanished, and he only saw his strange attendant, who seemed the very counterpart of the ferocious Ferryman of Hell.

After travelling thus about a quarter of an hour, Alphonso began to be astonished at the length of the way, and the immense depth they had descended; when suddenly he heard a noise, which he presently found to be impetuous torrents, dashing and roaring round him, unseen, on all sides, and recalling to his imagination the fearful and tumultuous streams of Tartarus.

At last the vehicle stopped, he jumped out; Thelismar came running again to join him, and after walking a little way, Alphonso was surprized by the sudden appearance of light. He advanced, but not far; he soon stood motionless with amazement: he found himself in the midst of a vast and magnificent Hall of Silver, sustained by pillars of the same metal, round which were four spacious galleries; a brook of limpid water crossed this hall and these galleries, while the sumptuous edifice was lighted by an infinity of lamps and flambeaux.

All

All is shining, all dazzles in these subterranean regions; the lights are reflected and multiplied by the silver walls and vaults, and the crystal waters, which wind along the hall.

Alphonso and Thelismar entered the galleries, where they found crowds of people variously employed; farther on Alphonso discovered houses, saw horses and carriages pass and repass; and, moreover, to his inconceivable astonishment, perceived a windmill.

What! mamma, interrupted Caroline, a subterranean town of Silver, and in that town horses, carriages, and a windmill!

The town exists at this moment, exactly as I have described: but let me finish my tale, my dear, without farther interruption.

While Thelismar and Alphonso were beholding these wonders, Thelismar shuddered, in remarking the lights began to burn blue; he looked up, and saw above his head a kind of whitish veil: he instantly took Alphonso by the arm, dragged him down, and forced him to lie with his face upon the floor; at the same moment, a terrible and universal shriek resounded through the vaults; the lamps were all extinguished, and to an illumi-

nation the most brilliant, succeeded darkness the most horrid, which was yet augmented by a profound and utter silence.

At last, in a few seconds, a noise was heard like the discharge of a cannon, when instantly every body rose, and cried the danger is over; the lamps were re-lighted, and Thelismar turning towards Alphonso, said, death has passed over our heads. Such is the fearful peril to which men are often exposed, in these profound deeps which Avarice has dug. Alas! these unhappy people, deprived of the chearful light of day, enjoy not the riches they wrest from the bosom of the earth: misery buries them in these tombs of Terror, and, instead of enjoying the riches that passes through their hands, they have scarce enough to buy them food; their days are consecrated to the most painful labours, their health is destroyed, and their term of wretchedness is shortened (5).

How much, cried Alphonso, you interest me in favour of these unfortunate victims! Poor unhappy creatures! But look, added Alphonso, what is the matter yonder, where that crowd is assembled?

Alphonso ran towards the other end of the gallery, and Thelismar followed: they were told, that

one of the workmen, not having put out his light quick enough when the mephitic vapour discharged itself, was wounded, and that they were endeavouring to give him assistance.

Let us run, said Thelismar, I have a bottle in my pocket, which may be of service to him, perhaps.

They made their way through the crowd with all the haste they could; the unfortunate man was laying senseless extended upon the ground; he is dead, said one of his comrades, seeing Thelismar advance. Alphonso, with a compassionate heart, drew near; his eyes, dim by tears, were cast towards the mournful Object—he shuddered!—started back!—sprang again towards him!—beheld him with distraction in his countenance!—his blood froze in his veins!—his hair stood an end; and, as if a thunderbolt had struck him, he fell speechless and lifeless to the earth!

Thelismar flew to the succour of Alphonso; he gave orders to the people who surrounded the supposed dead man, and then had Alphonso carried into another gallery; in about half a quarter of an hour Alphonso gave some signs of life, and some time after came more to himself.

Then it was, that the most horrible despair was seen in his looks, and disfigured his features——it is my father, cried he! 'tis he himself! it is my father!——Barbarians, give me my father!——conduct me to him! let me see him! let me die by his side!——in what place? Oh God! in what dreadful state have I found him!——but he is dead! and do I exist!——have I enjoyed the light of heaven, while my father has uttered groans in this place of death and terrors!——Leave me, continued he, pushing Thelismar from him with wild ferocity in his eyes; fly a Monster, unworthy to revisit the day. I renounce happiness, the world, and the blessed sun. This Cave shall be my tomb, as it is, alas, that of my most wretched father; in death at least we shall be united!

During this scene of distraction, Alphonso in vain endeavoured to escape from the arms of his friend: hold, cried Thelismar, hold, Alphonso; knowest thou me not? seest thou me not? hearest thou not my voice?

I see nobody but my father: I hear no voice but the voice of Nature, whose cries rend my very heart.

Yet be calm; yet hear me: if you are certain you are not deceived, if it be your father, you yet may hope.

Oh

Oh God's providence ! is he——is he alive ?

His hurt is not mortal.

Almighty Father of mercies, cried Alphonso, falling on his knees, and raising his clasped hands to heaven, oh God of boundless pity, hear me ! have compassion on my pangs, my remorse, my despair, and give me back my father.

Compose your spirits Alphonso.

Oh let us run ; deign Thelismar to guide my steps ; let us fly.

No ; at present it is improper ; such an interview might be fatal.

But is he alive ?——Do you assure me he lives ?

I do——I am certain, that though apparently, he is not really dead. I gave orders they should carry him out of the pits into the air, and he is gone.

Has he revived ! Has he spoken ! Oh Thelismar, do not deceive me.

Alphonso! Is not my word sacred!—I have sent him to my house, and must follow to assist.

To your house! My father at the house of Thelismar, and alive!

I have ordered them to carry him in our carriage.

Oh! let us fly!

Thelismar and Alphonso immediately left the gallery, called their Guides, and were drawn out of the pit: they were obliged to return on foot, but, however, they were met half way by the horses and servants of Thelismar. Alphonso eagerly questioned the domestics concerning his father, but received only vague and unsatisfactory answers; his doubts and suspicions again revived, till his fears became almost insupportable.

At last they got home, and Alphonso in vain, endeavoured to follow Thelismar into the sick man's chamber. You are not sufficiently master of yourself, said Thelismar; if the stranger is your father, you shall see him to-morrow; but give me leave to inform him properly first, and prevent the consequences which else might follow.

Alphonso

Alphonso obliged to submit, passed the day in anxiety and trouble too violent to be described. Unable, however, any longer to support his incertitude, he resolved to hide his intentions from Thelismar, and visit his father when every body was gone to rest. Accordingly, about midnight, he went to the chamber-door of the sick person, and knowing the bed was placed so that he might enter the chamber without being seen, he softly opened the door. With trembling steps he entered the room, and as he entered, heard the voice of Don Ramirez; his sensations were so strong he could scarcely support himself: but, alas! what were his feelings at hearing his father's discourse, who was raving in a fit of delirium.

Alvarez! Alvarez! cried aloud the wretched Don Ramirez, come!—come Alvarez, and drag me from this Abyss of terrors into which thou hast plunged me; pity my pangs; look, behold my misery: but how may thy eyes penetrate from the heights of heaven to the bowels of the earth. How dreary is this gulf, it contains the tomb of thy wife and son—there!—Ay, there they are! I see their pale shades! behold how they menace. See, see, how they pursue me!—and must it be for ever thus?—But look; mercy, what do I see! thy son Alvarez arms Alphonso with a poniard; behold! he is going to revenge

thee; now he strikes, now he pierces my heart —stop, my son, is it for thee to punish a father? Wilt thou kill me first, and then abandon me? Ah, come at least and receive my last sigh, take my blessing ere I go.

Alphonso, unable longer to contain, was going to cast himself in his father's arms; but the watchful Thelismar appeared, caught hold of him, and in spite of his cries and resistance, tore him from the chamber.

A Physician whom Thelismar had sent for came; at first he was doubtful; but in a few hours Don Ramirez became more calm, his delirium was gone, and the Physician pronounced him out of danger: the transports of Alphonso's joy could now be only equalled by his late excess of grief; and as soon as his hopes for his father were confirmed, his tenderness and obedience to Thelismar returned. During the last few hours, Thelismar for the first time had found him unjust, obstinate, and headstrong; but no sooner was he assured of his father's safety, than he became more submissive, reasonable, and tender than ever towards his benefactor.

As soon as Don Ramirez learnt he was at the house of Thelismar, he instantly asked, with an exclamation

exclamation of surprize, for Alphonso; and it was now impossible any longer to defer the interview: Thelismar therefore sought for, and brought him into the chamber of Don Ramirez. Alphonso agitated, hoping, fearing, bathed in tears, ran and fell on his knees by his father's bed-side, whose arms were extended to receive him.

Oh my father! cried Alphonso, dear author of my being! Are you given back to me at last? and will you receive your guilty son again? Ah! surely you read my heart, or you could not: you there behold my repentance, my remorse, my love! —Yes, my father, my life hereafter shall be consecrated to you. I wish existence, only to repair my faults, to obey, to make you happy. — Oh speak to me, my father, let me hear the sound of a voice so revered; confirm my pardon with your lips; and oh! may it give me back the repose I had lost, and which I never could have enjoyed without you.

Is it not an illusion? at last, said Don Ramirez. Is it Alphonso? is it my son that I press to my bosom? —I accuse thee not of thy errors and wretchedness, both were equally mine: but heaven is appeased, and we are again united; again I see thee, and all my sufferings are repaid.

The weakness of Don Ramirez would not suffer him to speak any more : he became pale, and his head, heavy and helpless, dropped on the cheek of his son. Alphonso terrified, instantly ran for the Physician, who brought Don Ramirez to himself again ; but forbad any more such conversations for the present.

This meeting did not forward the recovery of Don Ramirez. However, in a few days he was capable of sitting up, and Alphonso then related to him all his adventures. Don Ramirez gave a thousand testimonials of his gratitude to Thelismar, and as soon as he was quite well, he also would relate his history. He confessed all his faults without reservation, and the whole circumstance of the History of Alvarez, the virtuous Portuguese Hermit, whom he had met with on Mont-Serrat.

When he came to the epocha of the flight of Alphonso, he thus continued his tale :

“ The departure of my son grieved me so much
 “ the more, inasmuch as it was impossible not
 “ to look upon it as a just punishment inflicted by
 “ heaven, and the effect of the imprecations before
 “ pronounced against me by a wretched
 “ father. Alas ! said I, how equitable are the
 “ decrees

“ decrees of Providence! I made an ill use of
 “ power and fortune, and heaven has deprived
 “ me of both. My detestable ambition robbed
 “ the unhappy Alvarez of a wife and son; and the
 “ wrath divine, has at last stripped me of the only
 “ comfort which could supply the want of all the
 “ rest; my son, my sole hope, Alphonso, aban-
 “ dons me; and though thus arrived at the height
 “ of my misery, I have not a right even to com-
 “ plain; Fate has done me no wrong; it is all my
 “ own work.

“ Thus did I weep over my Destiny, and thus
 “ was I obliged to admire Omnipotent Justice by
 “ which I was pursued.

“ I learnt, after diligent enquiries, my son
 “ had taken the route to Cadiz. I could not,
 “ however, follow him immediately, as was my
 “ intention and desire; detained at Grenada by a
 “ violent fever, I was obliged there to remain
 “ for six weeks.

“ Though I could not hope to find my son at
 “ Cadiz, I still persisted in my design of going
 “ there, from a supposition that I might get far-
 “ ther intelligence. When I came to Loxe, I
 “ put up at an Inn, where, after the description
 “ I gave of my son, and the answers of the Inn-
 “ keeper

“ keeper, I could not doubt of his having passed
 “ some hours in the same place.

“ Fatherly fondness made me desirous of sleep-
 “ ing in his chamber ; every part of which I
 “ examined with great care and anxiety. I per-
 “ ceived some Portuguese characters cut on the
 “ glass ; I could not mistake the hand of Alphonso,
 “ and in a single couplet, I saw the name of
 “ Dalinda three times repeated. The same name
 “ was written too upon the walls, it struck me,
 “ and I entered it in my tablets.

“ When I came to Cadiz, I enquired both for
 “ Alphonso and Dalinda ; but they were names
 “ totally unknown to every body that heard them.
 “ At last, however, I learnt a young Portuguese,
 “ who had carefully concealed his name and birth,
 “ had passed ten days at Cadiz with a young
 “ lady, whom it was suspected he had run off
 “ with, and that the two Fugitives were gone to
 “ France, there, as it was supposed, to reside.

“ I did not doubt but my son was the Portu-
 “ guese in question, and that the young lady was
 “ Dalinda, with whom I had discovered Alphonso
 “ was in love ; I resolved, therefore, to go to
 “ France ; but it was first necessary I should visit
 “ Lisbon,

“ Lisbon, to receive the money due upon my
 “ pension, and then I departed for Paris.

“ After much time and many pains spent in
 “ searching, I traced at last the Fugitives, con-
 “ cerning whom I had heard at Cadiz ; and the
 “ result of all my cares and discovery was, to
 “ find two persons to whom I was absolutely un-
 “ known. I had hitherto been supported by the
 “ hope of finding my son ; and when I lost a hope
 “ so dear to my heart, I drooped and fell into the
 “ most melancholy state of despair. Totally de-
 “ tached from the world, I formed the project of
 “ quitting it never to return, and burying myself
 “ in the same solitude which the virtuous Alvarez
 “ had chosen.

“ Arrived at Mont-Serrat, I went immediately
 “ to the Grotto of Alvarez, but alas ! the ve-
 “ nerable old man approached the term of his
 “ existence ; I found him on the brink of the
 “ grave.

“ He received me, however, with that unalter-
 “ able bounty by which his actions were cha-
 “ racterized ; I told him my misfortunes, and he
 “ listened with tenderness to the recital. Mayest
 “ thou find, said he, in this peaceable asylum,
 “ comforts that shall assuage thy griefs ; if thou
 “ wilt

“ wilt remain in this grotto, thou wilt soon enjoy
 “ it without a rival; and oh! in abandoning it to
 “ thee, would to heaven I could leave thee also
 “ the tranquillity which I enjoy.

“ Such was my reception with Alvarez. With
 “ new astonishment I viewed a virtue so perfect;
 “ far from finding that his presence augmented
 “ my uneasiness and remorse, I found myself less
 “ agitated in his company, received an inexpressible
 “ delight in listening to, looking at, and
 “ assisting him; my affection for him was every
 “ instant redoubled, and I would willingly have
 “ prolonged his life at the expence of my own.

“ I had not at first related to him the particulars
 “ of my misfortunes; I had only told him,
 “ that my son had ran from me; that I knew
 “ not what was become of him, and that, from
 “ some mistaken informations, I had vainly sought
 “ for him in France. Alvarez afterwards begged
 “ me to be more precise; and I then mentioned,
 “ among other things, the two Portuguese verses
 “ I had found on the window of the Inn, at
 “ Loxe.

“ Scarcely had I pronounced the name of Dalinda,
 “ before I was interrupted by Alvarez.
 “ Go, said he, and look in that chest of drawers
 “ for

“ for the book, in which, during these last ten
 “ years, I have written the names of such
 “ strangers as have come to visit the Hermitage.
 “ I flew as directed, brought the book, and Al-
 “ varez found the following memorandum :

“ This twentieth of June, I have received a
 “ visit from a Swedish family ; the father speaks
 “ tolerable Portuguese, has charmed me by his
 “ knowledge and simplicity of manners ; he is
 “ going to Spain, embarks at Cadiz for Africa,
 “ and his name is Thelismar : his daughter is
 “ remarkable for her beauty and modesty. Her
 “ father desired her to shew me some landscapes
 “ of her own drawing, and she took a book from
 “ her pocket, in which were several, all designed
 “ after nature, except one, which she had done
 “ from memory, and which was certainly the best
 “ and prettiest among them : it was a represen-
 “ tation of the Fountain of Love, in the pro-
 “ vince of Beira. The name of this young
 “ lady is Dalinda.

“ This note cleared up all my doubts, and gave
 “ me the first joyous sensation I had felt since I
 “ returned from France ; for though I had still
 “ cause enough to be very uneasy, I now had dis-
 “ covered some certain intelligence, by the help
 “ of which I might hope to find my son.

“ Alvarez

“ Alvarez farther informed me, Thelismar had
 “ said he intended to travel four years, before he
 “ returned to Sweden ; for which reason, said
 “ Alvarez, if your son is with him, it will be two
 “ years longer ere you see him again ; nor can
 “ you hope to hear any thing of Alphonso, except
 “ by going to Sweden.

“ No, Alvarez, said I, I will not now abandon
 “ you in helpless age ; you offered an asylum to
 “ your Persecutor, advised him, consoled, and
 “ deigned to accept his little services : such mag-
 “ nanimity, while it doubles my repentance, di-
 “ minishes the dreadful terrors of my guilt ;
 “ when Alvarez is no longer angry with me, I
 “ I hope the avenging God, who pursues me,
 “ will be appeased——And yet, alas ! I am in-
 “ debted to religion only for this forgiveness :
 “ could your heart be reconciled, and become a
 “ part of mine, I should then hope for heaven’s
 “ protection.

“ My eyes were filled with tears as I spoke ;
 “ and Alvarez, with a look of most affectionate
 “ tenderness, answered, And is it possible that my
 “ friendship should soften thy chagrin, and calm
 “ the cruel agitation of thy soul !——Well——
 “ be satisfied——I accept thy hand, thy friendly
 “ succours ; yes, the hand of Don Ramirez shall
 “ close the eyes of Alvarez.

“ The

“ The virtuous old man could no longer retain his tears, while I but too forcibly felt what the cutting remembrance must be, which then offered itself to his imagination : at the very moment he assured me of his friendship, the unfortunate old man wept for his son.

“ The night after this conversation, Alvarez feeling himself more oppressed than usual, wished to rise ; he leaned on my arm, and went into his garden : he sat down, the moon’s rays shone upon his countenance ; and while their silver light increased his paleness, they gave him a mild, an affecting, an august serenity ; he raised his eyes and hands to heaven, and, for a few moments, seemed absorbed in a kind of trance ; then afterwards turning towards me——

“ Oh thou, said he, who for three months past hast paid me every attention, performed every office of filial piety, receive in these my last moments the little I have to leave, receive the paternal benediction of a father.

“ Oh my father ! cried I, bowing at his feet, my revered, my venerable father, what is it you announce ?

“ Yes,

“ Yes, replied Alvarez, with a feeble voice,
“ thou soon shalt lose a father whom religion
“ hath given thee; in an instant, my son, I shall
“ appear in the presence of that eternal Being, in
“ whom Clemency and Benevolence are the sub-
“ lime attributes——Oh God! continued Al-
“ varez, dropping on his feeble knees beside me;
“ ——God, my Creator, and my Judge! the
“ awful moment approaches in which the most
“ virtuous of men ought to dread thy justice——
“ yet I dare rely upon thy mercy——I have a
“ heart to pardon——behold in whose arms I ex-
“ pire——behold for whom my tears now flow,
“ for whom I implore thy pity; hear, Oh God!
“ the groans of Don Ramirez; his soul is not
“ hardened in sin, it feels, it repents, it is able
“ to elevate itself even to thee——finish the puri-
“ fication of his heart, remove the film from his
“ eyes, give back his son, restore him to happi-
“ ness and peace——Oh deign to hear the last
“ prayers of Alvarez!

“ As he ended, his head gently reclined upon
“ my bosom, while my tears bathed his placid
“ face——alas! his parting breath was spent in
“ prayer——Alvarez was no more.

“ All the grief which the loss of a beloved
“ and respectable parent could give, I experienced

“ in

“ in losing Alvarez. I tasted, however, already
 “ the fruits of the solemn and affecting benediction
 “ he had bestowed; for when I remembered his
 “ last words, I no longer supposed myself a devoted
 “ victim to the wrath divine, and the sweetest
 “ hopes succeeded to the black forebodings of
 “ remorse.

“ Within the small circumference of the hum-
 “ ble retreat of Alvarez, by the side of a foun-
 “ tain, and beneath a shade of Olives, I raised,
 “ with my own hands, the rustic tomb, in which
 “ are deposited the precious remains of the most
 “ virtuous of men.

“ This duty fulfilled, my first wish was to
 “ depart for Sweden; but money was necessary
 “ to undertake so long a voyage; and I writ to
 “ Portugal to inform them I was still in existence,
 “ and was obliged to travel to the north; begging
 “ they would so far favour me, as to pay my pen-
 “ sion two years in advance; and my petition
 “ was accordingly granted. I went for the last
 “ time to the shade of Olives, where slept the
 “ peaceful bones of Alvarez; watered the grass
 “ with my tears, and wept over the flowers that
 “ grew around his tomb. After which I quitted
 “ Mont-Serrat and Spain, and took the route to
 “ Sweden.

“ As

" As soon as I came to Stockholm, my first
 " enquiry was to know if Thelismar had returned;
 " I learnt he was not expected in less than a year,
 " that his wife and daughter were not with him,
 " and that they resided at a country-house near
 " Salseberist. I was preparing to go thither,
 " when I was informed a person named Frederic,
 " an intimate friend of Thelismar's, who had
 " travelled with him, was every day expected at
 " Stockholm.

" Determined, as soon as I heard this, to see
 " the person thus described, I continued some
 " few months longer at Stockholm: at last he
 " arrived, I saw him, spoke to him without mak-
 " ing myself known, questioned him concerning
 " Thelismar, and learnt, beyond a doubt, Al-
 " phonso still existed, and that Providence had
 " graciously placed him under the safeguard of
 " Religion and Virtue.

" Convinced my son was still alive, I felt more
 " forcibly than ever the unhappiness of having
 " been thus abandoned: alas! I knew not his
 " repentance, his grief; I was ignorant of his
 " having written to me. Having been only a mo-
 " ment as it were at Lisbon, since his departure,
 " and not having once returned to the province

of

“ of Beira, I had received none of his letters,
 “ which are now most probably lost.

“ Frederic not being able to tell me where
 “ Thelismar then was, I determined to go to
 “ Salseberist; but I found neither the charming
 “ Dalinda, whom I desired so much to see, nor
 “ her mother there: I was informed they were
 “ gone abroad, and were to return to Salseberist
 “ with Thelismar. I went to the house, and en-
 “ quired of the servants, who assured me Thelif-
 “ mar had always inhabited that solitary mansion;
 “ that they were in expectation of his arrival,
 “ which they supposed would be some time with-
 “ in three months. I therefore determined to re-
 “ main at Salseberist.

“ I lived here entirely unknown, my project
 “ being to wait my son's arrival, throw myself
 “ unexpectedly in his way, and see what effect
 “ this first interview would produce. If his heart
 “ was not in sympathy with mine, it was my re-
 “ solution entirely to leave him, and end my
 “ sorrowful days at the tomb of Alvarez.

“ Thelismar, however, did not arrive; above
 “ a year had glided away in expectations, which
 “ every day became more and more insupport-
 “ able. I intended to write to Portugal, and
 “ make

" make known the place to which I was retired,
 " as well as to ask payment of my pension, when
 " I fell ill; a burning fever deprived me for several
 " days of the use of reason, during which time a
 " rascally servant robbed me, and carried off all
 " the money and clothes I possessed.

" The man where I lodged, had the humanity
 " to conceal this affair from me, till such time as
 " my health was entirely re-established, he then
 " informed me of my misfortune. I submitted
 " without murmur to my destiny, and considered
 " this as a means which heaven offered to com-
 " plete the expiation of my crimes.

" This idea called up all my courage, and I
 " learnt that a peaceable and quiet resignation
 " could better sustain misfortune than even hope
 " itself. I writ to Lisbon, and whilst I waited for
 " an answer, which I have not yet received, I
 " determined to support myself by asking employ-
 " ment in the Silver Mines, which was granted,
 " and in which abyss I have been buried three
 " months."

Don Ramirez ended, and Alphonso, whose
 tears had more than once interrupted the sorrowful
 tale, threw himself at his father's feet with every
 expression, every mark of repentance, gratitude,
 and

and affection, which the best and noblest mind could feel. Don Ramirez, at the height of happiness, clasped his son in his arms, and bathed him with his tears; while Thelismar, in a rapture of silence, beheld the moving scene.

At last Alphonso, Don Ramirez, and Thelismar, departed for Stockholm. Alphonso now saw the lovely Dalinda, and made himself large amends, for the painful silence to which he had been so long condemned; and Dalinda, in learning that she had been five years beloved, learnt also the power which honour and gratitude had over her lover. Then it was, that Alphonso applauded himself for having so faithfully kept his word: by this virtuous effort, he had entirely regained the friendship and the heart of Dalinda.

The happy Alphonso received the hand of Dalinda, and by his virtues and conduct justified the choice and affection of the generous Thelismar; the wrongs he had done his father he expiated by an unbounded attachment and submission, and the most tender attentions. They lived always in the same house, and it became his glory and felicity to fulfil the extensive duties of nature, gratitude, and friendship. Thus did he constitute the happiness of his father, his benefactor, and his dear Dalinda.

What, mamma, said Caroline, is the story of Alphonso finished?

And the conversation of this evening, as well as the story, answered Madame de Clémire, as she rose from her seat.

Oh, what a pity!—but the notes?

We will begin to read them to-morrow.

How I *do* long to see these notes!

Well you may, they are much more interesting than my tale; but at present bed is the properest place.

The next day Madame de Clémire asked her children, whether they thought she had fulfilled her promise, to write a story as miraculous as a Fairy Tale, the marvellous of which should yet be true.

Oh yes, mamma, replied Caroline; and since there are so many extraordinary and curious things in nature, you may be certain we shall not seek the miracles we delight to hear of in Fairy Tales any more.

By reading books which shall instruct you, said Madame de Clémire, you will learn many other things as surprizing as those I have selected. Had I used all the Extracts I have made, the History of Alphonso would have been in two volumes, and a better work; for, in order to abridge it, I was obliged to omit incidents which would have better connected the different parts, as well as an infinity of curious phænomena. Yet my Extracts contain nothing but well avouched facts. I have rejected not only such as appeared fabulous, but even doubtful. Had I been less scrupulous, I should have told you of a Village where all the Inhabitants became Idiots at Eighteen; of a Virginian Apple, which may not be eaten without the loss of Reason for a certain space of time; of a Tree, the Boughs of which, though green, give as much light as a Flambeaux (*a*); of an Animal half a league long (6), &c. I might have described a thing much better attested, and much less fabulous; such as Thelismar on the troubled Ocean, commanding the Elements, and calming the Tempest (7). But I had no need to adopt any thing doubtful, since I have been obliged to leave out a multitude of the miracles of nature, all incontestable: add to which, there is yet a

(a) See Géographie Physique, by M. l'Abbé Sauri, Tom. I.

multitude of which I am ignorant. Judge, therefore, what pleasure a tale of this kind would have given, had it been written by a very learned person.

It seems, for example, said the Abbé to Madame de Clémire, you might have made something more of the phænomena Electricity affords, either in the course of the Story, or in the Notes.

I could do nothing better in that respect, I assure you, answered Madame de Clémire; and that for a very good reason, I am ignorant of Experimental Philosophy; a course of which I have gone through, like many others, and like many others, am not much the wiser.

But, replied the Abbé, had you judged me capable, I should have undertaken that part of the Notes with pleasure.

My dear Abbé, answered Madame de Clémire, a woman ought never to suffer a man to add a single word to her writings; if she does, the man she consults, let him be who he may, will always pass for the original inventor, and she will be accused of putting her name to the Works of others. One may be a very good woman, yet a very bad writer, but not were one to take the credit

credit of other people's labours; one ought, therefore, carefully to avoid whatever might give room to so injurious an accusation. Scarcely has there been one woman successful in her writings, and not accused of this kind of baseness. Mademoiselle de Lussan had three assisting friends, *Lasserre* (a), the *Abbé de Bois-Morand*, and *Baudot de Jully*. It has been said, been written, and is still believed, that *Lasserre* wrote *l'Histoire de la Comtesse de Gondex*; the *Abbé de Bois-Morand*, *Les Anecdotes de la Cour de Philippe Auguste*; and *Baudot de Jully*, *Les Histoires de Charles VI. de Louis XI.* and *La Revolution de Naples* (b). The Works of *Madame de la Fayette*, are given to *Sevrais*; those of *Madame de Tencin* (c) to *M. de Pont-de-Veyle*, her Nephew. The Tragedies of *Mademoiselle Bernard*, which were played with success, are attributed to *M. de Fontenelle*, her friend;

(a) He has written several Operas.

(b) Mademoiselle Lussan has written many other works. This celebrated lady is generally thought to be the natural daughter of Prince Thomas of Savoy, Comte de Seillons, and brother to the famous Prince Eugene. She died in 1758, aged 75 years and six months.

(c) Madame de Tencin, Canoness of Neuville, and sister to Cardinal Tencin, was five years a Nun, in the Convent of Montflauri, in Dauphiny; but she recanted her vows, and left the Convent. She died at Paris in 1749, aged 68.

and those of *Mademoiselle Barbier*, are supposed to be the productions of the *Abbé Pellegrin* (d).

(d) What is most remarkable, men of letters have, by their writings, given weight to these accusations. I find celebrated women, of all ages, falsely accused, and no one ready to defend them. It is, nevertheless, very true, that many Authors owe their success to ideas and subjects taken from the works of women. Not to mention *Louise L'Abbé*, to whom La Fontaine is indebted for one of his most beautiful Fables (*La Folie & l'Amour*) and which this good man stole, without scruple, or without saying a word of the theft, the works of *Mademoiselle de Scuderi*, *Mademoiselle de Luffan*, *Madame de Gomez*, *Mademoiselle de la Force*, and many others, have given birth to a multitude of Operas, Comedies, and even Tragedies. Nay more, it is from the work of a female, that M. de Voltaire has taken the subject of his Tragedy of *Tancrède*; a Romance, entitled *La Comtesse de Savoie*, written by *Madame la Comtesse de Fontaine*. At the time that this work appeared, M. de Voltaire addressed some Verses to *Madame de Fontaine*, among which are the following:

Quel Dieu vous a donné ce langage enchanteur ?

La force, & la délicatesse

La simplicité, la noblesse,

Que Fénelon seul avoit joint, &c. †

He would have been more just not to have equalled *Madame de Fontaine* to *Fénelon*, but have acknowledged in the Preface to his Tragedy, he had taken the Plot from *La Comtesse de Savoie*. *Madame de Fontaine* died in 1748.

† What God has given such enchantment to your words ?

The delicate, the strong,

The simple, and sublime,

Which Fénelon alone could unite, &c.

These,

These, and many other similar examples, ought, in my opinion, to prevent women from consulting men concerning their works, and from forming any intimate connections with men of letters.

This conclusion hurt the self-love of the Abbé. And so, madame, said he, with a forced smile, if ever you should become an Author, and print your Works, you would not consult any person.

Pardon me, replied Madame de Clémire, I should seek to know the truth, and not for vain compliments or flattery. I should read them, not to a company of Wits or Strangers, but to my own family; and were they to give signs of sleepiness, or being weary, I should wisely profit by this criticism, which, in my apprehension, is more certain than any other.

The Abbé was piqued, and made no reply; Madame de Clémire, therefore, changed the conversation, and the children returned to the tale they had just heard.

How happy was Alphonso, mamma, said Cæsar, to have an opportunity of seeing so many extraordinary things; when I am old enough, I shall travel too with my father, and see strange trees and singular animals.

A-propos of singular animals, interrupted Madame de Clémire, I have a number of them in my extracts, which are not mentioned in my tale; one of them I just now recollect: do you wish to hear it described?

O dear, yes, mamma, if you please.

Imagine then a hairy Monster, of a yellow cast, with eight legs, each of which is armed with two large claws, and each containing a moist sponge; besides these eight legs, this Monster has something like two hands, with which it seizes it's prey. Argus-like, it's head is covered with eyes, for it has eight which are circularly ranged in front, while two pair of horrible pincers, armed with sharp claws, seemed to issue from it's mouth.

Oh, what an hideous and extraordinary Monster that is!

There are many others still more singular: would you believe nature produces creatures, which are increased by cutting them; that the same creature cut into eight, ten, twenty, thirty, or forty parts, is so many times multiplied.

Mamma! Is that possible?

The

The name of this creature is not difficult to divine, said the Abbé.

But what is the other, added Pulcheria, can you tell that?

I confess, said the Abbé, that the description your mamma has given of it, is absolutely enigmatical to me.

It is not the less exact, answered Madame de Clémire; I may have suppressed some of it's characteristics, equally necessary to be known, but those I have given are sufficiently striking, to make all such as have read it's natural history recollect what I mean.

In what country is this Monster found, mamma?

It is very common in France; ay, and Burgundy. You have seen it here a thousand times at Champcery.

Nay, mamma, I assure you I have never seen any such thing—pray tell us what it is called?

A Spider (a) (8).

(a) The domestic Spider.

A Spider ! I should never have thought of a Spider ; how can a Spider have eight eyes, a moist sponge between it's claws, and pincers at the side of it's mouth.

Had you ever examined a Spider with the microscope, you would have perfectly distinguished all these particulars, and you may see them even with the naked eye on a large Spider.

I will ask Augustine to bring me large Spiders, for I must see their sponges, pincers, and eight eyes.

And I will read you the natural history of Spiders, which I am sure will very much amuse you, and in which you will find many extraordinary circumstances.

And what is the name of the other creature, mamma, which multiplies by being divided ?

The fresh water Polypus (9).

Oh ! I do not know that ; it is not to be found in this country ; and I think it is much more curious than the Spider.

Since you are so desirous of seeing this prodigy, I will procure you that pleasure.

What, mamma, will you send for them from abroad? I am sure you are very good.

You shall have them to-morrow—the ponds of Champcerry are full of them.

Why is it possible? and we not know the name of so extraordinary a creature.

Nature every where abounds with most surprising phænomena; ignorance is deprived of the pleasure of knowing, of admiring them, while the Philosopher finds, at every step, objects worthy to excite and to satisfy his curiosity.

Oh dear mamma! we will ask, we will read, we will buy microscopes, and examine all the insects of Champcerry, and at least become acquainted with the curious things around us.

The Abbé, who had been a little vexed with himself for not knowing the Spider, at last broke silence. As your mamma has judiciously observed, said he, the Tale of Alphonso contains but a small part of the phænomena of nature: thus, for example, she has neither mentioned Bevers nor Elephants.

Perhaps that is, because mamma knew we were acquainted with the history of those animals, said Cæsar.

But, continued Madame de Clémire, I have said nothing of numerous other animals, as singular and much less known, such as the Tucan (10), the Hamichi (11), Bats (12), &c.

The Abbé, who was ransacking his memory to find something miraculous, which Madame de Clémire had forgot in her Tale, proceeded thus. It is certain, said he, that besides animals, the vegetable and mineral regions present a crowd of phænomena, concerning which your mamma could not speak in so short a work. I think, however, she might have found an advantageous opportunity of mentioning the Wax-tree (13), the Sensitive-plant (14), Fraxinella (15), and the Amianthus (16).

After having run over this catalogue with great gravity, the Abbé rose and left the room, exceedingly well satisfied with his memory. Pulcheria began to laugh. It is my opinion, said she, mamma, M. Frémont is a little vexed with you.

And if he be, replied Madame de Clémire, why should you remind me of it? Though he may

may be too susceptible, too liable to be out of humour, he is the more excusable, because he has never lived among the Great; where, while people acquire a supple temper, and a refinement which teaches them to hide their own pretensions, and the little ridiculous excesses of self-love, they often lose sincerity, the first of virtues. I have more than once reminded you, of what you owe to the preceptor of your brother. I have often repeated too, that we are not only forbidden to make (even confidentially) malignant observations on those with whom we live in intimacy; but that we ought also to banish the remembrance of their defects, and reject such thoughts as would remind us of their errors.

Pulcheria was greatly affected by this lesson; but as she had only said a word for want of reflection, as she wept without fullness, and as she truly repented of her fault, she soon obtained her pardon, and resumed her gaiety.

Eight or ten evenings were spent in reading the notes to the history of Alphonso. When they were ended, Cæsar observed there was one of the prodigies yet unexplained. In the Canary Islands, continued he, after the adventure of the Cavern and the Guanches, Alphonso wandered to the borders of a Lake, where he saw the Miraculous Pillar,

pillar, and the strange hail-storm: but what was more strange, when he returned home, he found Thelismar knew every thing that had happened to him at the Lake; nay, that he saw him there, though he was on his own Terrace at two leagues distance.

True, replied Madame de Clémire, I have not explained this latter miracle in my notes; but come and breakfast to-morrow morning in the little Belvidere at the high end of the meadow, and I will shew you Thelismar's secret.

This proposition was joyfully accepted by the young family, and the next morning every body was assembled at the place appointed before eight o'clock. Here the children found a large machine, which greatly excited their curiosity: they asked it's name, and were told it was a Telescope.

Sit down on that chair Caroline, said Madame de Clémire, and look into this end of the instrument through that glass.

Dear! dear! what do I see! cried Caroline, a large house not two steps off!

And yet it is a league distant, said Madame de Clémire; it is the chateau of M. de Lusanne.

Well,

Well, that seems incredible! I can perfectly distinguish all the people who pass and repass in the Court-yard. There! now I see a servant feeding the fowls—and now a cow leading to grafs—and now a poor woman begging—and now—

Nay, nay, interrupted Pulcheria, impatiently, you must let me see a little too my dear sister.

Scarce had Pulcheria taken her seat, before a joyous exclamation burst forth. Oh, mamma, said she, I see Sidonia; I am sure it is her, she speaks to the servants—I will warrant she has the charge of the Court-yard, for she seems to give orders. Oh! that is charming at her age; I wish I was as big, that I might do the same!—There! now she stoops—now she rises—now she stoops again.—Oh! she is surely collecting the eggs—ay, it is so, for somebody gives her a basket—and now she turns towards the poor beggar woman.—Pray Cæsar, continued Pulcheria, permit me to look another moment—Sidonia goes to the old woman—speaks to her—makes her come in to the Court-yard, and sit down on a bench—Sidonia leaves her basket with her, and runs—

Every one in their turn sister, said Cæsar.

Nay,

Nay, one moment brother——Sidonia comes back, but very gently——she holds a large bowl in her hands——I fancy it is milk——there she gives it the old woman——Oh ! how I love that good Sidonia !

So saying, Pulcheria rose, and Cæsar took her place. Sidonia had left the Court-yard, and nothing interesting was going forward ; but he comprehended which way Thelismar might distinctly see Alphonso from his Terrace, notwithstanding the distance by which they were separated.

They spoke of nothing all day, but the Telescope and Sidonia. Pulcheria admired the singular manner in which she had discovered the benevolent character of that young lady. She did not suppose, continued Pulcheria, that we could see all that was passing in the Court-yard.

Chance, added Madame de Clémire, and an infinity of unforeseen circumstances, every day discover actions much more secretly performed. The best way, therefore, is to act as if all the world looked on ; for not only does the Almighty see and judge every incident of our lives, but accident, curiosity, the indiscretion of servants, and the treachery of false friends, unceasingly expose to open day our most hidden secrets.

After

After dinner, Madame de Clémire asked her son what he thought of the first volume of *La Vie du Dauphin Pere de Louis XV.* (a), which she had lent him?

I am delighted with the work, replied Cæsar; and the more so, because there is an account of the infancy of that Prince: whereas other historians speak of men only, not of children.

But as you have read very few historians, this judgment can only be founded on supposition:

I suppose a child must be a prodigy to merit the attention of history; and as there are few prodigies, I imagine history does not often mention children.

What do you understand by a prodigy?

The Duke of Burgundy, for instance, in his infancy: he loved poetry, mathematics, and wrote fables and dissertations——

There is nothing miraculous in all that; he was a remarkable, but not a marvellous child.

If he was not a miracle, what am I?

(a) By the Abbé Proyart.

You

You are nothing uncommon, but that is your own fault; you only want a little more industry, patience, and emulation.

I could never write dissertations, mamma.

Why not?

I am afraid they would be very bad ones.

You were satisfied with the head you drew yesterday?

Yes, mamma, because every body said it was well done.

Do you think it equals the original?

Oh no, mamma.

Yet at your age it is a master-piece; so might your dissertations be.

You have given me a great desire to write dissertations, mamma: it is a great pity I have no time.

When you take a walk, or when you are at work in your garden, do you think of nothing but trees and flowers?

Oh,

Oh, I think of a thousand things.

Well then, during this time, let your mind be occupied on some interesting subject; think with ardour, and fix your ideas in a train. It is thus people compose.

Will you give me a subject every morning, mamma?

Yes, on condition that every evening, before supper, you render me an account of your meditations.

You will be kind enough to give me sometimes the subject of a fable, mamma, and sometimes of a dissertation? I will arrange them in my mind, and by that means rid myself of that tiresome vacancy of thought which I often feel when alone.

And which is certainly the most insupportable kind of weariness. When our thoughts are vague and unconnected, our ideas become as troublesome to ourselves as they would be to others, were we to vent these vague thoughts in conversation: while on the contrary, we amuse ourselves when the imagination is not idle; but instead of common and frivolous things, is employed on interesting subjects.—But to return to the book I lent you,

you, what particular remarks have you made on this first volume?

The thing which gave me the most pleasure, is a Fable, written by the Duke of Burgundy himself, while yet a boy: it is entitled the Traveller and his Dogs.

What is the subject of it?

Licas is the Traveller: he has three dogs for his companions, and four loaves for his provisions. He comes to a very gloomy forest, where he is assaulted by a wild beast: the Dogs combat and vanquish the wild beast. Hereupon Licas gives a loaf to Vorax, the name of one of his Dogs, and Vorax disappears; Cerberus receives another loaf, and flies likewise; Gargos, the remaining Dog, comes in his turn, hoping to receive the like reward; but Licas, become prudent, and finding that each loaf had cost him a Dog, gave Gargos only a little bit, and Gargos remained to eat the rest—that is all, mamma.

And pray what is the Moral of this Fable?

The Moral, mamma, is—hold, I have the book in my pocket; I will read you the Moral, as it is placed at the end of the Fable.

“Princes,

“ Princes, ye who have found guides capable
“ of directing your steps, and defending your per-
“ sons, through the forest of this world, be care-
“ ful not to make them independent, till you have
“ no longer any occasion for their services.”

I am well persuaded, said Madame de Clémire,
you do not understand the tendency of this rea-
soning, I will make it clearer. This is it's sig-
nification:

“ Princes, ye who have found able Ministers,
“ victorious Generals, and faithful Friends, be-
“ ware of giving them their due; beware of re-
“ warding them according to their merits and
“ zeal in your service, lest, after they have ob-
“ tained what is their right they should abandon
“ you. Be ye unjust Princes, be ye ungrateful,
“ that you may make men love you.”

Can this be the sense of the Fable?

Yes; literally. Think a little, and you will
find it is.

I do; how could it escape me at first? How
could I possibly like this Fable?

In

In a work every way worthy and well written, you have selected the only reprehensible passage. When you read with less rapidity and more attention, you will not be liable to commit such gross mistakes.

In the evening, the Baronness said, you were complaining this morning, Cæsar, of the little attention Historians paid to childhood, and I mean to shew you how unjust was your accusation. This evening we will relate traits of History, and all our Heroes shall be children.

That will be delightful !

You shall be convinced, that extraordinary children are not so uncommon as you suppose. Your mamma M. Frémont and I, will relate, by turns, such Anecdotes as our memory can supply, which will certainly be enough to furnish conversation for a long evening. I will begin.

Chan-chi, Emperor of China, had three sons. The two eldest discovered no marks of extraordinary abilities; but Kang-hi, the youngest, was the darling of his father and his governors. He was gentle, sincere, industrious, lively, and full of sensibility. He had a command over his passions, his promises might be depended on, and
his

his word was inviolable. Whenever he made a rational and useful resolution, nothing could divert his perseverance. Ardently desirous of instruction, of being distinguished, of meriting the affection of his father, and obtaining universal approbation, he made every person who had any charge or interest in his education happy; his praises were repeated at every lesson; he was beloved, and every one was pleased to contribute to his satisfaction or amusement: all the indulgence to which so many virtues and good conduct have an undoubted claim, was his; and if, by chance, he fell into an error, every body was sorry to see his affliction, but nobody scolded.

The Emperor, however, fell sick: his eldest son was then twelve years old, and Kang-hi not yet nine. The Emperor finding his disease mortal, sent for his sons; and after informing them of his approaching end, asked which of them thought himself capable of supporting the weight of a Crown newly acquired (a).

The eldest excused himself on account of his youth, and begged the Emperor would dispose of

(a) Chan-chi was the son of Tsun-te, the founder of the new Tartarian-Chinese-Dynasty, which took place in the Empire of Cathay, about the middle of the last Century.

the

the succession as he pleased. Kang-hi then kneeled by his father's bed-side, bathed the dying Emperor's hand with his tears, and after a moment's silence, said, As for me, my father, I hope, I think, I am capable of imitating your virtues; I love glory more than ease and pleasure; and should heaven snatch you from your children, and your choice should fall upon me, I would make my people happy by taking you for my model.

This answer made such an impression upon Chan-chi, that he immediately named the young Prince his successor, under a Regency of four Grandees (a). Kang-hi justified the affection and choice of his father, by his future thirst of knowledge, and the extent of his capacity; he banished from his Court, the flatterer and the factious; rewarded merit, genius, and virtue; was just, good, and peaceable, and became the benefactor and idol of his people (b) (17).

The Baronness having ended, I cannot, my children, said Madame de Clémire, cite you any thing more singular than the Anecdote your grand-mamma has just related; for it is difficult to find

(a) Kang-hi mounted the Throne in 1661.

(b) See *Abrégé de l'Histoire des Voyages*, Tom. VII. Page 158.

any thing more extraordinary, than a child, not nine years old, who knew the means to obtain the Throne of the vastest Empire in the universe, by his sentiments, conduct, and superior qualities; but I am going to speak of a young Prince, of the same age, who became afterwards one of the greatest Monarchs of his time.

Duke Uladislaus, who reigned in Poland (*d*), had a son named Boleslaus (*e*), whose activity, love of learning, gentleness, patience, and goodness of heart, were unequalled. Bohemia had lately declared war against Poland. One day, as Uladislaus, in presence of his son, was giving orders to the General of his army, young Boleslaus, who had listened with the most profound attention to their conversation, cast himself at his father's feet, and earnestly besought permission to make the campaign, under the care of the General: his entreaties were so strong, so energetic, and accompanied with observations so just and so singular at his age, that the Duke, equally affected and astonished, could not refuse his request, but confided him, as he desired, to the care of the General.

(*d*) In 1094.

(*e*) He was afterwards Boleslaus III.

The arrival of the young Prince at the army, occasioned universal admiration; he was attentive to every thing that passed, yet discovered an understanding so extraordinary, that nothing could be called new to him, but might rather be said to recollect than learn all that he beheld. Liberal to the soldiers, and affable to the officers, he gained all men's hearts; his magnificence was only seen in his gifts, known by his generosity; his food was frugal, his bed the cold ground, and he cheerfully submitted to every intemperance of the seasons. Ever most forward at what was most painful, and always discovering a fortitude which seemed as natural as it was astonishing, he rather appeared formed to command Fortune's favours, than live in hopes of them.

Every thing in fact predicted, that his virtues and exploits should one day make him a perfect model for Princes. The Polanders, having such an example before their eyes, redoubled their ardour; the Bohemians were every where defeated, and Uladislaus enjoyed the inexpressible happiness of owing to a son, only nine years old, a great part of the success of the campaign.

The remainder of the life of Boleslaus was answerable to the beginning; he became a hero, yet, though a warrior and a conqueror, he was

feeling

feeling and humane, and employed his conquests for the good of his people; he knew how to merit their love by making them happy.

This Prince possessed too many virtues, not to be distinguished by his filial piety: all Historians dwell with pleasure on the interesting details of his parental affection; the death of his father more fully demonstrated the goodness of his heart, and rendered him more dear to his people. Boleslaus wore mourning five years for a father whom he regretted all his life, and would have an image, which could never be erased from his heart, equally ever present to his eyes; he wore a medal round his neck, on which was engraved the Portrait of Uladislaus; he looked at it continually, in order, as he said, to remind him of the virtues of a father so worthy to be regretted; and still the oftener to retrace his beloved memory, he called a son, whom he most passionately loved, by the name of Uladislaus (*a*).

It is now your turn, M. Frémont, added Madame de Clémire.

I cannot at this instant, replied the Abbé, relate such remarkable Anecdotes, for I do not re-

(*a*) See *Histoire Générale de Pologne*, by M. le Chevalier de Solignac, Tom. I. Page 313, and II. Page 9.

collect any, except two facts absolutely void of ornament.

Master Cæsar is now ten years old, and when his Drawing-Master told him, that, had he for these two years past been more industrious, he would now have been able to draw likenesses, he thought he had done much in being capable of copying well. It will not, therefore, be useless to inform him, that Peter Mignard (*b*) was destined by his parents to the profession of Physic; that, while at his studies, during the hours of recreation, he amused himself with learning to draw; he had no master, but he had good taste and industry; and thus, at eleven years of age, had learnt to draw Portraits, equally striking for being perfect likenesses, and correct designs; his parents then put him to a Painter, he dedicated himself to the art, and became one of the best Painters of the French-School.

(*b*) Born at Troye, in Champagne, in 1610; died at Paris in 1695, rich, and loaded with honours. There is a marble monument in the church *des Jacobins*, Rue St. Honoré, erected to his memory by his daughter, La Comtesse de Feuquières, who is seen kneeling to her father's Bust done by Desjardins. The monument is by Le Moine, the son. See *Extraits des differens Ouvrages sur la Vie des Peintres*, by M. P. D. L. F. Tom. II.

Another

(*c*)
Notes

Another Painter, named John-Baptiste-Vanloo, began to paint agreeably at eight years of age (c). I do not require all this of Master Cæsar; I wish to see him emulative; I wish him to acquire the noble ambition, of not remaining confounded in the numerous class of common boys.

The Abbé's citations were not very successful with the children; Cæsar, personally attacked, durst not speak his opinion; but Pulcheria, with more candour than politeness, bluntly declared, she did not find them so amusing as the Anecdotes of Kang-hi and Boleslaus.

I perceive Mademoiselle, replied the Abbé, you are not fond of plain direct Lessons; in which respect you are like those Tyrants who cannot endure to hear the truth, except when disguised under some ingenious Apologue.

No indeed, M. Frémont, interrupted Pulcheria, I am not in this respect like Tyrants, for I assure you, I always like the plain truth—but I feel I have been wrong; pray pardon me, and do not entertain a bad opinion of me, M. Frémont.

(c) Many similar examples will be found among the Notes.

My opinion, Mademoiselle, is a thing of so little importance——

But to prove you are not vexed with me, pray be so good as to give *me* a plain direct Lesson.

When truth is asked with so good a grace, it ought not to be denied: give me leave to observe to you then, mademoiselle, that for these three weeks past, ever since the excessive heat has obliged us to leave your brother's chamber and take our lessons in the hall, where you sit at work with your Governante, I have more than once thought you might profit better by the things which you hear repeated by and to your brother. The following is a remark which I should never have dared openly to make, had I not received your positive request so to do.

Mademoiselle Le Febvre, who lived with the learned Madame Dacier, only learnt, during her infancy, to read, write, and work; such was her education till the age of eleven. Her father M. le Febvre had a son, on whose education he bestowed the greatest pains; his sister used to be present at her work, while he received his lessons.

One day, when the young Scholar could not reply to the questions put to him, his sister suggest-

ed in a whisper every answer necessary to make; the father listened with surprize and joy, and from that moment, undertook with ardour the education of a child so worthy his attention (a).

You will allow, mademoiselle, continued the Abbé, that had this young lady, instead of listening to her brother's lessons, amused herself by making mouths at him and playing him tricks, she would never certainly have so agreeably surprized her father.

I do not remember, said Pulcheria, blushing, to have played my brother many tricks.

I, replied the Abbé, very well remember, that last Monday you sily stitched his coat to the chair; that Tuesday you twice pricked him with your needle, *to awaken his attention*, as you said; and that yesterday you made him commit a thousand blunders, by your various grimaces, and by making what you call a *rabbit's mouth*; at which your sister laughed so much, she was obliged to leave the room.

Pulcheria now, with the tears in her eyes, and a confused and suppliant air, looked at her mamma.

(a) *Histoire littéraire des Femmes Françoises*, by a Society of Men of Letters, Tom. II.

Fear nothing, Pulcheria, said Madame de Clémire, I shall not punish you ; because I should not have known this, had not you desired a plain direction ; and you ought not surely to be scolded, for desiring people to tell you the truth without disguise : I shall only observe to you, that there is nothing amiable in such pranks ; that our reason for laughing at them is, because they are excessively ridiculous : that a character of this kind is very unbecoming in a female, because it destroys all that gentleness and modesty, which are the chief ornaments of her sex ; and that lastly, a child like this may make a stranger laugh for a moment, but must necessarily become insupportable to parents, friends, and servants.

I have another little complaint against you, which is, you have promised me your friendship, your confidence, and that you would every day make a sincere avowal of your errors : yet you have never mentioned a word of the disturbance you gave your brother during his lessons.

Indeed, my dear mamma, replied Pulcheria, I did not want of confidence that made me not tell you, but because I did not till now feel how wrong such things are ; and to shew you I would not hide any thing from you, mamma, I confess that M. Frémont has not told you all. He has

forgot

THE TALES OF THE CASTLE. 81

forgot that about eight days ago, I pretended to sneeze every now and then, all the while my brother was at his lesson, and dropt a low curtsey every time.

And I, said Caroline, with a sorrowful countenance, sneezed and curtsied a little too, mamma.

And I made at least a dozen bows, said the Abbé, for I very sincerely supposed these young ladies had caught colds in their heads; for which reason, as I was compleatly their dupe, I did not mention this ingenious prank.

Pray mamma pardon me, said Pulcheria.

Willingly, replied Madame de Clémire, kissing her; but since you now see the consequences and the absurdity of such little malicious tricks, you will be henceforth inexcusable, should you be guilty of them again.

And now, said the Baronness, let us return to our Anecdotes of Infancy; it is your turn to speak my daughter.

And I shall relate an anecdote of a child of five years old; you must not, therefore, expect that I

should be minute or long : this child, however, was Gustavus Adolphus, afterwards one of the greatest Kings that ever reigned in Sweden.

He was one day walking in a meadow with his nursery-maid, near Nicoping ; the child got away, and ran among the brambles ; and the woman, in order to frighten him back, told him there were a great many Serpents in that place that would sting him. Ay ! said Gustavus, give me a stick, and I will kill them. In vain did they endeavour to divert him from that resolution ; like Hercules with his Club, felling the Monsters of the Nemean Forest, the little Prince, armed with a switch, entered the copse to exterminate every Serpent he could find ; but his researches were fruitless, no Monster appeared, and his labours were that day ended by a long fatiguing walk (a).

This is a charming Anecdote, said the Baronness, and proves that courage is a quality of the soul ; not a conviction of superior strength, or the consequence of reflection. We expect nothing from children, of those properties which are commonly the fruits of experience. Thus for example, we think it natural enough that they should sometimes be inconsistent, wild, or idle ;

(a) *Histoire de Gustave Adolphe*, Tom. I. P. 50.

but we expect they should occasionally give indications of all the virtues that originate in the heart, are natural to it, born with it, and only require cultivation. A child, therefore, who should give proofs of cowardice, cruelty, or ingratitude, might be thought a Monster, if it's vices were not the consequences of a bad education.

But then, grandmamma, there are many children born Monsters; for there are many ungrateful and cruel people.

That is to say, there are many depraved people. Nature rarely produces Monsters, education makes many.

Is it then the fault of their parents, when people are wicked, mamma?

Yes, generally speaking. A child, however, not born with a bad heart, may become depraved, and yet receive an excellent education.

Which way, mamma?

If he is not gentle, if he is not sincere, the most enlightened and vigilant parents cannot preserve him from a crowd of errors to which he will

insensibly become habituated. Do you remember poor Brunet, the Valet of your father?

Yes, mamma, he died two years ago.

The wound in his leg was not mortal; it was dressed by the best Surgeon in Paris; he had a nurse who never left him night or day; and when it was perceived he pulled the dressings off from his leg, I gave him an additional nurse, and even had his hands tied during the night: but all these precautions were fruitless; he rubbed his legs against each other, and tore away with his foot what should have cured the wound. At last a mortification came on, and neither the skill of the Surgeon, the vigilance of his nurses, nor even the goodness of his constitution could save his life.—This poor creature is a perfect image of an untractable and disobedient child. What can the pains of a parent do, with one who does not understand their value; who does not feel that nothing is forbidden him which would not render him vicious, consequently hateful and unhappy; nor any thing required of him, that would not contribute to his felicity?

But surely, mamma, a child must be an idiot, not to understand, that whenever we are disobedient, it is only through wildness, forgetfulness, or want

of thought; and as soon as we know it, we are very angry with ourselves.

That is not sufficient; you should own your faults, and tell me of them, like as you would consult a Physician, when you have been guilty of some imprudence that may endanger your health. I am well convinced, that an antipathy to physic, often makes people neglect to take advice; but this is precisely the imbecillity, the idiotism, of which Cæsar has just spoken. Stupidity alone would rather be ill than be cured: especially when the cure would be as gentle as salutary.

Are you not certain, my children, that when you confess a fault of which I was ignorant, your candour must naturally excite my indulgence, and at the same time redouble my affection; for which reason you know, if it be not a very serious crime, you are always forgiven as a reward for having confessed it; and if it be, the penance you undergo is much more gentle than it would have been, had I myself made the discovery; it is therefore every way your interest to be entirely open and sincere.

Besides, you should recollect, that though you may hide your faults for a while, it is impossible you should do so always; for as we yesterday said

of the telescope, time discovers all things: and will it not be much more advantageous to you, that I should learn those things from your friendship, which accident and my own vigilance must at last bring to light. Again, when I am told your errors, it immediately gives me an opportunity of instructing you, of enlightening and enlarging your minds, and of shewing you the consequences of your errors; and as you are naturally good, you then become more fearful of falling into them again: whereas if I do not hear of them till they have been some time committed, I find habits already formed and rooted in you, which can only be erased by penance and punishment.

Thus, for example, I have always recommended ardour and œconomy; and yet Caroline and Pulcheria, during the long illness of your Governante, you had got a habit of never putting any thing in it's place; and your handkerchief, gloves, and garters were continually lost. I came to the knowledge of it at last, but too late, for this habit was become a defect very difficult to eradicate: had you told me at the beginning of your carelessness, the history of Eglantine alone would have been sufficient to render you active and provident.

The truth of these reflections was unanimously allowed, and the three children promised never in future to be guilty of the least fault, without immediately and sincerely confessing it to their mamma.

I must inform you, madam, said the Abbé, if you have any other anecdote to relate, it is time you should begin, for it is almost half past nine o'clock.

What I have to say, replied the Baronness, will not take us long. I have just recollected, that the battle of Leucosoë was remarkable, by a circumstance perhaps unique in it's kind; there were three Kings at it, all, in person, commanding their armies, the eldest of whom was twelve, the second ten, and the youngest only nine years of age (a).

I will also cite you, said Madame de Clémire, a trait taken from the History of France. The unfortunate Charles VI. whom a cruel disease had deprived of reason, would, had it not been for that misfortune, have proved a good King. His father, Charles V. took a particular pleasure

(a) Clothaire, Théodebert, and Theodoric: the two latter were brothers. *Histoire de Charlemagne*, by M. Gaillard.

in

in forming his heart, and discovering his youthful sensations.

One day having desired him to come into his cabinet, he gave him permission to take whatever jewel he pleased out of his treasury. The young Prince, neglecting every thing rich and precious, stopt like Achilles at a sword that was hanging in the corner of a room. Another time the King presented him a golden crown with one hand, and a helmet with the other. The Prince chose the helmet, and said to his father, may you preserve your crown for ever. These trifling incidents were indications of a good heart, and gave great pleasure to this wise Monarch, who was a tender father, and a virtuous politician (a).

Hitherto, said the Abbé, we have spoken only of *remarkable* children. I will now mention some which may be called *miraculous*. Christlieb Bereclh of Exter, died in his tenth year in 1706: he was the son of a Physician, and his posthumous works were published in the German language, among which are found passages remarkable for their piety, simplicity, and good sense.

(a) Histoire de la querelle de Phillippe de Valois & d'Edouard III. by M. Gaillard, Tom. II. Charles VI. was only twelve years old when he came to the throne.

Jaques

Jaques Marini, a Venetian, seven years old, sustained a Theses in public in the year 1647, on Theology, Jurisprudence, Physic, and several other Sciences.

The son of M. Baratier, named John Philip, spoke Latin perfectly at four years old; understood Greek at five, then learnt Hebrew, and at six knew four languages, History and Geography.

We may place Baron de Helmsfeld, a Swede, who died in 1764 in the same rank. At seventeen he was received a Member of the Royal Society of London, and at twenty spoke ten languages, was an excellent Mathematician, and a great Lawyer.

Christian Henry Heineikein was born at Lubeck, and began to speak at ten months old; had a superficial, though general knowledge, of Geography, and ancient and modern history, when he was two years of age; and in his fifth year spoke three languages fluently.

And lastly, Adrian Baillet, to whom we are indebted for a very interesting treatise on celebrated children, a multitude of whose names he hath cited, might justly have placed himself among these young Sages. He was born in 1649 at the village

lage of Neuville, near Beauvais; his father was a Peasant, and young Baillet learnt to read and write in a Convent of Cordeliers, where he regularly went to be taught his lessons; and though his father did not require him so to do, walked every day several leagues to gain instruction. Shortly after an intelligent and benevolent Ecclesiastic took this child under his protection, and instructed one so worthy to learn. Baillet became a learned man, and died in 1705. He is not the only one who has collected anecdotes of children celebrated for their literary acquirements; many others among the learned, have occupied themselves on the same subject (a).

(a) Among others, Goezius, Kleffeker, Wolf, Seelen, &c. See Dictionnaire des Merveilles de la Nature, under the head *Enfans Précoces*. We may likewise place Edward VI. of England in the rank of celebrated children: he mounted the throne at nine years of age, and at that time knew the Latin, Greek, French, and Italian. Mary Queen of Scotland also, when she was thirteen, publicly recited at the Louvre, in presence of Henry II. Catherine de Medicis, and the whole Court, a Latin discourse of her own composition, in which she sustained, in contradiction to the prejudice of those times, says M. Gaillard, that women ought to be learned. She also wrote poetry in French, excellent for that age; and danced, sung, and played on several instruments.

The history of the famous Pic de la Mirandole is generally known; and all the world has heard, that Pascal was a famous Mathematician at twelve years old.

It is certainly through complaisance to your auditors, M. Fremont, said Madame de Clémire, that you have been pleased to call the children, of whom you have spoken miraculous. It is true, that these children are superior to ours; however, I only see one single prodigy among them, and that is he who could talk at ten months old; the others appear to me only children of extreme industry.

It is true, replied the Abbé, that their chief merit was that of incessant application, added to great docility. I have attentively read the various circumstances of many of their lives, and I find that they all had an unbounded respect, and an unalterable affection towards their Teachers, consequently a sweetness of temper, and an entire obedience.

But, said Cæsar, their prodigious memories—

Were the effects neither of wit or genius, but of qualities I am going to describe. A child always remembers those things which he listens to with attention; a proof of which is, there never was an industrious child known whose memory was not remarkable. Make therefore a calculation if you can, how much time is lost by impatience, ill-humour, pettishness, and ill-timed arguing

arguing to a mutinous and disobedient child. If he be made to begin again, instead of doubling his attention, and listening with submission, he is employed in making idle and vexatious excuses; he is bid to be silent, perhaps, and if he obeys, he pouts and murmurs inwardly, is absent, and hears nothing that is said to him, because he is in his airs: thus is there a lesson entirely lost.

But I hope, M. Frémont, you have not found me a mutinous and disobedient boy?

No, certainly, for you see I am still your Instructor. Generally speaking, you are good tempered, submissive, and industrious; but you do not possess these qualities to an eminent degree; that is to say, you might be much superior to what you are.

I assure you, M. Frémont, I never felt so strong a degree of emulation as at present, from having heard how many celebrated children have been found in all ages: and since nothing more is necessary to become one than docility, application, and a good heart, I am determined to be industrious, and am convinced you will hereafter be satisfied with the progress I shall make.

Caroline

Caroline and Pulcheria made the like promises to their mamma, and they went to bed exceedingly well satisfied with an evening productive of such good resolutions.

The arrival of company, who came to pass some days at Champcerry, interrupted, for a while, their evening recreations; but the very day they went, the Baronness related the following story:

T H E S L A V E S;

O R, T H E

B E N E F I T R E P A I D.

SNELLGRAVE was the Captain of an English vessel in the African Slave Trade, commendable for his humanity. Custom alone can authorize this commerce, offensive to nature, and not to be carried on but at the utmost peril, since injustice

injustice and tyranny generally produce rebellion and despair. For this reason, the Europeans are obliged to put the unhappy Negroes they buy in chains during the night, and most part of the day; notwithstanding which precaution, they often find means to unite, and conspire the destruction of their masters.

Snellgrave bought many Negroes on the banks of the river Kallabar, among whom he observed a young woman seemingly overwhelmed with grief; touched with her tears, he desired his Interpreter to question her, and learnt she wept for an only child she had lost the evening before.

She was taken on board the vessel, and the very same day Snellgrave received an invitation to visit the King of the district. Snellgrave accepted the invitation, but knowing the ferocity of the people, he ordered ten of his Sailors and the Gunner to accompany him, well armed. He was conducted to some distance from the shore, and found the King placed on an elevated seat under the shade of some trees.

The assembly was numerous; a crowd of Negro Lords surrounded their King, and his guard, composed of about fifty men, armed with bows and arrows, the sabre at their side, and the

zagaya

zagaye in their hand, stood at some distance; the English, with the muskets on their shoulders, remained opposite his black Majesty.

Snellgrave presented to the King some European rifles. As he was ending his harangue, he heard groans at some little distance that made him shudder, and turning round, perceived a little Negro tied by the leg to a stake stuck in the ground. Two other Negroes, of a hideous aspect, that stood by the side of a hold dug in the earth, armed with hatchets, and clothed in an uncouth manner, seemed to guard the child; who looked at them weeping, with his little hands raised in a supplicating posture.

The King observing the emotion which this strange spectacle evidently caused in Snellgrave, thought to encourage him, by assuring him, he had nothing to fear from the two Negroes whom he looked at with so much surprize. It is only, said he, with great gravity, a child, whom we are going to sacrifice to the God Egho for the prosperity of the kingdom.

This intelligence made Snellgrave tremble with horror; the English were only twelve men in all; the court and guard of the African Prince were altogether above an hundred; but compassion and humanity

humanity would not suffer Snellgrave to consider all he had to fear from the number and ferocity of the Barbarians; let us save this wretched child, my lads, said he, turning towards his crew; come follow me.

So saying, he ran to the little Negro, and the English, all animated by the same feelings, and hastily followed. The Negroes at seeing this yelled dismally, and fell tumultuously upon the English; Snellgrave drew his pistol, and seeing the King draw back, demanded to be heard.

The King, with a single word, calmed the fury of the Negroes, who stopt and remained motionless, while Snellgrave, by means of his Interpreter explained the motives of his conduct, and ended by entreating the King to sell him the victim. The proposition was accepted, and Snellgrave was determined not to dispute about price. Happily however, for him, the Negro King wanted neither gold nor silver, was ignorant of pearls and diamonds, and, thinking he would be sure to succeed, enough, demanded a necklace of blue glass beads which was instantly given.

Snellgrave then immediately flew to the innocent little creature he had snatched from death and drew his cutlass, to divide the cord by which

its legs were tied. The frightened infant thought Snellgrave was going to kill him, and gave a shriek; but Snellgrave took him in his arms with transport, and pressed him to his bosom. As soon as the infant's fears were removed, he smiled and caressed his deliverer; who, full of delicious sensations, and penetrated with tenderness, took leave of the King, and returned to his ship.

When he came on board, he saw the young Negroess whom he had bought in the morning; she was ill, and sat weeping beside the Surgeon, who, not able to persuade her to eat, obliged her to remain in the open air, for fear she should faint again. The moment Snellgrave and his people passed by her, she turned her head, and perceiving the little Negro in the arms of a Sailor, shrieked, rose, and ran to the child, who knew it's mother, called to her, and held out it's arms.

She clasped her infant to her bosom—every fatal resolution she had formed, her loss of liberty, the dreadful ills she had suffered, her projects of despair, all were forgotten—she was a mother, and had found her lost child.

She learnt, however, from the Interpreter, every circumstance of Snellgrave's behaviour; then, still holding her infant in her arms, she ran and threw herself

herself at her benefactor's feet.——Now it is, said she, that I am truly your Slave; this night was to have delivered me from bondage; I held you a Tyrant, but you have given me more than life, you have given me back my son; you are become my father; henceforth be assured of my obedience; this Infant is a dear and certain pledge.

While the woman spoke with all the warmth and energy of the most impassioned gratitude, the Interpreter explained her discourse to Snellgrave, who could not receive a sweeter reward for his humanity; which, nevertheless, was productive of other good effects.

He had more than three hundred Slaves on board, to whom the young Negroess related her adventure, which when they had heard, after expressing their admiration by redoubled plaudits, they promise unbounded submission; and, in effect, Snellgrave, during the rest of the voyage, found in them all the respect and obedience a father could receive from his children (a).

Such is the power of gratitude and virtue over the most ferocious Savages; what then amongst

(a) *Abrégé de l'Histoire Générale des Voyages*, Tom. III. Page 39.

us, should be the irresistible force of this means, so sweet and so sure to subjugate all hearts?

This short story, my children, may likewise serve to confirm a truth, which cannot too often be repeated: and that is, that virtuous actions are always conducive to personal interest.

Of what species, Cæsar, said Madame de Clé-
mire, is the action of Snellgrave, is it heroic?

Heroic?—I think not. But I will examine it according to the rules you gave.

Well, let us see if you remember those rules; repeat them.

An heroic action must be useful, exposing the
doer to great danger; or it must be a sacrifice of
time and interest, and liable to incur contempt.

Exactly so; let us return to Snellgrave, he was
exposed to great danger.

Less great than may be thought; it is true the
English were but twelve, and the Negroes were
hundred, but the most ferocious Savages are
ways the most cowardly. The English, too, all
had muskets; and there is no doubt, had the com-

bat once began, the Barbarians would soon have taken to flight.

The danger, therefore, was not very great you think.

It seems to me that Snellgrave would have been contemptible, had he suffered them to murder the child, having the power to hinder them; consequently, though it was a good, it was not an heroic action.

Very well reasoned; but do you not bring his first generous emotions into the account, which, independent of all reflection, made him fly to succour the child? They were so impetuous, that I am well persuaded, they would have made Snellgrave brave the most dreadful dangers. In fact, however, the act was not heroic, it was prescribed by humanity, but the first emotions that inspired it were sublime.

The story you have told us, grand-mamma said Caroline, is charming, but it is too short.

Well, my children, replied the Baronness, will tell you another then. Cæsar has proved the action of Snellgrave was not heroic, let us hear what he will think of the following.

The virtuous Duke of Bourbon served as an hostage to King John, and languished eight years in captivity. His absence gave rise to many disorders; his Barons pillaged his domains, and Chauveau, his Procurer-General, was forced, by the duties of his office, to inform against them. The Duke, having regained his liberty, winked at past offences, and studied only how to gain the hearts of his vassals; he instituted the Order of Esperance, (Hope) and in the midst of this solemn ceremony, the severe Chauveau appeared, holding in his hand a file of informations.

Chauveau kneeled, and presented his papers. Your Highness, said he, is surrounded by the guilty; many here deserve death, others confiscation; behold a register of their crimes.

The offenders, who were most of them present, trembled.

Chauveau, said the Prince, have you kept a register also of their services?

So saying, he took the papers and threw them into the fire, without reading a syllable. These divine words, this generous action, brought tears of joy and affection into all eyes; there was not a man there, guilty or innocent, who did not vow

to sacrifice life and fortune in the service of so magnanimous a Prince (a).

Ah ! cried Cæsar, that was certainly an heroic action.

You see, my children, replied the Baronness, what grandeur of soul bounty alone may display; if men knew how sweet, how engaging, how useful it is to pardon, such examples would not be so rare.

As the Baronness was speaking, a noise was heard in the house; the children ran towards the door, and Madame de Clémire hastily followed; just at that instant redoubled shouts began, and several voices cried aloud——Peace!——Peace! Peace is concluded!——

Madame de Clémire flew down stairs, and met the Courier, who had just come from Paris, and confirmed the happy news of Peace! And have we Peace once more, cried Madame de Clémire? blessed be Heaven and the King, to whom we owe it.

She could say no more, the delicious tears of joy impeded speech; she read the letter which the

(a) Histoire de la Querelle, &c. by M. Gaillard, Tom. II.

Courier

Courier had given her twenty times over, still repeating every moment, Yes, Peace is made, and a glorious Peace; you will see your father, my children, in less than two months at the latest.

Dear mamma, said Pulcheria, do not send us to bed; permit us to sit up and talk of our happiness.

This request was granted, and Madame de Clémire, having learnt from the Courier, that he, in passing through the village, had proclaimed aloud that Peace was made, was desirous of knowing if the Peasants had any of them risen; she sent, therefore, into the village, but as the Messenger was going, he found already a crowd assembled round the Castle gates; Madame de Clémire immediately appeared, they eagerly came round her, and she read them the letter she had just received.

When she had ended, *Vive le Roi*, (long live the King) was echoed from every mouth, and with all that effusion of heart which belongs only to the French. These transports, said Madame de Clémire, are just tributes of gratitude; but what nation ever more than our's deserved a good King?

Madame de Clémire then sent for the Village Minstrels. Wine was given to the Peasants; illuminations were hastily made, as well as time would permit in the Court and Gardens; the Cook prepared a midnight banquet, and in the mean time they sang, they danced, and played; and Cæsar and his sisters, for the first time in their lives, did not go to bed till day-break.

The neighbours of Madame de Clémire all came in turns, to felicitate her on an event so generally interesting, and so particularly so to herself. It was necessary to return these visits, and she began with Madame de Luzanne, who kept her a whole day.

Caroline and Pulcheria, who had taken a great liking to Sidonia, especially ever since the adventure of the Telescope, went a walking with her, and eat in her chamber. Here they found a great number of Blue-bottles, the use of which they asked Sidonia, and were answered they were to make Blue-bottle water.

What, said Pulcheria, can you make it?

Nothing is easier, replied Sidonia.

And Mademoiselle, added her Governante, makes rose-water; and from the petals of the same flowers

flowers extracts charming colours, with which she paints those nosegays that you see so prettily arranged.

But to paint the foliage——

She makes a green colour with the leaves.

Oh dear, that is delightful!

Mademoiselle knows many other things; the Syrup of Orgeat that you thought so good, is of her making, and so was the Currant Jelly.

Dear! I wish I could do so too!

I will teach you willingly, replied Sidonia! I will give you all my receipts! You will want neither alembic nor any thing else that will incommode you.

And shall we make rose-water and colours?

Yes, to-morrow, if you please.

The obliging Sidonia here was kissed several times by each of the sisters; and the Governante, who, however, did not approve very much that Sidonia should give away her receipts, opened a

bureau, and desired Caroline and Pulcheria to draw near. Look here young ladies, said she, and you will find things which are not so very easily learnt: look at these netted pin-cushions, these silk purses, these cane-strings, these embroidered work-bags: all that you see here, is the work of Mademoiselle Sidonia.

Dear, said Sidonia, any body may do as much. I have no extraordinary gifts, and I only endeavour to vary my occupations. My mother has given me the habit and the example of never being a moment idle.

Pulcheria, who had examined every thing in the chamber attentively, perceived a large box under the bed, and asked what was in it. Sidonia blushed, and replied, nothing of any signification. The Governante began to laugh: I should be unpolite to contradict Mademoiselle, said she, and yet——

Nay, pray now, cried Sidonia.

Certainly, continued the Governante, young ladies blushes are very deceitful, and hard to be interpreted; who would not believe, that Mademoiselle Sidonia had very good reason to be thus embarrassed nevertheless?

Nay, my dear Governess,

Well,

Well, well, I can be silent; I shall only just observe, the box likewise contains the work of this young lady; and that her mamma has scolded her, for rising at five o'clock this morning to finish it; but which, however, the arrival of the Marchioness de Clémire has not permitted her entirely to complete.

This dialogue strongly incited the curiosity of Caroline and Pulcheria; the latter especially could not contain herself, but hanging round Sidonia's neck, tenderly reproached her want of confidence, and entreated her to shew the contents of the box. Sidonia kissed Pulcheria, blushed, smiled, and made no reply. The Governante, who was dying to have the box opened, thus went on:

It is true, Mademoiselle ought to be silent, ought not to disclose such things, for which reason she worked in private, and without the assistance of any one. This I own was the more praise-worthy, but at last the thing was discovered; as for my part, it is not above four or five days that I have been in the secret, and then not with her good-will——But come my dear child, said she, addressing herself to Sidonia, satisfy the curiosity of these two amiable young ladies; I am sure they will be discreet.

Oh! that we will, said Pulcheria.

I can refuse them nothing, replied Sidonia, with down-cast eyes; but I assure them it is not worth their trouble.

Let us profit by this permission, said the Governess, drawing the box into the middle of the room.

Caroline and Pulcheria instantly kneeled down that they might see the better; and at last the mysterious trunk was opened.—But what was the surprize of Caroline and her sister, when they beheld nothing but coarse clothing for a country-woman.

Here, said the Governante, are six shifts; the cloth is not fine, but look at the work, are they not well made?—Here are two flannel petticoats, two pair of quilted jumps, night-caps, day-caps, aprons, handkerchiefs, and knit-stockings—a complete change of every thing; besides all which, look, here is another pretty little box, open it.

Dear!—I declare here is a string of beads, a small knife, a pair of scissars, a thimble, and some needles.

Well,

Well, young ladies, continued the Governante, you seem astonished. What do you think of all this?

The sisters easily guessed this work of Sidonia was destined for the use of some poor woman; and, though children, as they knew how to estimate the resistance which Sidonia had shewn to gratify their curiosity, equally affected by the action and virtuous modesty which were still apparent in this charming young lady's behaviour, they flung themselves in her arms, while the tender Sidonia a thousand times kissed them, with every expression of the tenderest friendship. The Governante beheld this tender and interesting picture in silence; but at last related, that the trunk was destined to a poor old woman, of whom Sidonia had taken charge for a month past; and Pulcheria, by putting a few questions, soon learnt it was the same poor woman she had seen through the Telescope.

Company at last came to interrupt this agreeable conversation. Madame de Clémire having returned from her walk sent to seek her daughters, and taking them under the arm led them into the hall.

In

In the evening, as they returned to Champcery, Caroline and her sister related every thing that had happened to their mamma. Oh my children! said Madame de Clémire, neglect not to profit by so affecting an example. Remember that the coldest hearts, nay the hardest, cannot forbear admiring such virtue; but that while they stop at this involuntary and barren homage, the feeling mind burns with emulation.

We will certainly imitate Sidonia, mamma, do not doubt it; and like her also, we will never be a moment idle; in play-time we will make such things as ourselves or others may want, and we certainly will not forget the Poor.

Sidonia has not told you that she studies Botany, and that she is perfectly acquainted with every plant in the field, and their uses.

No, mamma, she is so bashful—but how did she learn all that?

By often walking with M. de la Palinière, who you know is a great Botanist. Sidonia loses no occasion of gaining instruction; and when M. de la Palinière visits her mother, she walks with him, and gathers every plant she can find.

THE TALES OF THE CASTLE. III

If we had but had that thought, we, too, might have learnt a good deal by this time, for we have often walked out with M. de la Palinière. If we were not so eager to talk, and if we knew better how to profit by the knowledge of those with whom we are acquainted, men would instruct us infinitely better than books, and nobody would appear tiresome.

M. d'Ormont, for example, is not a very amusing person.

Oh dear, mamma, quite the contrary, with his *artificial meadows*. I remember that phrase, because he constantly repeats it every time he comes to visit you.

The reason of which is, I always turn the conversation on Agriculture, that being the only thing he perfectly knows; and thus while I listen I oblige him, and instruct myself.

I observed, mamma, when M. Milet past a week with us, you generally spoke on Anatomy.

Because M. Milet is a Surgeon; and thus there is scarcely any person from whom you may not gain knowledge.

After

112 THE TALES OF THE CASTLE.

After these reflections, they spoke once more concerning Sidonia. Madame de Clémire did not forget to tell her daughters, that their youth alone could excuse their indiscretion for having thus abused the gentleness of Sidonia, in pressing her to discover what she desired to hide; and made them feel how dangerous is curiosity, since it may lead them into like errors. But, added she, have you demanded her permission to confide this secret to me?

Yes, mamma; and she consented without hesitation.

Because she knew the duty of a daughter towards her mother; but suppose she had been less polite, and less intelligent; suppose she had insisted on your silence.

Must not we have told you then, mamma?

Did you not give your promise before she opened the trunk, that you would not mention it to any person?

Yes, mamma.

And on that condition you obtained your wish.

We

We did not think it necessary to add, *except mamma*; that being always understood.

In all agreements whatever, we are bound by our actions and our words, our meaning stands for nothing; for it is evident, if it did, there could be no certain agreement, no solid dependance: therefore, when you said you would not mention it to any person, you did not except me, nor consequently had you any right to tell me without Sidonia's consent. Suppose she would not have granted it, what would you have done?

Dear, what a supposition——but in that case, mamma, we must have kept our word, and not have told you.

Well then, suppose too I had questioned you, as I always do, and commanded you to relate every thing that had past between you and Sidonia?

Dear mamma, in what a situation does this supposition place us.

You would have had no means of keeping the secret but by deceit, and telling many falsehoods.

Oh, no mamma, we would never have deceived you.

You

You would have then betrayed your secret.

We would have confessed our fault, and have owned, that Sidonia had confided something to us that we were not permitted to tell.

I should then have supposed, the secret was not at all to the advantage of Sidonia.

But we would have told you, her modesty made her desire it should be concealed.

In which case I should have guessed something like the truth.

Yes, I now perceive we must either have been guilty of equivocation, or have forfeited our word. This is frightful, we will never bring ourselves into such a situation; never will we hear a secret, till we have first obtained permission to tell it you.

Which resolution you should the better keep, by recollecting, that any person who should refuse to grant you that permission, would certainly want both principles and politeness, and would consequently be an improper person for you to hear secrets from.

The

The evening stories were for a while suspended, on account of the many letters Madame de Clémire had to write. Cæsar, therefore, asked permission of his mamma to read the Iliad.

You are not yet of an age, replied Madame de Clémire, to taste the beauties of that work; but as a knowledge of the incidents contained in it is absolutely necessary, in order to understand a multitude of paintings, I am willing you should read it, but not by way of recreation. I perhaps can make you comprehend its beauties, and likewise its defects.

Madame Dacier has written remarks on it; and I assure you, mamma, I will not skip them.

Yes; and it is those very remarks I should be sorry you were to read without me.

Are they not just, mamma?

The Iliad is on that table, bring it me, I will read you a few passages: here, for example, is one—I must first tell you the preceding circumstances.—In one of the battles, Adrestes, a young Trojan, is seated in his Chariot, his Horses become restive, his Chariot is dashed to pieces, and himself thrown to the ground. Menelaus flies to him,

him, intending to destroy a fallen and defenceless enemy. Adrestes begs his life, and promises a ransom; the request is granted, and Menelaus is going to send him prisoner on board his ship, when Agamemnon arrives, and in wrathful mood thus reproaches his pity.

— Oh, impotent of mind,
Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find?
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage;
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.
A dreadful lesson of exampled fate,
To warn the nations, and to curb the great!
The Monarch spoke, the words, with warmth address;
To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.
Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;
The monarch's jav'lin stretch'd him in the dust.
Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the slain he tugged the reeking dart.

POPE'S HOMER.

Well, my son, said Madame de Clémire, what do you think of this action?

It think it horrible, replied Cæsar; it is absolute assassination, to kill a defenceless enemy.

And

And yet such are the Heroes of this Poem.
But let us see what are the remarks of Madame
Dacier on this passage.

“ Homer praises the cruelty of Agamemnon;
“ for as there is such a thing as pernicious pity,
“ so is there a laudable cruelty; enemies so un-
“ just, so perfidious as were the Trojans, deserved
“ no mercy (a).”

How! mamma, does Madame Dacier approve
this action?

I never imagined Cæsar, that cruelty would
to you appear laudable; but as the remarks of
Madame Dacier are most of them of the same
kind, I dreaded lest the authority of a person so
celebrated, might not at least enfeeble that horror
which humanity ought to inspire.

What, mamma, does Madame Dacier never
disapprove of barbarous actions?

(a) What language! and from the mouth of a woman
too. What logic likewise! In what were the Trojans perfidi-
ous and unjust? Paris had carried off Helen; this was the
crime of a Trojan Prince, but not of the nation; but could
even the injustice of an enemy authorize murder? Had the
Trojans been generally despicable, is that any reason why
they should be massacred without exception, and without
pity? So as not even to spare the infant at it's mother's
breast?

Never;

Never ; nor even of cowardly ones. Dolon, a Spy, is taken by Ulysses and Diomedes ; Dolon begs his life, which Ulysses promises to grant, on condition that he shall tell all he knows. Thus assured, the cowardly Dolon relates every circumstance to the two warriors, who, even more cowardly and perfidious than himself, forfeit their word, and take his life as soon as he has ended (a). Look here is the passage, and here the remark, in which you may see Madame Dacier approves this base cruelty. Shall I give you another example? Ulysses, after having given Socus his death wound, insults him, by telling him he shall be deprived the rites of sepulture, and shall be devoured by birds of prey that shall fight for his carcass. On which Madame Dacier has made no remark. Nay, on another like occasion, she has thought proper to take advantage of the barbarous irony of Idomeneus to write a Note. Idomeneus pierces Othrineus through and through with a javelin, who, dying falls, while Idomeneus thus speaks :

The great *Idomeneus* bestrides the dead ;
And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped !

Such

(a) What is more strange, Madame Dacier has made no remark upon this action, except by observing it is simply related by Homer, and that he does not in the least seem to disapprove of it.

Such is the help thy arms to *Ilion* bring,
 And such the contract of the *Phrygian King* (a) !
 Our offers now, illustrious Prince ! receive,
 For such an aid what will not *Argos* give ?
 To conquer *Troy*, with our's thy forces join,
 And count *Atrides'* fairest daughter thine.
 Mean time, on farther methods to advise,
 Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies ;
 There hear what *Greece* has on her part to say.
 He spoke, and dragg'd the goary corse away.

POPE'S HOMER.

How horrible, said Cæsar, thus to insult a van-
 quished and dying enemy ; is it possible to imagine
 any thing more cruel or cowardly, which way has
 Madame Dacier excused this barbarity ?

Homer must have owned such jests were bitter ;
 Madame Dacier, however, has found them heroic
 and diverting. Hear her remark.

“ Homer has here mingled, with much art,
 “ railleries which are the natural offspring of an
 “ heroic courage, and such as are very capable
 “ of inciting the ardour of Combatants, sup-
 “ posed to hear, or divert the Person, who, in
 “ tranquillity, should read them. Homer, like-
 “ wise, by this means, heightens the character of

(a) He had promised Priam to repel the Greeks, and
 Cassandra was to be the reward of his services.

“ *Idomeneus,*

“*Idomeneus*, by shewing, that in the midst of the
 “greatest danger he still preserved his usual gaiety,
 “which is a certain sign of superior courage.”

Is it possible that Madame Dacier could judge
 in this manner?

Your astonishment, Cæsar, is exceedingly natural; not even a knowledge of Greek can authorize or excuse such reasoning. Let us finish our criticism by a passage here before me. Menelaus overthrows Pisander, then setting his foot upon his breast, addresses a discourse to him equally long and insulting. *Words of gall*, says Homer; but Madame Dacier, in speaking of this passage, says, that it is full of force, propriety, justness, and brevity (*b*).

But Madame Dacier must certainly have had a very bad heart, mamma.

The very reverse.

Then she was absolutely devoid of understanding.

Far from it; she certainly had very superior abilities.

(*a*) Many similar passages might be cited from the same work: the twenty-first book is, on this account, one of the most revolting.

Which

Which way then, could she write things so inconsistent, so disgusting?

She was led astray by her enthusiasm; her *passion*. She understood Greek perfectly, and of consequence, tasted the beauties of the Iliad better than other people; and her admiration of Homer, had deprived her of that most estimable quality impartiality, without which a writer can neither persuade nor instruct.

This tends to prove, mamma, what you have beforetime told us, that we ought not to be passionately fond of any thing but virtue, since other passions only lead us into error. But which is the best way, mamma, to preserve this perfect impartiality?

By carefully cherishing it on all occasions in our hearts; nor is it possible we should totally destroy it, since it is the very essence of justice and truth. We then shall think nobly, reason justly, see clearly, and judge wisely. We shall do justice to our enemies, without an effort; shall be ready to acknowledge their merits, and even find pleasure in praising such good qualities as they possess.

This, mamma, is what I think the most difficult; I confess, I should find no great *pleasure* in praising a person that hates me.

Would you then be insensible to the pleasure of exciting universal admiration, founded upon the opinion which yourself shall give others of your heart and understanding?

How could I be thus insensible?

Let us then suppose, you are no longer at that happy time of life in which you have no enemies; but that you have a foe whose enmity is well known. Imagine yourself in company with eight or ten persons, where the conversation shall turn on this your enemy, and where they indulge themselves in saying many ill-natured and malignant things of him. You, of course, remain silent. Calumny and conjecture next succeed, absurd suppositions are construed into facts, and the circumstances of facts themselves are changed to blacken his character; your enemy is a man of understanding, yet they will not allow him common sense; you are then no longer silent, but guided by the love of truth and justice, speak warmly in defence of your enemy. This will astonish your auditors, who at first may entertain doubts of your sincerity. Be careful, give suffi-

cient reasons, or you will pass for a hypocrite; but your generosity will be evident, if your arguments are just. Then will you see admiration and surprize in every face; will hear the gentle murmur of applause whispered round, and will attract all hearts by an irresistible charm. All this will be told your enemy on the morrow; and if he any longer hates you he is a monster. But with what front shall he dare any longer to declaim against you? He cannot testify an aversion for you, without rendering himself odious and contemptible.

Oh that I were old enough to have an enemy, that I might speak of his merits, and undertake his defence!

Be not weary, therefore, of admiring the utility of virtue; behold it's fruits, and the flattering success it gives. Oh! how many embarrassments, how many pains would men be spared, were it constantly, inviolably consulted!

Have you no enemies, mamma?

I flatter myself, you are very certain I hate no one.

Yes, that I am.

Religion and humanity equally abhor such a sensation; whence you may well believe it has never sullied my heart; and yet I have been told I have enemies. I do not, however, think them very vehement; and I am well assured, that, a few years hence, I shall not have any; for hatred naturally decreases, when not partook.

Since then, mamma, you have enemies, it must be because they do not know your heart.

I believe if they did, they would cease to hate me.

But they cannot possibly speak ill of you.

They cannot at least accuse me of being a bad mother, an idle wife, or of pretending to a dignity of sentiment which my actions have belied. I am, therefore, easy on that head. But a-propos of persons who have an aversion for me: I cannot forbear telling you, I have cited one of these, some time since, in a story I told you.

Certainly she was not the heroine of the tale.

The most affecting incident, the most interesting trait, in my opinion, I have ever related to you, is precisely the one her conduct supplied.

And we no doubt have wept, mamma?

Yes, and so have I; I never can relate the Anecdote but with enthusiasm.

And at that moment, we admired and loved a person who had an aversion for you. What a painful reflection! But are you certain she does not love you?

You shall judge: for seven or eight years she was in want of my assistance, came incessantly to consult me, tell me her secrets, and desire me to ask favours, which I certainly never should have done, had they been for myself; neither had we any other intercourse: her critical situation, and my desire to serve her, were the only ties between us; she never came to see me, but to ask my aid; I never listened to her, but to learn which way I might give it most effectually; I never mentioned her, but to ask something for her. Success crowned my zeal, and during the space of these eight years, I obtained for her, by turns, every thing she desired me to ask. Some events intervened, so that we saw one another no more for a year; and when I happened to meet her again, she scarcely seemed to know me, and I soon after learnt with surprize that she was become my enemy.

What ingratitude!

I do not, however, take the less pleasure in reciting the Anecdote so highly to her honour, which I just now mentioned; and this is that spirit of impartiality and justice, which I so much wish you to possess. But let us return to our subject; I flatter myself, you have now renounced your project of reading the Iliad by yourself?

I have, mamma; I had beforetime been told, that all boys of my age were permitted to read that book; and, moreover, that the notes were very instructive. Last year I saw my cousin Frederick reading the Odyssey and Iliad during his leisure hours, I therefore asked permission to do the same; but since there are so many bad principles to be found in that work, I shall prefer reading it with you, that I may the better understand their consequences.

Generally speaking, there are very few works that are not dangerous to read at your age.

I may read history, mamma, because you have taught me how to judge of actions.

You have read the useful and estimable abridgements by the Abbé Millot, which are chiefly intended

intended for youth. What history do you now wish to read?

The History of Malta.

The Abbé Vertot is an agreeable Historian; but his conclusions are not always just, not always conformable to sound morality.

Do you yourself, mamma, then chuse the book that I should read?

You promise me to always read slowly, thoughtfully, and to give me an account every evening of what you have read?

Yes, mamma.

Well then, I will give you an Abridgment of the History of England, in two volumes, which I think a clear well written book.

Two days after this, Cæsar told his mamma, he had met with a passage in the book she had lent him, at which he was a good deal shocked.

Let me see it, said Madame de Clémire : read it.

“ The French were defeated at the battle of
 “ Agincourt, by Henry V. in which he had taken
 “ so many prisoners, that, in order more securely
 “ to face the enemy, who still seemed to menace
 “ him, he was obliged to put those to death the
 “ fortune of war had delivered into his hands (a).”

Well, what is it that offends you in this passage?

What, mamma! Does not the Historian resemble Homer? Does not he relate this act of cruelty as a simple and even indispensable thing? He has not one single reflection on the fact, consequently approves it's barbarity.

Madame de Clémire, at hearing this, most affectionately kissed her son. You have not read, said she, like a child; for while you have read you have reflected, have consulted your reason and your feelings, and thus, only, can reading become useful. Such a manner of relating an atrocious act is revolting to the heart. What then will you say to a work I am reading, and in which I find the following portrait of Fredegonda:

“ Fredegonda made amends for the defect of
 “ birth, by so many eminent qualities, one is

(a) *Nouvel Abrégé Chronol. de l'Hist. d'Angleterre*; in two thick volumes. See Vol. I. Page 75.

“ tempted

“ tempted to say of her, that though she was *not*,
 “ she deserved to *be* nobly born; she is one of
 “ those heroines, who need not blush at the faults
 “ of Destiny; the greatness of her genius,
 “ made her reign over Chilperic almost without
 “ a rival, &c. (a).”

Is it possible to speak thus of a woman so abominable, guilty of so many crimes? Would you believe this to be the picture of a Monster, the disgrace of her Sex, and the execration of Posterity? The Author has praised her address; she knew, said he, the art of triumphing over all her enemies. But by what means? By treason and murder. Her whole address consisted in poisoning and assassinating those she feared. But to-morrow, Cæsar, I will read you her true character, in the History of Charlemagne (b). We will also read in another work, by the same Author, an account of the Battle of Agincourt (c), the manner of which I hope will give you pleasure.

You

(a) Mémoires Historiques-Critiques, & Anecdotes de France, Tom. I. Page 70. This is an interesting work, full of curious Anecdotes.

(b) By M. Gaillard.

(c) Histoire de la Querelle de Phillippe de Valois, &c.

I have seldom heard of a Historian, who could be said to possess feeling; this praise seems rather to belong to works

You love that author's works, mamma.

I do, because I find in them a true spirit of philosophy, perfect impartiality, new ideas, feeling, the purest morals, the most rational reflections, and all the striking consequences which history ought to teach. Lessons useful to men, and especially to Kings.

Do you know the author, mamma?

I never saw him four times in my life.

Why will you not give me his works?

It is my wish we should read them together, that you may understand all his beauties. I shall therefore give you other books for your private reading, still begging you will read with the greatest attention, and carefully weigh the sentiments and reflections of the author. I insist upon this point

of imagination; the Author, however, above cited, will justify the assertion. It seems to me impossible to read him, without often being melted even to tears. Read, among others, his account of La Pucelle d'Orleans, in L'Histoire de Querelle, &c. his fine Portrait of St. Louis, in L'Histoire de la Rivalite, &c. that of Henry IV. and likewise his relation of the Battle of Pavia, Histoire de François I.

so much, because it is of the utmost importance; for by acquiring this habit, reading will truly form your heart and mind: so that, in the end, no book whatever will be dangerous to you. Instead of which, should you read carelessly, without thought, you would insensibly obtain a multitude of false ideas; and reading, far from instructing, might weaken your reason, and shake, and even corrupt your principles.

The Abbé, who came to seek for Cæsar, interrupted this conversation. In the evening the Tales of the Castle was again taken up, and Madame de Clémire began the following history:

P A M E L A;

OR, THE

HAPPY ADOPTION.

FELICIA, solely occupied by the education of her two daughters, lived beloved in the bosom of an amiable family, and visited only by her parents and friends. She constantly remembered the peculiar happiness she enjoyed, and delighted in study and industry; her heart was gentle and feeling; unacquainted with hatred, she abhorred vengeance, and knew to love; neither were there any sacrifices which friendship had not a right to expect from her; nor was there in the world a person who more sincerely despised the parade of fashion and fortune.

Her daughters, in the mean time, began to grow up; and scarcely had Camilla, the eldest, attained her fourteenth year, before Felicia, owing to the situation of her affairs, was obliged to marry her: she had no fortune either to give or leave her, nor had any means of establishing her in the world,

but

but by a good education, and interest among the Great.

A most respectable match offered, and Camilla had not the right to hesitate ; although she did not the less sensibly feel, how unfortunate it is to be obliged to marry a child at so tender an age : the unhappiness is still the greater, inasmuch as education is then but rudely sketched, and must for ever remain imperfect.

But, mamma, interrupted Caroline, this young lady might still be obedient, as well after marriage as before, consequently her mamma might complete what had been left imperfect.

You must suppose her to possess great understanding and rationality indeed, to preserve the same industry and respect for her masters as formerly, when she is every instant hearing herself called madam ; not to observe that she must be obliged to quit, or at least interrupt her studies, every time her husband should enter.

But if the husband should love to see his wife well informed ?

Women at fourteen, have seldom sufficient information to become agreeable by that means ;
and

134 THE TALES OF THE CASTLE.

and you may imagine what a young woman's fears must be of appearing dull and tiresome to her husband; besides the pleasure of conversing with him, must impede the progress of instruction: but let us return to our tale.

Camilla soon after her marriage fell dangerously ill, and the fears of Felicia, added to her watching and want of sleep, gave a shock to her constitution, which she felt long after the recovery of her daughter. Her lungs seemed touched, and her Physicians ordered her to drink the Bristol-waters. She was therefore obliged to leave her dear Camilla at Paris, and go with her youngest daughter Anna for England. Felicia had not had the precaution to hire a house, and was therefore obliged, when she came to Bristol, to put up with an apartment which was so much the more disagreeable, because it was only separated by a partition from the chamber of a sick English lady. Felicia, who perfectly understood English, questioned her landlady concerning her neighbour, and was informed she was dying of a consumption; that she was a widow; that her late husband was of a good family, had been disinherited for marrying contrary to his parents wish, and that he had only left his wife a small annuity; which circumstance was the more afflicting, because they had a little daughter five

years

years old, who, when her mother died, would lose all means of subsistence.

The Hostess ended her relation with the praises of Pamela, the name of the little girl, assuring Felicia there was not a more charming little creature in the world. This Story greatly interested Felicia, who talked of nothing all the evening after but the unfortunate English-woman, and her more unfortunate child.

Felicia and her daughter had but one chamber. They had been in bed about two hours; Anna was in a sound sleep, and her mother began to doze, when an uncommon noise in the chamber of the sick English-woman awakened her with a start. She listened attentively, and heard sobs and groans. Recollecting that there were only a Maid and a Nurse, Felicia imagined her assistance might perhaps be useful; she therefore rose, and with her lamp in her hand, stole gently from her chamber, fearful of disturbing Anna; and in passing through her Maid's bed-chamber, ordered her not to quit her daughter should she awake.

She came to the passage, the door of the sick person was open, and hearing sighs and broken accents, she advanced trembling. She was met by

by the Maid all in tears, and exclaiming, *It is over, she is gone.*

Heavens ! said Felicia, I was coming to see if I could assist.

She has just expired, continued the Maid ! What will become of her unhappy daughter ? I have myself four children, and which way shall I support her ?

Where is the child, said Felicia ?

Alas ! madam, the little Innocent is not old enough to understand her misery ; she knows not what death means ; but she loved her poor dead mother, and never was there a more affectionate child ; yet she sleeps peaceably in the same chamber in which her mother has just breathed her last.

Felicia shuddered. Merciful providence ! cried she : let us move the child from this fatal place at least. So saying, she entered the chamber.—

In approaching the couch of the child, she necessarily passed beside the corpse. Her blood ran cold, she stopt, and for a moment fixed her full eyes on the mournful and touching object ; then dropping on her knees, exclaimed, Oh unfortunate mother !

mother! what must have been the horrors of your last moments! what must have been your feelings, to leave a child thus without succour, to the mercy of a busy and rapacious world!—
 Yes, I delight to think, that from the bosom of Eternity you yet can see and hear me—Behold, I take charge of your offspring; never shall she forget the Parent that gave her birth; and though the earthly form is forgot, she still shall love the departed Saint.

Felicia rose, and with an emotion of benevolent tenderness, approached the couch. A curtain concealed the child, which Felicia, with a trembling hand, gently drew, and discovered the innocent little Orphan. Felicia contemplated her beauty, and the angelic sweetness of her countenance with delight. The child slept soundly, beside the death-bed of her unfortunate mother; the serenity of her brow, the candour of her physiognomy, heightened by a smile, and the freshness and health of her complexion, formed a contrast as striking as it was pathetic.

How peaceably she sleeps, said Felicia; at what a moment, and in what a place: alas! unfortunate and lovely child, in vain, when thou awakest, shalt thou call for thy mother.—Yet humanity shall give thee another! Yes, I adopt thee.—

thee.——Thou shalt find in my heart the mother's feelings, and the mother's affection. Come, continued Felicia, addressing herself to the Maid, help me to carry this couch to my room.

The woman obeyed with joy, and the child was carried gently, without awaking, on her little bed, to Felicia's apartment.

Anna was risen; restless and fearful, she was coming to seek her mother; who meeting her at the door, said, Come hither Anna, I have brought thee a second sister; come, look at, and promise me to love her. Anna flew to the bed, and kneeled down to look nearer at the child. Felicia told her, in few words, all that had happened. Anna wept, while she listened to the sorrowful recital; beheld the little Pamela with tenderness, calling her her dear sister, and wished it was morning, that she might hear her speak, and give her a thousand kisses.

At last it was necessary to return to bed; though Felicia did not close her eyes during the rest of the night: but who, that is kept awake by the remembrance of a good action, would wish to sleep?

The family arose as usual at seven o'clock; the windows were opened, and the little Pamela awakened. Felicia ran to her couch; the child at first seemed surprized, but, after fixing her blue eyes on her for a moment, she smiled, and held out her hand; Felicia caught her with transport to her bosom; she believed in the doctrine of Sympathy; (it is the superstition of feeling hearts) she persuaded herself she beheld it's effects, in the gentle caresses of the infant, who had already inspired her with an affection which this return of tenderness increased.

The poor Pamela, however, soon asked where was her mother, and the question touched Felicia to the heart—Your mamma is gone, said she, and Pamela immediately began to weep; Anna wished to comfort her; but Felicia thus continued: Do not interrupt her tears, I myself have need to see them flow: think, my Anna, what her situation is, and you will have the same sensations.

As soon as Pamela was dressed, she kneeled down and began to say her prayers. Felicia's blood ran cold when she heard her say, *Restore health, O God, to my mamma.*

You

You must not pray so any more, said Felicia, your mamma no longer suffers.

Does not she? cried Pamela: then I must thank God.

These words deeply affected Felicia. You must only say such prayers, my child, said she, hereafter, as I shall bid you: Say, *Blessed be God, for taking my mamma from pain to bliss.*

Pamela repeated this prayer with fervent affection; then turning towards Felicia, with a timid and ingenuous air, Permit me, said she, to pray to God, that he will soon take me to my mamma,

As she said this, she perceived the tears flow down Felicia's cheeks; who caught her in her arms, while the affectionate and tender little creature clung weeping round her neck. As soon as the carriage could be got ready, Felicia, with Anna, and her adopted Pamela, departed for Bath, where she stayed about a fortnight; and when she returned, went to another lodging.

Felicia became every day more and more attached to Pamela; the angelic sweetness, the sensibility, the gratitude of the child made her deliciously enjoy the fruits of her benevolence. After

remaining

remaining three months at Bristol, Felicia left England, and returned to France; and all her family, as well as herself, adopted the little Pamela, whom it was impossible to see uninterested, or to know without loving.

When she was seven years old, Felicia informed her of her situation, and related the mournful history of her unhappy mother; at which sorrowful detail, the poor Pamela shed a torrent of tears. As soon as Felicia had ended, she fell on her knees, and said every thing which gratitude and feeling could inspire to a person of twenty.

Such was Pamela: her soul continually rose superior to her years; and when she spoke, she had neither the sentiments nor the language of Infancy. A thousand charming traits, numerous delicate and refined replies, and a multitude of witty and affecting observations, which none but a heart and understanding of the first order could inspire, were unceasingly remembered and recited. Her lively feelings communicated an inexpressible grace to all her actions, a sweetness, a charm, which penetrated the soul, and gave her an angelic countenance. She must be seen a thousand times, before any person could know if her features were regular, or whether she was beautiful or only pretty. Struck by her ingenuous and interesting physiognomy,

physiognomy, nothing was remarked but the intelligent and celestial language of her face. She was neither to be praised nor examined like others. She had long marking eye-lashes, and large blue eyes; though seldom was their colour observed, but their expression always. With every desire to please and oblige, which a natural good temper could give, she was attentive, generous, complaisant, sincere, and candid; in short, she possessed all those good qualities and perfections, which are so rarely seen united; she was witty, without ill-nature; gay, yet affectionate; lively, yet gentle.

Pamela's only defects were the consequence of an extream vivacity, which, however, never gave her the slightest degree of anger against any one, but a thoughtlessness which few children exceeded. The following is an instance, which will shew at once her mildness, her respect, and her tenderness for Felicia.

Pamela, rather from the effects of her liveliness and want of thought, than wilful negligence, frequently lost her things. If she went a walking, she would take off her hat, perhaps, to run the better, and entering the house, still running, would forget she had left it upon the grass. When she had finished her work, her eagerness for play would

would not give her time to collect and put by her needles, thread-paper, thimble, or other things; but she would rise in an instant, her open work-bag falling to the ground, jump over it, and disappear in the twinkling of an eye.

It gave life and delight to see her run in the fields or garden, but she was forbid to run in the house; yet Pamela, with the most anxious desire to obey, continually forgot this restriction; she frequently fell down two or three times a day, and left remnants of her frocks and aprons on every nail and every latch. At last, what with prayer, reproofs, and penance, she insensibly lost that excess of turbulence.

Felicia took care every morning, to demand an account of every thing she ought to have in her pockets and work-bag; and this daily examination, greatly contributed to make Pamela more careful. One morning when Felicia, according to custom, was visiting her pockets, she could not find her scissors: Pamela, scolded and questioned, replied, that the scissors were not lost at least, for she knew where they were. And where are they, replied Felicia?

They are on the floor, mamma, said Pamela, in my sister's room.

On

On the floor ! and how came they there ?

In drawing out my handkerchief, mamma, my scissars got entangled in it, and fell down ; just at that moment I heard your bell ring, and I ran as hard as I could to see what you wanted.

What, without taking time to pick up your scissars ?

Yes, mamma ; that I might come the sooner.

But you knew very well I should ask what was become of them, and be angry when they could not be found.

I had quite forgot that, mamma ; I thought of nothing but the pleasure of obliging you, and getting you what you wanted.

As she spoke this, the tears came in Pamela's eyes, and she blushed. Felicia looked at her with a fixed and severe brow, and she blushed again, and more deeply. These blushes, and the little probability there was in the account she had given, persuaded Felicia that the poor little Pamela for once had forgotten herself, and told a lie.

Leave

Leave the room, said she; I am certain there is not a word of truth in what you have said: be gone without reply.

At these terrible words, Pamela, bathed in tears, joined her hands, and fell on her knees before Felicia, without speaking a single word. Felicia interpreted this supplicating action into a confession of the fault, and treated her with indignation and reproach. Pamela, remembering the command she had received, was still silent, and expressed her grief by her sobs and tears.

Felicia at that time was in the country, and going to mass, whither, instead of taking Pamela, as usual, she ordered a Maid to conduct her, and left her abruptly. When Felicia came to the Chapel, her attention was diverted in spite of herself, and her head frequently turned towards the door. At last Pamela entered, and, with her eyes red and full of tears, humbly fell on her knees, just at the entrance beside the stair-case. The Maid desired she would not stay there among the servants, but come forward; but the sorrowful Pamela replied in a low voice, this place is much too good for me.

Felicia was moved by Pamela's humility, and made a sign for her to come near, while the

tender-hearted child wept for joy, at again taking her place by the side of Felicia.

After Mass the Maid came to Felicia, and said Pamela had not told a lie.

How! not told a lie!

No, madam, as soon as you were gone, she begged me to go with her into her sister's room, and there we found the scissors just as she had said.

Oh, my gentle, my charming girl! cried Felicia, taking her in her arms; wouldst thou suffer thyself to be accused and ill-treated without uttering a word in thy own justification?

You had forbidden me to speak, my dear mamma.

But didst thou not kneel to ask my forgiveness?

I ought always to ask forgiveness when my mamma is angry with me: if she finds fault with me, I am sure I am wrong.

But I was unjust.

Unjust!

Unjust! to me! O, no! my preserver, my dear, my tender mother, you never can be unjust towards me!

Who could help adoring a child capable of such attachment, of submission so affectionate, and mildness so enchanting?

Pamela suffered greatly with the tooth-ache when she was seven years old, which brought on a weakness that continued above a year. Felicia, that she might take the more care of her, made her sleep in her own chamber; and Pamela, observing Felicia's uneasiness, always endeavoured to conceal how much she suffered: her continual want of sleep was excessive, and Felicia would often rise, take her in her arms, and give her something cooling to drink. Pamela never received these proofs of affection, without shedding tears of tenderness and gratitude: she would conjure Felicia to go to bed. Sleep, my dear mamma, said she, I am better if you are at rest; when I hear by your breathing that you are asleep, I suffer a thousand times less.

Every sensation of virtue or feeling was familiar to the heart of Pamela; nor were even those strangers to it, which seemed to be the fruit only of education and reflection. She could hardly

remember England; and she loved Felicia too dearly not to love France; yet she still remembered she was English, and preserved an attachment to her country, which was the more virtuous, inasmuch as she had no hope of ever returning thither to live.

One day (she was then eight years old) Felicia was writing, and Pamela playing happily by her side. There was at that time war between France and England, and Pamela suddenly heard the report of cannon; perhaps, cried Felicia, it announces a victory: as she said this, she accidentally looked at Pamela, and her surprize was extreme, to see her with down-cast eyes, and her colour come and go. Several people just then came into the room, and the servants came to tell them dinner was served. Pamela still seemed confused, and trembled; and Felicia, become devious of reading her thoughts, said, I wish I knew what this firing is for; I still hope we have beaten the English.

Scarcely had Felicia pronounced these words, before Pamela melted in tears, fell at her feet. Pray, pray, pardon me, mamma, cried she, indeed I would not cry if I could help it. I love the French, indeed, indeed, mamma, I do; but I was born in England.

An

An emotion so singular at her age, deeply affected Felicia. Pure and virtuous soul, said she, a pathetic and sublime instinct inspires thee superior to all the efforts of reason: whilst thou fearest to commit a fault, thou art fulfilling a sacred duty. Preserve ever this proper partiality to the country of thy fathers; love the French, for thou owest them thy love; but forget not that England is thy country.

The words of Felicia re-animated, and made Pamela happy; and the very same evening she added the following sentence to her prayers:

Grant, O God, that the French and English may no longer hate or harm each other!

With such sensibility of heart, it was impossible that Pamela should not be pious and sincere; certain that God saw and heard her, every instant of her life, she never committed a fault without asking pardon, without tears of true repentance; yet she always previously accused herself to Felicia; for how can God pardon me, said she, if I conceal my faults from my mamma? Besides, a fault bears so heavily on my heart when mamma is ignorant of it, and one is so happy after owning one's errors to one's friend.—Mamma will enjoin me some little penance perhaps, but then

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she will talk and reason with me, will praise the sincerity of her Pamela; kiss me a thousand times; and at night, when going to bed I ask her blessing, she will give it me, if it be possible, with more than usual tenderneſs.

After ſuch like reflections, Pamela would fly to the arms of Felicia, and there find the reward of her candor and love. Unable to be away from her, preferring to every other pleaſure, that of being with her, even without ſpeaking to her, while Felicia read, wrote, or played the harp, Pamela would amuſe herſelf in ſilence, and without making the leaſt noiſe, for fear of diſturbſing Felicia.

She would get up, however, from time to time, approach Felicia on tip-toe, kiſs her, and then return to her place! More than once has ſhe abruptly left her play-things, and ran weeping to throw herſelf in Felicia's arms; inſtead of playing, ſhe would ſay, I ought to think of you, mamma, and of your goodneſs to me.

Thus ſpeaking, Pamela would fall at the feet of her benefactreſs, embrace her knees, water them with her tears, and with every expreſſion of paſſion, all the energy of feeling and gratitude, would repeat whatever Felicia had done for her.

A child

A child so extraordinary, so attaching, could not, when become a woman, rest at mediocrity. Pamela at seventeen, justified every hope to which her infancy had given birth; she had acquired knowledge, agreeable talents, and all that gentleness of manners which so well become a woman. There was no kind of needle-work she had not learnt, or could not do; she was excellent at embroidery, millinery, mantua-making, every thing: besides which, she drew correctly, and played charmingly upon the harp: which latter acquirement was the more precious to her, because she owed it solely to Felicia, who had been her only teacher.

Pamela loved reading, natural History and Botany, writ an excellent hand, and, as for her style, it might be called instinctive. With a soul so delicate, so feeling, so full of purity, she could not want good taste or strength of imagination.

She still preserved all the simplicity and charms of her infancy, her endearing manners, her frank and communicative gaiety, and that sweet attractive mildness which cannot fail to win the heart.

The favourite amusements of her childhood had been in exercise, in running, jumping, and

active sports; she therefore enjoyed an excellent state of health, and was astonishingly strong, though her frame was naturally delicate. No woman could outrun her, nor did any body walk or dance with a better grace.

She added to all these allurements, an unalterable goodness of heart: she often worked like Sidonia in private, for the poor, and merited the elogium which a celebrated Author gave an unfortunate Queen, and indeed to women in general; for “she discovered all those gentle and “benevolent virtues which philosophy teaches “men, and nature gives to women (a).”

Anna, seven years older than Pamela, had, as well as her sister Camilla, been married some years, and made her mother happy by her filial affection, and prudent conduct in the world; so that these three dear and amiable objects, Camilla, Anna, and Pamela, rendered Felicia the happiest woman on earth.

This sweet felicity was disturbed by an event, which very justly and deeply afflicted Felicia. She had a young sister-in-law named Alexandrina, whose virtues, talents, and charms were the de-

(a) Supplément à l'Histoire de la Rivalité, &c. by M. Gaillard.

light of her family. Having been six months attacked by a consumption, Alexandrina determined to go and pass a year in the south of France, and Felicia had the double grief of seeing her mother go with her.

This mother, as virtuous as she was tender, consented to leave her daughter, and support the fatigues of a melancholy journey, and the pains of a long absence, that she might go with her daughter-in-law, to whom her assistance was become necessary. It is true, she carried with her hopes that gave consolation; but she presently lost them without return. Travelling only augmented the diseases of Alexandrina; and at last those fatal symptoms appeared, which destroyed all probability of recovery. Felicia, though informed by her mother of the truth, still endeavoured to hope, till at last she received the following letter:

N—— September —— 1782.

“ She is still alive——but, alas! before you
 “ receive this letter——perhaps——Oh! my
 “ child, what will your unhappy brother feel?——
 “ What do I feel myself!——I am two hundred
 “ leagues from you.

“ We knew, but imperfectly, the Angelic
 “ creature we are about to lose; a life so tranquil

“ and fortunate as her’s, gave few opportunities
 “ for the exertion of those sublime virtues she
 “ possessed. You have no idea of her fortitude,
 “ piety, patience, and perfect resignation. I told
 “ you she deceived herself concerning the true
 “ state of her disease; but I myself was deceived;
 “ she had no hope even when she left Paris, as
 “ she then secretly told her maid Julia, who told
 “ it me again this very morning; it was only to
 “ palliate the horror of our situation, that she
 “ endeavoured to persuade us she still preserved the
 “ illusion we had lost: but she yesterday betrayed
 “ herself.

“ We were alone; she told me she desired to
 “ receive the Sacrament, and conjured me to in-
 “ form her husband with every necessary precau-
 “ tion, that he might not be alarmed; she then
 “ fell into a deep revery, and, in order to divert
 “ her thoughts, I told her I should write to you
 “ this morning. As soon as she heard this, she
 “ seemed desirous of saying something to me,
 “ concerning which, however, she evidently
 “ wavered in her mind.

“ I clasped her hand between mine, and asked
 “ her if she had any commission to give me for
 “ you?—Yes, said she, there is a thing which
 “ troubles me exceedingly—it is this—You
 “ know

“ know that at thirteen, I had the misfortune to
 “ lose my mother. I was then sent to a Convent,
 “ where, a few days after my arrival, a poor wo-
 “ man came to ask for me; she was paralytic,
 “ and informed me that my mother had maintain-
 “ ed her during the two last years of her life. I
 “ wept, and kissed the unhappy woman, and
 “ have ever since taken care of her. Condescend,
 “ madam, continued she, with great emotion,
 “ condescend to recommend this poor woman to
 “ my sister; tell her, it is the last legacy of an
 “ expiring friend. Julia will give you her ad-
 “ dress, and let me beg you will send it to-mor-
 “ row to my sister.

“ I could make no answer to this discourse,
 “ but with my tears; she saw them, and kissed
 “ my hand in a manner that deeply affected me.
 “ Just at this moment the little bitch Selima,
 “ that you know she was so fond of, came run-
 “ ning, and jumped upon her bed, and I took
 “ her on my lap. Poor Selima, said she: you
 “ love dogs, mamma; I will give you Selima,
 “ but promise me never to part with her.

“ You, my child, know how to estimate such
 “ sensations! At the very moment all was lost to
 “ her, to think of all, to neglect nothing! Young,
 “ handsome, happy, with a spotless reputation,

“ ready to be separated for ever from a beloved
 “ husband, a child that was the delight of her
 “ heart, and a dear aunt, who was at once a
 “ general benefactress, and a sincere and amiable
 “ friend; yet so patient, so unconcerned on her
 “ own account; yet so careful for others, so anxious
 “ for the fate of a wretched old woman, and
 “ not even forgetting her dog. Who can for-
 “ bear to admire benevolence so provident, and
 “ fortitude so heroic?

“ Adieu, my daughter, I send you the sole
 “ consolation I have at this moment to give; it
 “ is the address of the poor old woman, whom
 “ to see and assist, will be one great relief to your
 “ present feelings.”

As soon as Felicia had read this letter, she
 called for her carriage, and, accompanied by
 Pamela, went immediately to the street *du Faux-
 bourg Saint-Jacques*. It was there that the poor
 woman, whose name was Madame Busca, lived;
 and who was known throughout that quarter of
 the town, by the appellation of *the holy woman*.

The amazement of Felicia and Pamela at see-
 ing and hearing her, was equal to the pity and
 admiration she inspired. This unfortunate wo-
 man had totally lost the use of her limbs; her
 countenance

countenance had nothing hideous in it, but it was astonishingly meagre and pale; she had not the power to raise or turn her head, which dropt upon her breast; and though she had been in nearly the same state for seventeen years, the faculties of her mind were still perfect.

Her chamber was large and neat, and a venerable Clergyman was sitting on her bed-side. Felicia informed her she was the sister of Alexandrina; which as soon as the poor woman heard, she raised her eyes to heaven, and the tears instantly ran down her cheeks.

Oh madam! cried she, what an angel you have for a sister; she is yet very young, notwithstanding which, she has maintained me eleven years. —If you knew what she has done for me, madam—her condescension—her—

Did she often come to see you?

Before her marriage, she was not permitted to leave the Convent, and I was carried thither three times a week; she used to ask permission to come down to me, and always brought me my breakfast, which she herself had prepared. I had no use of my hands, and she used to feed me, and with such sweetness, such friendship, such compassion!—

passion!——Do you know, madam, what was the greatest punishment her Governante could inflict? It was to tell her, “You shall not feed “Madame Busca to-morrow; I myself will do “that charitable office.”

She always did me the honour to call me her mother, and intreated me to call her my daughter; if by chance I saw that her Governante was dissatisfied with her, I then used to say Mademoiselle instead; and the dear child, with tears in her eyes, would instantly go and ask pardon of her Governante.

You weep, ladies; but what would you do, were I to tell you every thing she has done for me since her marriage? A young and charming lady, like her, to come every other day and shut herself up with a poor creature like me; to bring me linen, fruit, jellies, and often to read me a chapter in the Holy Bible.

You know, madam, how divinely she sings. One day I begged her to sing me a song; I know none, replied she, but vain Opera songs, and such as will not please my good mother; but I will learn some, and four or five days after, she came and sang me several of the most beautiful hymns
I ever

I ever heard; I assure you, madam, I thought I saw and heard an Angel singing.

Another time she brought her harp, and played to me for above two hours——And yet all this is trifling; the christian charity of this earthly Cherubin is such, that there is no kind of service I have not been obliged to accept from her: thus, I cannot have my finger nails cut without undergoing great pain, if it is not done with great tenderness and address, and this was an office she most humanely and regularly performed.——You must have observed, madam, her long and delicate fingers; but you are ignorant, that those soft white hands every week, washed the feet of a poor creature like me.

Madame Busca was obliged to stop, and the tears again bedew'd her cheeks. Felicia and Pamela could neither of them speak, and there was a moment's silence.

A little while after, a young girl entered the room, and asked the poor old woman if she wanted nothing; she thanked her, and answered no; and the young girl again left the room. The Clergyman, who still kept his seat, then addressed himself to Felicia, and said, you will, no doubt, madam, be glad to hear, that the girl who just
came

came to offer her services to Madame Busca, is the daughter of one of her neighbours, who are all equally attentive and obliging. One of them comes to sit and work with her, another puts her chamber to rights, and the third undertakes the care of her fire, and bringing her a light; in fact, madam, the charitable spirit of your lovely sister, seems to pervade and animate the whole neighbourhood. And it is certain, that the example of that young and virtuous lady, has not a little contributed to charity so laudable.

How profound, how instructive, said Felicia, will be the admiration I shall carry hence!

What you have heard, replied the Clergyman, and what you now see, may well inspire such sentiments; but if you knew the extent and sublimity of this good woman's piety and resignation, how chearful, nay, how happy she is, amidst all her sufferings, which are far greater than you suppose, your admiration would increase.

Happy? Is it possible!

Oh yes, madam, replied the good woman; I not only endure these trials with resignation, but with joy. And where is the wonder? Shall I not, for the sufferings of a moment, be made eternally happy?

happy? And will not my happiness be increased, in proportion to those sufferings? How grateful ought I to be to the Father of all Good, for having placed me in a situation, where I may have the merit of enduring, without complaint; in which nothing can come, to interrupt my meditations on heaven and eternity.—Oh! how much am I indebted to these bodily afflictions, which have expiated the errors of my youth, purified my heart, and weaned me of all worldly wishes. This earth exists not for me; its pleasures cannot seduce, cannot corrupt, cannot cast me into the dreadful depths of divine wrath; my soul is a stranger and a sojourner here, and is already united to its beloved Creator.—I see thee, oh my God, I hear thy paternal voice; it fortifies, it elevates my soul; it commands me to submit without murmuring, and promises an immortal crown of glory. Behold I obey with transport; I adore thy decrees, I bless my destiny, and would not change it for all the universe could bestow.

While speaking thus, she expressed herself with equal force and feeling; the sound of her voice, no longer announced the feeble and exhausted state to which she was reduced; her eyes naturally languishing and half extinguished, sparkled at this moment with celestial fire. Pamela and Felicia looked and listened with rapture.

Well,

Well, madam, said the Clergyman, could you suppose it possible to find a woman so afflicted, yet so happy? But what would she be, were it not for religion? What a horrid state were her's, did she not believe the eternal truths of the Gospel?

—Oh barbarous and senseless Atheist, who seekest to make proselytes, how couldst thou answer this woman, when she should tell thee, “You would tear from my heart the only possible consolation it can receive; you would plunge me in the most frightful despair; cruel man, behold what I suffer, and behold my resignation; behold the calm my soul enjoys; behold the happiness of which it has a foretaste, and shudder at your horrible design.”

Felicia applauded the justness of this reflection, then rose and took her leave, and promised to repeat her visits to Madame Busca, as often as her other duties and occupations would permit.

Felicia and Pamela talked of nothing the whole day, but Alexandrina and the *holy woman*. How can it happen, said Pamela, that my aunt has never spoken of this woman?

That, replied Felicia, is what makes her charity more admirable; it is the characteristic of real virtue.

virtue. Have you ever seen a miser make a present, and have you not observed how much his pomp and emphasis have proved the action came not from his heart, but was the mere effect of vanity? And in fact, it had cost him so much to perform it, that his ostentation was almost pardonable. Remark, on the contrary, with what noble simplicity a generous person gives. Thus it is, that common minds are vain of their good actions, and think them extremely meritorious, because they find them so painful; while great souls have no such pride, being, by their own natural dignity, inclined to complaisant and virtuous actions.

This reflection, said Pamela, should make every person modest; or at least persuade them to conceal their vanity, and never vaunt of what they think praise-worthy; since a contrary conduct serves only to discover the meanness of their minds, and the little inclination they have to virtue.

Felicia, a few days afterwards, received the sorrowful news of the death of a sister-in-law, whom she had always loved, and whom the circumstances, related by the *holy woman*, had rendered still more dear. Though she had been more than three months prepared for this event, her grief was yet severe; she went to Madame Busca, and tasted the melancholy consolation of weeping

weeping with her, and hearing a funeral eulogium worthy of the subject.

Pamela determined to take the same charge of the *holy woman*, which the virtuous Alexandrina had done; to perform the same offices, and go regularly at the same stated times. She had fulfilled these gentle duties above a year, when one morning, being on her knees, and washing the good old woman's feet, the chamber door suddenly opened, and a man of about fifty, with a noble and commanding aspect, appeared, and after a step or two immediately stopt, fixed with surprize at what he beheld.

Pamela was kneeling, her head inclined, and her long hair in part hiding her face. She turned round at the noise occasioned by the stranger's entrance, and started a little at the sight; the blush of modest virtue glowed upon her countenance, and rendered her action and her form more beautiful. She turned towards an English waiting-woman that had accompanied her, and told her in English she ought to have locked the door.

Thank God! exclaimed the stranger, again in English, thank God, this angel is my country-woman!

The

The astonishment of Pamela was excessive; and her perplexity increased, at seeing the stranger draw a chair, and gravely seat himself opposite her. While she was hastening to finish the duty she had began, the stranger thus continued: Oh heavenly creature! whoever has not beheld what I do, can have but a faint idea of the effects which youth and beauty, thus employed, can produce.

The stranger ceased to speak, but kept looking with fixed attention on Pamela! He was so totally lost in thought, that he did not seem to perceive the astonishment and embarrassment his presence caused. At last Pamela rose, bid adieu to Madame Busca, and passing by the stranger, made him a low courtsey, and left the room.

The next time Pamela returned to see the poor woman, she told her, that the stranger had staid with her above an hour; that he had made a thousand enquiries concerning Pamela; and that he had asked both her name, and that of the person who had brought her up. Felicia, the same evening, received the following letter, which she immediately shewed Pamela.

“ Going, madam, to return to England, I
 “ cannot leave this country, without wishing to
 “ receive

“ receive the orders of the generous lady who
 “ adopted an English orphan. The amiable
 “ Pamela does too much honour, madam, to her
 “ country, and the education she owes to you,
 “ not to inspire the most lively interest in the
 “ bosom of an Englishman, who hopes he is not
 “ wholly unworthy a nearer prospect of her vir-
 “ tues. I am a man of fifty, madam, and have
 “ therefore some right to tell you, without dis-
 “ guise, that the action of which I was yesterday
 “ a witness, has made a deep impresson on my
 “ heart: the beauteous Pamela on her knees,
 “ washing the feet of a poor helpless old woman,
 “ will never be erased from my memory. I have
 “ been told, she has relations in England who re-
 “ fuse to own her: deign to confide the secret of
 “ her birth to me, and be assured of my most
 “ zealous endeavours in her cause.

“ I am, madam,

“ with every respect, &c.

“ CHARLES ARESBY.”

Oh mamma! cried Pamela, after having read
 the letter, do not admit this Englishman. You
 are all to me; seek not to make relations, who
 formerly forsook, acknowledge me now. Am I
 not with you, and can I be happier?

But

But should your relations own you my dear, said Felicia, you would have an estate, a title——

You have given me the honourable, the kind title of daughter; have permitted me to consecrate my life to you: what more can I desire?

Yet, my Pamela, suffer me to see your countryman; his admiration of my dear girl, has made me desirous of his acquaintance; he knows the worth of my child. What greater merit can he have in my eyes? I promise thee, he shall never be told thy name without thy own consent.

Pamela on this condition agreed to receive the intended visitor, and Mr. Aresby accordingly came on the morrow. First compliments over, Mr. Aresby renewed his offers of service, and conjured Felicia to tell him the name of Pamela's family. Felicia naturally avowed, that Pamela herself was averse to it's being told.

Mr. Aresby sighed; I lose then, said he, with chagrin, the hope of being useful to her.

Doubt not, Sir, of my gratitude, replied Pamela, I cannot think without dread, of the least change of fate; since I find in the affection of my dear and generous benefactress, a felicity equal
to

to the utmost desires of my heart : but I am not the less sensible, the less touched by your goodness.

Mr. Aresby beheld Pamela with tenderness, and turning towards Felicia, said, I shall leave Paris towards the end of the week, madam; may I hope you willingly will permit me a place in your memory, and——

Felicia interrupted Mr. Aresby by promising to write to him, and begging his address.

I no longer live at London, madam, said he, and I travel much; but if you will address your letters, under a cover, to Madame Selwyn, they will arrive safe.

At the name of Selwyn, Felicia seemed moved; and Pamela disturbed; Mr. Aresby looked at Felicia, saw her surprize, and asked if Madame Selwyn had the honour of being known to her?

I know the name, replied Felicia.

The name is mine, answered Mr. Aresby.

Your's!

Yes,

Yes, madam ; I changed it to marry an Heiress, whose hand I could not obtain without taking the name of her family. I have been a widower ten years, and have no children.

Have you a brother, demanded Felicia, with extreme emotion?

Alas, madam, I once had two ; but they are both dead. Madame Selwyn is the widow of the second ; and the third——

Ay, Sir ! where is he ?

That unfortunate youth, madam, led astray by a fatal passion, and contemning paternal authority, was disinherited——Repentance and chagrin cut short his days——our unhappy father soon followed him to the grave.——I happened to be absent ; a new chain of misfortunes obliged me to prolong my travels, and I did not return to England till four years afterwards. I then heard of the death of my poor brother's widow ; she had left a daughter, whom I had determined to adopt ; but the woman who had taken charge of her was dead, and her husband informed me, that the little orphan had survived her mother only a few months : the man added, he had not seen his wife till six

months after the death of my brother's widow, and that the child was then no more.

Mr. Aresby perceived, that Pamela vainly endeavoured to conceal her tears. Surprized by her pale and agitated countenance, he partook of her emotion; while Felicia, almost as much moved as Pamela, held one of her trembling hands, and tenderly clasped it between her own——

There was a moment's pause. Pamela then, with wildness in her manner, rose, and advanced towards Mr. Aresby —— Yes, said she, it is my duty to acknowledge the brother of my father.

Oh heaven! cried Mr. Aresby, running to meet her.

Pamela, seized with terror she could not conquer, started, and flung herself into the arms of Felicia.——Oh my mother! said she, shedding a torrent of tears, my benefactress, to you alone do I appertain; keep, guard your child, abandon her not. I should die were you to cede your rights to another.

Pamela could say no more; her head reclined upon the bosom of Felicia, her eyes were closed, and she fainted. Felicia, distracted at the sight, called

called loudly for help, while she bathed her face with her tears. Pamela, however, soon came to herself, and looked faintly round. Mr. Aresby took one of her hands. Oh! Pamela, said he, banish these unjust fears, they wound me to the heart. I have neither the right, nor the barbarous wish to tear you from the arms of your benefactress, to whom you ought to consecrate every moment of your life.—Oh! if it be true that you are the child of my unfortunate brother, whose loss I have so long deplored, be assured you will only find in me a friend, a tender father, incapable of asking the least painful sacrifice.

Pamela at hearing this, embraced Felicia with transport, and expressed her joy and gratitude to Mr. Aresby, with all those graces, that passionate sensibility by which she was characterized. Felicia then went to seek the little box that contained the proofs of Pamela's birth. Mr. Aresby read the letters and different papers, which the maid of Pamela's mother had put into Felicia's hands. That woman having received several presents from Felicia, they easily divined, that, in order to conceal them from her husband, she had told him Pamela was dead, being pretty well assured the child would never be seen again in England.

Mr. Aresby, inexpressibly happy to find his niece in the person of one, who, by her angelic virtues and form, had made so profound an impression on his heart, was desirous she would take the name of Selwyn that very day: and his affection for Pamela soon became so great, that he resolved to settle in France. Pamela knew how to merit his favours, by her gratitude and attachment, though she never would forsake Felicia; whom to render happy, was always the most sacred of her duties, and the first pleasure of her heart.

Madame de Clémire ceased to speak, and the Baronness made the signal of retreat: however, as it was not late, they obtained a short respite.

The children made various reflections on the history of Pamela, whose character, and especially her tender sensibility, they greatly admired. They all agreed that gratitude was the most affecting of all virtues; neither did they forget the beneficent Alexandrina: they remarked, that she had inspired Pamela with that species of admiration which characterizes great minds, and had incited a desire to emulate a conduct so sublime.

They were equally struck with the happy influence, which the benevolence of Pamela, for the poor paralytic woman, had over her future destiny;

tiny; as they likewise were at the power of Religion, which can give, to virtue so gentle, a fortitude so firm, and afford those consolations, which alone could make human nature support misery so supreme, eighteen years without a murmur (a).

After thus reasoning on the story they had heard, the Baronness rose, and the children went to bed. Several days glided away, without any new tale being told; the evenings, however, were agreeably spent; the clear light of the moon invited them to walk, and after supper, they passed their evenings till ten o'clock in the garden.

Madame de Clémire taught the children to admire the starry beauties of the heavens; and this soon incited a wish to understand Astronomy: the study of the Celestial Globe, which till then had been greatly neglected, consequently became one of their favourite afternoon amusements, Cæsar especially applied himself to it with ardour, and was not a little proud of the praises they bestowed upon his memory.

This was soon perceived by Madame de Clémire, who asked him if he had forgot Pamela's

(a) Madame Busca, who still lives; (August 1783) has been eighteen years in the state above described.

reflections on modesty. It is true, said she, they relate to that kind of vanity which induces us to vaunt of our good *actions*; but they may be equally applied to ostentation founded on superior *knowledge*. A truly learned person never makes a parade of what he knows; that merit which is not doubted, which cannot be disputed, incites no desire in it's owner to boast. A person may believe himself very wise, and yet be very foolish; but while he thus deceives himself, he feels it possible he may be mistaken; and this kind of doubt, however feeble, gives it's possessor a degree of uneasiness respecting the opinions of others, and often produces false pretensions, and feeble endeavours to appear wise or witty.

Those, however, who are really learned, are very certain this advantage will not be denied them; and an accusation which can easily be confuted, gives but little pain. This is one good reason, why there are so many more pretenders to wit than to learning; not but that the *would-be* learned persons, who have gained a little knowledge, are too often tormented with a desire of imposing themselves upon others for men of profound erudition. Hence you may easily comprehend, that this ridiculous affectation is generally a sign of mediocrity; and that the very self-love whence

whence it originates, ought to preserve us from it.

Such are the usual effects of vanity, and thus is every man interested to appear modest; notwithstanding which, we sometimes find people of real merit, with the most disgusting degree of pride; but such examples are not common: and I even believe, they are never found among people of truly superior understandings. Pride is, of all vices, that which renders man most unsociable, since it deprives him of those attractions which charm so much in conversation.

In what consists the usual civilities of society? In knowing how to forget one's self; in being eager to oblige; in making others respectable and happy; in attention to the smallest trifles; in discovering gentleness and compliance on all occasions; and in persuading others we hold ourselves as nothing, since we must appear grateful at the most common-place compliments and marks of attention.

We sign ourselves *Your most obedient humble servants* to our inferiors; all the usual phrases have the same remarkable kind of humility; *Let me beseech you, Sir—I hope, Sir, you will have the goodness—May I presume, Sir, to beg—When*

any person publicly praises us, we are obliged to listen with a smile, to reply with a joke, and generally to understand what is said as ironical; or at least appear convinced, that the speaker's good opinion is the effect of a friendly partiality.

The same kind of humility may be remarked in our common actions; politeness requires we should cede the best place, let others pass first, and always appear grateful when we receive the same kind of respect. From all which it is very clear, the Inventors of these different customs have thought, that the most certain means of rendering society agreeable, was to impose the general law, on each individual, of concealing his self-love, and affecting the utmost modesty. Hence you may easily conceive, it is impossible for Pride to be polite; nay, it is a vice which cannot be even concealed. The tone of the voice, the turn of the hand, the manner, the eye, all betray it. Nothing, therefore, should be neglected, to correct or preserve us from a vice so hateful, and so sure to be discovered.

But if a person has understanding, mamma, said Cæsar, he will, at least, so far repress his vanity as not to say any thing ridiculous.

You

You are very much mistaken; our vanity is often so absurd as to deprive us of judgment, and make us forget every due respect: there is nothing, however foolish, but what it is capable of saying and doing; and to prove it, I will cite you a remarkable instance.

Charles Dumoulin (a) was a famous Lawyer, consulted by every court in the kingdom, and his opinion was usually followed; nay, it was even of greater authority than the Arrêts themselves; but all this glory was tarnished, by a pride as ridiculous as it was stupid. He called himself *The Doctor of France and Germany*, and writ at the head of every opinion he gave, *I, WHO GIVE PLACE TO NO MAN, AND WHOM NO MAN CAN TEACH ANY THING!*

Imagine then, if we ought not to conceal an aversion for a vice which can make a man of understanding guilty of absurdities so revolting.

(a) He was born at Paris in 1500, of a noble family, and related to Elizabeth, Queen of England, by Thomas of Bullen, Viscount of Rochford, maternal uncle of that Princess. His book upon the Edict of Henry II, against *Les Petites Dates*, acquired him great reputation. He died in 1566, and his tomb is to be seen in the Cemetery of Saint André-des-Arcs. *Causes Célèbres*, Tom. V.

Cæsar was sensibly affected by what he had heard, and sincerely determined to be more watchful of his conduct in future, that he might not again be thought self-sufficient.

Madame de Clémire began to receive great pleasure from her children's conduct; it proved how deep an impression the Tales they had heard, and the example of Sidonia, had made upon their hearts. Caroline and Pulcheria understood that a poor woman, of a neighbouring village, was ready to lie in, and undertook to make her child-bed linen; while Cæsar, with a little assistance, made the baskets which were to contain it: besides which, he, aided by the Joiner, fell to work upon a large deal chest of drawers for the good woman.

These projects were approved by their mamma; all the old linen in the house was collected, and given to Caroline and Pulcheria, who immediately began their charitable task; while, on the other hand, Cæsar, Augustin, and Morel, under the direction of the Joiner, laboured at the chest of drawers.

As soon as every thing was ready, our young workmen and workwomen asked leave to carry their presents themselves to the poor woman.

I have

I have no objection, replied Madame de Clémire, but how can you contrive it? She lives above a mile off.

I will take my chest of drawers in a cart, mamma, by your permission.

Very well, so be it.

And we, mamma, if you please, will hang our baskets across Asses.

Well contrived again, my children; and as I shall carry nothing but a little money, which will not overload me, I will follow you on foot, and we will set off to-morrow morning after breakfast.

The procession thus settled, gave the children infinite delight; and they felt the grateful double pleasure of doing a good action, and of merrily riding on ass-back, and in a cart.

Caroline, Pulcheria, Cæsar, and Augustin, passed the rest of the day in ardent longings and preparations: the Peasant who was to furnish them with the asses and the cart, had at least twenty messages. Caroline and Pulcheria were wholly employed in arranging their work, which they divided into two parts, that each might claim her

own. It may easily be imagined, they did not forget to tie their little packets with blue and rose-coloured ribands; and there were at least as many bits of riband, as there were different articles in the baskets.

The next morning they were all awaked before day-light, the hour of rising was impatiently expected; they were quickly dressed, and breakfast was as quickly over. At last they all assembled in the court-yard, where they found their whole apparatus ready. Caroline and Pulcheria mounted between their baskets, each on her ass, and each with a country girl as a conductress; Cæsar, in his cart, drawn by four oxen, sat on his chest of drawers, between Augustin and Morel; and never was conqueror, in car triumphal, better satisfied, or prouder of his deeds.

Madame de Clémire taking hold of the Abbé's arm, placed herself so as she could be able to talk to her children; in which order they proceeded; and, notwithstanding their wish to arrive, the way did not appear long; and the freedom of their mirth, made it as noisy as it was animated; they sung and squalled with so much the more liberty, because that Madame de Clémire herself participated and joined in their hearty and innocent clamours. They were heard long before they

they were seen; loud laughs, songs in chorus, and shouts, spoke their approach, and more than once attracted the notice of young girls, who sat spinning under the elms, and of herdsmen who tended their cattle.

Their noise ceased, as soon as they beheld the cottage of the poor woman, but their joy redoubled; it's character also was changed; gaiety was succeeded by the sweetest emotions, and when they came to the door, the children were as silent, as they had before been riotous.

They alighted; two men unloaded the chest of drawers, and, followed by Cæsar, Morel, and Augustin, first entered the cottage. Caroline and Pulcheria then took their baskets, and with blushes and beating hearts, offered their presents to the good woman. Madame de Clémire gave her some money, and promised to come again and see her, as soon as she should be brought to bed, while the poor woman's gratitude and joy greatly affected every person present.

As they returned, they spoke of nothing but her, and the conversation took the same turn all the rest of the day. Remember, said Madame de Clémire to her children, the pleasure you have this day tasted: wherefore do men so easily yield
to

to their passions? It is because they relieve them from that *ennui*, that wearisomeness which they find so painful to endure, and which idleness gives. They would rather do wrong, they would rather even incur their own destruction than be unemployed; but Passion gives uneasy sensations only, enjoyments which are poisoned by remorse; Virtue alone can afford inexhausted sources of felicity.

Recollect my children, the satisfaction you received in forming the project of relieving this poor woman; the charm it has communicated to your conversation since, the pleasure you enjoyed while working for her, the activity which an occupation so interesting gave you, the agitation of yesterday, the preparation and departure of this morning, your cheerful journey, your emotion at first sight of the cottage, your feelings while you were making your presents; and be well assured, that never yet did irregular desires procure delights equal to these.

The pleasures which the indulgence of the passions can give, are only dangerous Illusions which soon vanish, and often leave a dreadful void in the mind; painful recollection, shame, and bitter regret. Instead of which, how great must be the interior satisfaction you now feel, how sweet the remembrance, how real your praises and rewards.

This

This discourse made the children run to kiss their mamma, protesting they never should forget the justness and truth of her reasoning; and that they were certain, they should ever find the greatest happiness in the love of their mother and virtue.

Cæsar then begged his mamma would be kind enough to grant him a favour, which was, that he and one of his sisters might be godfather and godmother to the child when born.

You are very young, said Madame de Clémire, to be a godfather.

I have seen many younger than I am, mamma.

Very true, but I do not approve of that custom: for, to become a godfather, is in some degree to adopt a child; which adoption is the more serious, in that it is consecrated by religion.

If, mamma, you will teach me what are the duties of a godfather, I assure you I will endeavour to fulfil them.

You engage to protect the child, to endeavour to see him properly established in the world, to relieve him from misery, should misery be his lot; and

and in fact, to afford him every assistance in your power, when you become a godfather.

Why then, mamma, I am more desirous than ever of being a godfather, since it is an engagement to perform so many good actions.

Well then you have my consent.

And which of us is to be godmother? cried Caroline and Pulcheria both together.

That honour appertains to the eldest; but I promise, that you, Pulcheria, shall likewise enjoy it next summer.

They were now all happy; and that nothing might be wanting to the satisfaction of this agreeable day, the Baroness in the evening began to relate the following story:

THEO.

THEOPHILUS AND OLYMPIA;

OR, THE

ERRORS OF YOUTH AND AGE.

ON the banks of the Vezere, in the farther part of Limousin, is still to be seen an old mansion-house, which is only remarkable for it's antique air, and the beauty of it's situation. Surrounded by meadows where cattle continually feed, and built upon the brow of a hill, at the foot of which the river runs, the town of Uzerche is seen from it in perspective, and in a point of view agreeable and singular (a).

(a) The small town of Uzerche is built upon a steep rock, that is washed by the river Vezere; and it has been remarked, that there is not an inhabitant of the town but what has a view of the river either from his house or garden; and that each house appears in perspective to be a small old Castle, with it's towers and slated roofs. The town is 109 leagues from Paris. Limoges, upon the Vienne, is 97 leagues from Paris, and the capital of Limousin.

himself

In this solitude it was that the Baron de Soligny, who had been several years a widower, occupied himself with the education of a dear and only son. The Baron had passed his youth in cities: born with ambition, necessity, rather than inclination, had fixed him in his retreat. Having dissipated a part of his fortune, and lost the brilliant hopes by which he had long been seduced, he was at length determined to quit the world; but he still regretted it, though he spoke of it with contempt. He thought himself undeceived, when he was only discouraged, and imagined disgust to be philosophy.

He had strong feelings, however, and loved his son Theophilus; who announced himself worthy, by his virtues, to supply all vacancies in his father's heart, and make the remainder of his days happy.

The Baron had a neighbouring female friend named Euphrasia, and Theophilus being every day in company with this lady's niece, the young Olympia, conceived an affection for her, which the Baron beheld increase with pleasure. Olympia was an orphan without fortune; but Euphrasia had no nearer relations, and the Baron was not ignorant she intended to leave her fortune to her niece.

Olympia

Olympia was two years younger than Theophilus, and as soon as she had attained her sixteenth year, the Baron openly declared his wishes to Euphrasia; and the very same day, the young couple learnt their marriage was determined on. The marriage articles were drawn a fortnight afterwards; and Euphrasia joyfully consented to leave her whole fortune to a niece she dearly loved, and whom she had educated.

The happy Theophilus waited with impatience for the appointed day which was to crown his felicity, to which this alone was wanting: he knew himself to be beloved, for he had obtained a confession, so necessary to his peace, from Olympia, in presence of his father and her aunt.

The eve of the wished-for morrow at length arrived, that was for ever to have united the expecting couple, when Euphrasia fell ill; and five days after the Baron received a letter from Paris, by which he learnt, that a very distant relation, but of the same name, had died, and left him sole heir to a very considerable fortune, in consequence of which he was obliged to depart immediately for that city.

It was impossible to conclude the marriage before his departure. Euphrasia had been two days delirious;

delirious; and Theophilus, obliged to follow his father, demonstrated a grief so real and so affecting, that the Baron, to give him some relief, conjured the sorrowful Olympia to write to Theophilus: it is a father, added he, who entreats, and it is a husband to whom your letters will be addressed. The modest and weeping Olympia promised to send an account of her aunt's state of health; and the Baron, after engaging to remain but six weeks at Paris, departed the same day with his son.

The Baron arrived at this great city, and took possession of a magnificent hotel, and a rich heritage. His house was presently full of *intimate friends*, by whom he had been fourteen years totally forgotten. The Baron at first said, my riches, and a good supper, have drawn together this crowd of people by whom I was deserted; but self-love, which makes more dupes than an open ingenuous heart, soon persuaded him he was indebted to his personal merits only, for those marks of individual esteem and attention he daily received.

Theophilus thus suddenly sent into a world so new to him, tasted none of the pleasures they were so eager to procure him; his thoughts wholly turned to Olympia; he waited with the
utmost

utmost impatience the effects of her promise; yet day after day was passed, and no letter came. At last the Baron received news from Limousin, by which he learnt Euphrasia was no more; and that, not having recovered her senses after his departure, she had died without a will; by which means the unfortunate Olympia was reduced to a small pension scarce enough for subsistence, with which she had retired into a Convent at Tulle (a).

Theophilus, at hearing this, conjured his father to terminate his affairs with all possible speed, and depart for Limousin; adding, that Olympia's misfortunes would, were it possible, increase his affection for her; the Baron seemingly approved those sentiments, and promised to hasten his departure.

Theophilus immediately writ a most tender and moving letter to Olympia; and concluded with protesting, that before a month was passed he would throw himself at her feet. He had not been surprized that Olympia, during the first moments of her grief had failed to write; but at

(a) A considerable town in the Lower Limousin, built in part upon a mountain at the confluence of the rivers Salant and Coreze, in a country full of rocks and precipices. It is 114 leagues from Paris.

length having long waited, and having yet not heard from her, he became exceedingly unhappy: the Baron gave him some consolation, and assured him that his business was almost ended.

At last, as Theophilus was sitting one day in his chamber more afflicted than ever, the Baron entered, and, with a serious air, seated himself by his side. I have just received tidings of Olympia, said he. Theophilus, at hearing this, was going to seize the letter his father had in his hand with transport. Moderate your patience for a moment, said the Baron: what I have to tell, is far from what you would wish to hear.

Heavens! Is Olympia ill?

No; she is in perfect health; but she is not worthy of you.

Not worthy! Olympia! Impossible.

Listen to what a respectable man has written, whose austere probity is known.

The Baron here shewed his son the writing and signature of an old gentleman, whose truth was beyond suspicion. After which he read that
part

part of the letter that related to Olympia, which was as follows :

“ Since you so earnestly desire to hear the truth,
 “ it is my duty to tell it without disguise. I
 “ confess then, that the conduct of this young lady
 “ in question, has been very prejudicial to her
 “ reputation. Immediately after the death of her
 “ aunt she very prudently retired to a Convent,
 “ which she has, as imprudently, quitted about
 “ a fortnight since, to go and live with a female
 “ friend whom she formerly saw at Userche, who
 “ has been married about two years, and lives at
 “ a small estate near Tulle. This lady is not
 “ above twenty years of age, and has unfortunate-
 “ ly been the subject of various scandalous stories,
 “ which we country folks think very little to her
 “ credit: besides which, she has a brother, a pre-
 “ sumptuous young man, whose society can-
 “ not be at all proper for a woman who loves her
 “ reputation. Not that any consequences are
 “ thence deduced to the dishonour of the virtuous
 “ Euphrasia’s niece, who has no doubt received
 “ good and proper principles; the inconsiderate
 “ step she has taken, is attributed even to her
 “ innocence; her want of experience, and the
 “ condemnable indifference of her Tutor, who left
 “ her absolute mistress of her actions. Should
 “ you, however, dear sir and friend, think pro-
 “ per

“ per to write on this subject, I am certain that
 “ the representations you have a right to make
 “ will be instantly attended to; the young lady
 “ will return to the Convent, and every thing
 “ will be well; for I dare assure you, that nothing
 “ has hitherto been discovered in her conduct but
 “ a thoughtless imprudence, very pardonable in
 “ a person of her age.”

This letter cut Theophilus to the heart; agitated, distracted by jealousy, he beheld a dangerous rival in the brother of Olympia's friend; he dissembled his pangs and suspicions, however, and pretended to be perfectly secure.

This is not all, said his father; the letter I have read to you comes from a very cautious man, who will not say all he thinks; here is another from my Steward, who speaks with less circumspection, and openly declares you have a Rival; that Olympia cannot be ignorant of a passion this Rival does not attempt to conceal; that she even authorizes it, by continuing to live with his sister; and that the young man publicly vaunts, how Olympia has sacrificed all your letters to him.

He is an impostor, exclaimed Theophilus. Olympia is incapable of so base a perfidy.

She

She is inconstant, replied the Baron, coldly, but not perfidious; she does not attempt to deceive you; she neither answers your letters nor mine, and this silence sufficiently explains her meaning.

No, interrupted Theophilus, I will not suffer myself to be deceived by false appearances——Olympia is innocent——is calumniated, and it is my duty to justify, to avenge her. Permit me, my father, to depart; to stay is death; let me learn the truth from her own lips, and punish her audacious traducer, the monster who has dared to wound her honour.

The unhappy Theophilus shed a torrent of tears while he spoke, and his excessive grief made his jealousy but too evident: his father, who easily read the emotions of his soul, seemed to pity, and take part in his sufferings. Let us send, said he, a Courier to Tulle, who shall carry a letter from you, and wait her answer; should not this letter prove satisfactory, you then shall go yourself; only grant me this short delay.

Theophilus consented, though with regret, and immediately wrote a circumstantial letter, in which he repeated all he had heard to Olympia: a single word, added he, under your own

hand, is sufficient for your justification; remain where you are, if you please; deign but to tell me, you are ready to fulfil the sacred engagement by which we are united, and I shall be the happiest of men.

The Baron approved this letter, and sent it immediately; and the Courier, whose return Theophilus waited so impatiently, in whose hands his destiny was deposited, came back in eight days time. Theophilus was going to bed, he heard the cracking of a whip; his heart beat, he trembled, and flew to his father's room; the Courier entered; well, cried Theophilus, have you brought an answer?

Yes, Sir.

Give it me instantly.

It is not for you, Sir, it is directed to the Baron.

The Courier accordingly gave the Baron a Casket and a letter, and left the chamber.

What is the meaning of all this, said the Baron, with an air of astonishment, what can this Casket contain?

Theophilus

Theophilus made no reply; he was motionless; his blood ran cold; he durst not ask to have the letter opened.

After a short silence, the Baron broke the seal, unfolded the letter, and read it to himself. Theophilus fixed his eyes upon his father's countenance, and shuddered at the astonishment and indignation he saw painted there. Heavens! cried he, with a broken voice, what does it contain?

Oh! my son, replied the Baron, collect all your fortitude. Yet wherefore? You cannot need it; you cannot regret so unworthy a woman.

Theophilus turned pale, sunk into an arm-chair, and taking the fatal letter which his father had presented, the tears started to his eyes, at the sight of the writing and signature of Olympïa; but what were his sensations, while he read these words?

“ Since I have the liberty of disposing of myself, it is my duty to inform you, sir, without reserve, that obedience alone obliged me to form ties, which could not contribute to my happiness. This confession will leave us both at liberty. I have the honour, sir, to return you the presents, which my dear and revered

"Aunt commanded me to accept——Conde-
 "scend, sir, to be assured of the respectful at-
 "tachment with which I shall ever remain,

"Your's, &c.

"OLYMPIA."

Theophilus dropt the letter; was silent for a moment; then wildly turning towards his father, I will be revenged, said he! Yes, I will be revenged.

And which way?

Which way! I have a Rival——and he shall die.

There is no doubt but you have a Rival, or that he is beloved. But what of that? Ought you not rather to forget a person so little worthy your affection?

Yes; I hate, I despise, and shall forget her, without an effort; I should contemn myself, were I ever to think of her again.——Perfidious woman! Oh! that a face so sweet, so candid, so innocent, should hide a heart so false, so foul!

Let me remind you once again, she has not deceived you; she loves you not, and she tells you so without disguise.

She

She loved me once, she told me so—I am certain, my father, she loved me; but she has been seduced, deluded. Perhaps she is imposed upon at this moment! Could I but once see and speak to her—Oh! let me go, let me hear, let me behold—

Madman, read once more that letter, and blush at a passion that must henceforth debase you.

I am no longer myself, my father; pity me, protect me, guide me; I yield myself to your direction.

The Baron and the unfortunate Theophilus, passed the remainder of the night together; the latter did not go to bed before day-break, and then could neither get sleep or repose. In the evening he shut himself up in his chamber, because his father had company to supper. The next day he was alone with the Baron, and, while he promised to forget Olympia, spoke only of her. Sometimes he painted her as a monster, fit only to be hated; at others, sought excuses for her conduct, and wished to preserve some remains of esteem.

I do not find, mamma, interrupted Caroline, that Olympia was so very wrong: if she never

loved Theophilus, she could not be accused of inconstancy: besides, she was poor, he was rich; and yet she would not marry him, because she thought she could not make him happy; I think her behaviour noble.

If we suppose that Olympia had never loved Theophilus, which does not seem hitherto well proved, why did she say that she did? Wherefore receive his plighted faith, or give her promise?

Very true, mamma; but her Aunt obliged her, you know, in part so to do.

If, through obedience to her Aunt, she had determined to marry Theophilus, she ought to have persisted in that resolution, out of respect to her word; and if she had taken an invincible aversion to Theophilus, she ought to have told her Aunt. Why did she not ask time to consider; or why did she not refuse her consent? Her refusal would have been something more excusable, because she was not under the immediate authority of her parents.

Yes, I begin to perceive she was wrong.

Remember

Remember especially, that nothing can justify our not fulfilling engagements formally contracted: the phrase *the engagement I entered into was not voluntary*, is an excuse that conscience disavows, and that probity finds of no value; you know your word ought to be inviolable; that you cannot betray it, without being dishonoured. Prefer then, should it be necessary, death to the infamy of breaking it. Should fear or threatening, therefore, ever force a promise from you, add not to that weakness, the eternal shame which forfeiting it would leave. But let us return to Theophilus.

The Baron was industrious to remove his grief; he took him often to see the Viscountess De Lisba, a fashionable house, where the best company met. This lady had a daughter of seventeen, whose figure and grace the Baron vaunted with enthusiasm.

Mademoiselle De Lisba was not handsome, though by her manner of dressing, she seemed to pretend to beauty; she spoke much, laughed often, danced tolerably, and it was well known she had Teachers of all kinds. This was enough to authorize the friends of the house to say, that Mademoiselle De Lisba was witty, pretty, amiable, and well informed: but Theophilus could not allow her all this praise; he thought her affected,

was weary of her forced laughs and shocked at her coquetry; and she appeared the more insupportable to him, when he recollected, in spite of himself, the understanding and charms of Olympia.

Towards the end of winter, Theophilus got a commission in the regiment of Mademoiselle De Lisba's brother, and soon followed his Colonel into garrison. It was five months before he returned to Paris, and his father found him in the same deep melancholy disposition; he remarked, however, with pleasure, that he spoke no more of Olympia.

It was nearly a year since Theophilus had left Limousin; he had been returned eight days from garrison, when one evening the Baron took him into his chamber, and communicated a design he had of marrying him instantly: he added, he was desirous he should marry Mademoiselle De Lisba. Theophilus no sooner heard this, than he immediately replied, his heart had an invincible dislike to marriage; and, moreover, a peculiar aversion to Mademoiselle De Lisba.

The Baron warmly recounted all the great advantages of the connexion he proposed; to which Theophilus coldly listened, and replied, he had no other ambition than that of distinguishing himself.

The

The Baron became angry, and informed him he had given his word to the young lady's family.

Theophilus, equally surprized and affected, asked time to bring himself to think properly of an engagement so contrary to his inclination, but could obtain only a week's delay.

Retired to his chamber, Theophilus passed a part of the night in reflecting on his situation. He recollected all the praises that the Baron had so long, and so often been giving to Mademoiselle De Lisba; reflected on his father's intimate connexions with the family; (connexions formed before the Baron had received Olympia's letter) with many other circumstances, that crowded to his memory, and persuaded him there had been some artifice in the Baron's conduct, and that he had formed the project of making him marry Mademoiselle De Lisba, at the very time he had appeared willing to fulfil his engagements with Olympia.

A thousand confused suspicions racked his fancy; he imagined it was not impossible that they had suppressed his letters, and intercepted those of Olympia; nay, that they had ruined him in her opinion, by traducing *him* to her, at the same moment they were traducing *her* to him.

He did not yield, without scruple, to suspicions so outrageously injurious to his father, yet every new reflection seemed to add to their weight. Unable to support incertitude like this, he took the resolution to depart secretly the following night for Limousin, and obtain a personal explanation with Olympia. He was utterly ignorant of her destiny for six months past; he had not dared to pronounce her name; he shuddered at thinking, perhaps, she was married; but this fear, though terrible, could not deter him.

He concealed his agitation and trouble from his father, and on the morrow confided his secret, in part, to one of his friends, who lent him a servant to accompany him on his journey. Two hours after midnight, he clandestinely left his father's house, mounted his horse, and took the road to Limousin.

He went directly to Tulle, where he arrived in the evening, alighted at an Inn, and with a beating heart, questioned the Landlady concerning Olympia. He learnt, with inexpressible joy, she was not yet married; but this joy was damped by every thing else he heard. The Hostess told him, nobody doubted but Olympia had loved the brother of her friend; that she had lived eight months in the house of the latter; that the young man, to whom

whom she had sacrificed a most advantageous match, refusing to marry her, Olympia, in despair, had returned to her Convent, where being refused admittance, she had gone to Uferche; here she had taken refuge with her Guardian, who had a house on the outside of the town; that this last had completed her ruin, in the opinion of the public; her Guardian not only being unmarried, but looked upon as a man of bad morals, who openly lived with a woman with whom Olympia had contracted a strict intimacy,

Notwithstanding this dreadful detail, Theophilus persisted in his resolution of seeing Olympia, and immediately went for Uferche. Here he was shewn the house of Olympia's Guardian. He had wrapped himself up in a great coat, and put an old hat upon his head.

It is not possible to describe his feelings as he approached the house; he rapped at the door, and was told the master had been absent six weeks, and that there was nobody at home but Madame Du Rocher, (the woman of whom the Hostess had spoken) and Mademoiselle Olympia. It was eight o'clock in the evening, Theophilus crossed a dark court-yard, and met a maid-servant, who brought him to Olympia's apartment; his emotion was so great he could scarcely stand upon his

legs; and eager as he was once more to see Olympia, he was happy she was not in her chamber, that he might have time to breathe a moment.

The servant, to whom he was careful not to tell his name, was gone to seek Olympia, and Theophilus remained alone. His heart melted as he looked at the objects round him; at seeing the harpsicord, the writing-desk, the toilet, and especially the Starling of Olympia, enclosed in its cage. He instantly recollected, she had received the bird from him the very day before they saw each other last. Poor little thing, cried Theophilus, what wert thou a present from me to Olympia, and can she still endure to look upon thee?

Theophilus felt a tenderness he could not vanquish at the sight; he opened the cage, took out the bird, and put it in his bosom; the Starling fluttered against his palpitating heart, and pronounced distinctly these words, *I love Theophilus*—

Who can speak the impression these words made on Theophilus? Amazed, confounded, he scarce could believe he had well understood, when the bird again repeated—*I love Theophilus—I love Theophilus.*

I cannot

I cannot doubt it, exclaimed Theophilus—and were words so dear dictated by Olympia; how often must she have repeated, ere thou couldst learn them! And yet she thought, alas! that I should never hear them more.—And art thou, Olympia, my dear, my charming Olympia, art thou faithful to thy first vows?—It cannot be, but thou must believe me guilty, and dost thou love me notwithstanding? Dost thou keep this bird? Dost thou deign to listen to it?

Theophilus kissed the little Starling with transport, and wept over it, while the bird, having learnt but one sole phrase, answered his passionate caresses by fluttering, and again and again repeating *I love Theophilus*.

Theophilus trembled; he heard some one approach, and could not mistake the light step of Olympia; he thought he recollected the very manner of the rustling of her gown—he flew to the door, it opened; Olympia appeared; Theophilus flung himself upon his knees.

The Starling escaped, and flew to it's mistress, still repeating *I love Theophilus*. Olympia shrieked, and endeavoured to fly, but was detained by the arm of her lover; she sunk pale and trembling upon a chair, without the power to speak a word.

Theophilus

Theophilus still at her feet, had no other language but tears; the bird alone preserved the faculty of speech, and pleased to get to his mistress, a thousand times repeated his lesson.

Olympia perplexed, confused, and irritated, at length broke silence. Listen to and believe me only, said she, whose duty it is to hate, to despise, to forget you.

I conjure you, in the name of heaven, Olympia to hear me—I am free, I am faithful, we have both been deceived. This bird has taught me my error, listen, in turn, to my justification.

How can you justify your not having answered my letters?

Your letters! I never received one, but have written more than twenty.

Olympia's doubts were immediately dissipated; she had too much innocence and candour not to be easily persuaded. She could not contain her tears, but raising her eyes to heaven, O Theophilus, said she, since you are still the same, I will not complain of perfidy and treason.

These

These words made Theophilus the happiest of men; and after he had expressed his gratitude and joy, he gave a circumstantial account of all that had happened. Olympia listened with affection and astonishment; and as soon as he had ended, informed him, that having no Guide, no one to consult, she was not aware that she should wound her reputation, by giving way to the intercessions of her friend, and going to live with her, to which she was exceedingly pressed; nor had she any doubt at that time, but that the young lady's character was free from all suspicion; that when with her, she was always shut up in her chamber with her Starling, and saw no person whatever, but one of her relations, who, under the veil of friendship, and a desire to serve, concealed the blackest designs. That this relation was a man who had entirely gained her confidence; that she had related all her grief to him; and that this traitorous confidant had, at last, told her she was no longer beloved by Theophilus, who had conceived a passion for Mademoiselle de Lisba.

He shewed me, continued Olympia, several of your father's letters; by which I was convinced, that a respect to your promise, alone, could induce you to fulfil your engagements with me. Under this conviction, I did not hesitate to break with you; and too proud to let you know the real feelings

feelings of my heart, I wrote the letter you have read.

Afflicted, despairing of happiness, and imagining I hated you, I took a dislike to this poor bird; nor could I hear without anger, the words I had taken such pleasure and such pains to teach. Accordingly, I one evening opened my window, and let it fly, which I afterwards, however, could not forbear to regret. I blushed at my weakness, and endeavouring to persuade myself that I loved the bird for its own sake, I rose, from a restless bed, in the middle of the night, and a thousand times called my bird. It was in vain; it returned not, and I passed the night in weeping.

The next morning I walked into the Park, sat me down and wept, and presently was surprized to hear a plaintive small voice, softly pronouncing the name of Theophilus.—Imagine what I felt?—Yes, Theophilus, it was the sole sensation of joy I ever knew since last I saw you.

I found my poor little Starling upon a rose-bush: there it sat trembling and terrified; the bush was covered with the feathers it had lost. I called it, it came, I put it in my bosom, and determined to keep it till I should hear you were actually married. I was resolved never to see you again; but

while

while I renounced all further connexion with you, I could not really and thoroughly persuade myself you would ever marry another. I said to myself he will be struck with remorse; he never can wed the woman he has preferred to me. I am determined to be inflexible; nothing shall make me forgive him; but I will preserve my Starling; he shall never know it; I will hide it from all eyes, and I alone will listen to it. Such were the reasons my heart contrived to authorize me in still keeping my bird.

I remained six months with this female friend, at the end of which my perfidious Confidant proposed to marry me himself. I then began justly to suspect him, and declared I would never see him more. To revenge himself, he informed me my reputation was defamed; that the lady with whom I lived had totally lost her's, and that I was accused of loving her brother.

I now began to examine the conduct of this lady with a suspicious eye, and soon had reason to think it not very good; I therefore determined to return to Tulle, to the Convent I had so imprudently quitted. The Nuns, being prejudiced against me, refused to receive me. Humbled, betrayed, abandoned, sustained by virtue alone, I came hither to ask advice of my Guardian.

It

It was not my intention to ask an asylum, because decency forbid me to live in the house of an unmarried man, but I was happier than I hoped. I found my Guardian ready to depart on a two months tour. He presented me to Madame du Rocher, one of his relations, who had met with many misfortunes, and who was come to stay at his house for a few months. This lady, who appears to me as amiable as she is virtuous, related her story to me, which is sufficiently interesting for a Novel; and here I intend to remain as long as she stays.

Olympia ended, and Theophilus, greatly affected, remained a moment silent; then heaving a deep sigh, alas! said he, we may attribute all our misfortunes to that innocence, that pure candour, which are your characteristics; it is these angelic virtues that have furnished the malignant with pretexts to blacken and defame you; it is these virtues by which you are blinded.—You think yourself at present in an honest asylum?

Think myself!

You are deceived; the woman you suppose estimable is wicked—is——

Heavens!

What

What I was told at Tulle, has been confirmed in this very village where I alighted.

Oh! my Aunt! cried Olympia, while the tears streamed down her cheeks: in losing you, I felt that sorrow which gratitude and affection only inspires; but I knew not the extent of my misfortune; my inexperience felt not all the necessity of such a Guide.—And may one with such rectitude of intention, so easily wound, so quickly destroy reputation? Is it then impossible for the love of Virtue to perform the duties of Experience?

Let me entreat you, interrupted Theophilus, to be calm; imagine all our ills at an end; at length we know the truth, we are united by sacred ties.

But does not your father wish to break them; has he not suppressed my letters even before Scandal had touched my reputation?

Doubt not, but that at first he wished to discover our real sentiments for each other; that afterwards being deceived by false reports, justified by false appearances, he acted with good intentions. But when he shall hear what you have told me, when he shall know only the story of the Starling, you will see — be certain of it — you will hear him con-
juring

juring you himself to fulfil an engagement equally dear to honour, love, and gratitude.

One readily believes what one wishes, especially at seventeen; Olympia did not doubt that the Baron, the moment he knew his error, would be miserable till he had done her justice. Easy concerning the future, she was anxious only for the present; she would not stay where she was: yet whither could she go, till Theophilus had come to an explanation with his father? She knew none but two or three old friends of her late Aunt, whom she had never seen since Euphrasia's death, and who, certainly prejudiced against her, would refuse to receive her. There was no Convent at Userche. At last she determined to go on the morrow to Brives (*a*), and wait there in the Convent for news from Theophilus, who was to return to Paris.

Theophilus obtained Olympia's leave to visit her the next day, and they did not separate that evening, till they had first concerted such measures as they thought were necessary to take.

When he had returned to his inn, Theophilus heard disagreeable tidings; his Lackey told him

(*a*) Surnamed *the Gaillarde* (cheerful) on account of its agreeable situation. It is 118 leagues from Paris.

he had seen four or five men, seemingly disguised, who had passed and repassed the house, and asked the landlord various questions.

As the Lackey finished his recital, Theophilus heard a noise; they are coming to take me, said he, and instantly seized his two loaded pistols, with which he advanced towards the door. At the same moment he saw his father's Steward whom he had left at Paris.

Do you come to seek me, M. Dumond, said Theophilus, by my father's order?

Yes, Sir, replied M. Dumond, a little disconcerted at sight of the pistols.

And do you intend to take me by force?—

Sir—I hope—your submission to the Baron—but I am obliged to tell you—I bring an order from the King.

An order from my father had sufficed; he wishes my return, and that is enough; but I must declare to you, I am determined not to go, till I have once more seen the person on whose account I came hither.

Sir!

Sir!

No objections, they are useless.

My order is to depart immediately.

A sacred duty will detain me a few hours. I must return to yonder house; 'tis eleven o'clock, the doors are all fast, every body is in bed, and I would neither chuse to frighten any person, nor disturb the neighborhood, consequently I shall pass the night in the attitude you behold. In the morning I shall go where I have informed you, where I shall stay three quarters of an hour, and afterwards follow you to Paris.

Your father will be very angry.

He will condescend to hear, and excuse me. I will take all the blame to myself. If you please, M. Dumond, you may watch me in the adjoining chamber. I do not wish, and I give you my word of honour not to attempt, to escape.

M. Dumond seeing Theophilus firmly resolved not to go that night, nor quit his pistols, consented to wait, and staid as proposed in the next chamber; and Theophilus passed the rest of the night

night in walking about the room, and reflecting on what he should say to Olympia.

As soon as day appeared, Theophilus called M. Dumond, and told him he might follow if he pleased to the house whither he was going. The latter made some objections, but Theophilus shewed himself so determined that he was obliged to acquiesce; and, accompanied by two men, he followed Theophilus at a little distance, who gave his word not to let his stay exceed an hour.

When he came to the house, Theophilus learnt that Olympia was risen, and gone out. Euphrasia had been buried at a Church not above a quarter of a league distant. Olympia had agreed to see Theophilus at ten o'clock in the morning, after which she was to set off for Brives; but before she left Uferche, she was desirous of once more dropping a tear over the ashes of her dear Aunt.

In spite of the murmurs of M. Dumond, Theophilus went immediately in search of Olympia, and as he entered the Church stopped at the door, when he beheld her, alone, in the midst of the aisle, prostrate upon Euphrasia's tomb. The piety, the gratitude of Olympia, the sanctity of the place, the sight of an Altar, at which, had not Euphrasia died, he had received the hand of his beloved,

beloved, and the recollection of past times, to which these circumstances gave birth, made a powerful impression upon the heart of Theophilus.—He advanced towards Olympia; the sound of his feet drew her attention, and she turned her face, bathed in tears, to see who it was. Theophilus approached, and knelt beside her; the surprize of seeing him, and the alteration she remarked in his countenance, startled Olympia, and she looked at him with astonishment, mixed with fear.

Theophilus took one of her hands, and clasping it strongly between his own, Oh! most revered Euphrasia, said he, with a suffocated voice, here it was that, had you lived, I had received this dear hand; it is here that a sacred vow had for ever united the destiny of Olympia to that of Theophilus.—This holy, this much wished for vow, shall yet be pronounced beneath these vaulted roofs.—Yes, behold I swear, Olympia, to be only your's. I call that Being Supreme who hears my words, and reads my heart to—

Stop, cried the trembling Olympia, stop, Theophilus; dread to make a rash vow.

No—I pronounce it with transport because it is inviolable.

But

But should your father forbid——

He has no right; which way may he break engagements he himself has formed?——If, Olympia, you have really loved me, now give me a proof of love: here, in the Church where our parents and friends promised to conduct us, before that Altar where I ought to have received your plighted faith, and upon the tomb of her who was a second mother to you, who commanded you to receive me as your husband, here promise to be mine.

What is it you ask, said Olympia; can we have a right to dispose of ourselves?

Olympia endeavoured to draw back her hand, that trembling hand which Theophilus would not quit. Will you forsake me Olympia, cried he? Is it your intention to renounce me?——Dread my despair.

The manner and tone in which these words were pronounced terrified Olympia, who cast a languishing and timid look upon Theophilus, and with a feeble voice said, be satisfied, I pledge myself by the same sacred vows I have made.

Theophilus raised his clasped hands, and in the most passionate terms, thanked heaven and the sorrowful Olympia; who, pale, speechless, and disturbed by fearful apprehensions, partook his feeling, but not his joy.

The Sexton just then entered the church, and Theophilus begged permission to have a moment's conversation with her in the house of the Curate, which was just by, and whither Olympia suffered him to lead her. Here he informed her of the arrival of M. Dumond, which threw her into the utmost consternation.

Oh! Theophilus, said she, while the tears flowed down her cheeks, what is the vow you have forced me to take? And at what a time? Now when your angry father recalls you, that he may command you never to remember me more?

Never remember you! You are mine, and death alone can disunite us.—Banish, dear Olympia, these fears, so injurious to my father; when he shall know you, when love, honour, and truth have, by me, pronounced your justification, he will approve all I have done; he loves me; he is neither barbarous nor base.

But he is ambitious.

Can

Can ambition banish justice and nature?—
I am certain of his consent; I fear nothing but
delays—You can dispel my fears.

Which way?

By condescending to follow me to Paris.

What is it you propose?

The proposition can neither offend decency,
nor wound delicacy; we will not go together.

And where shall I find an asylum at Paris?

I can dispose of a friend's house.

What lodge with a man, and no doubt with a
man of your own age—No! never.

Theophilus, to induce Olympia's compliance,
indulged himself in a falsehood; described Derval
as a grave, middle-aged person; and assured her,
he was equally respected for his experience and
character. Besides, added he, you will not see
him; I will take care he shall be from home, and
you shall only stay in his house twenty-four hours
at farthest, during which I will seek you an apart-
ment in a Convent—No, Olympia, I cannot

leave you; our separation has cost me too much already. My father cannot oppose what I shall tell him; but let us not wilfully run the risk of again becoming the Victims of artifice. I conjure you, in the name of heaven, Olympia, to follow your husband; follow the happy mortal to whom you are engaged by the most sacred vows, so that you may appear at the very instant I have obtained my father's consent, and render it impossible for him to deceive us, or defer our union.

What are become of all my resolutions? said Olympia: last night, in thinking of you, I was grieved that my indiscreet Starling had informed you of what it was my duty to hide; I repented I so long had listened to you, and determined not to see you this morning, but to depart before the appointed hour.—Alas! in the very church where you found me, at the foot of the altar, where I promised the Almighty to sacrifice, if necessary, an unfortunate passion, my tongue hath pronounced the imprudent vows that your's has dictated.—And what do you require now! That I should follow, that I should expose myself to the contempt and refusal of your father, who hath already rejected me?

You still forget he was deceived—Do him justice, Olympia; you soon shall hear him ask
your

your pardon——But you are no longer your own, we are engaged to each other by ties that no human power can break——We will separate no more——Nay, Olympia, the moments are precious——I am waited for——I must leave you——You will drive me distracted, if you refuse to follow me.

Will you not give me time to reflect upon the consequences of so rash a step, said the sorrowful Olympia?——Indeed, Theophilus, you abuse your ascendancy over me.

Olympia could say no more, tears impeded her speech. Theophilus redoubled his prayers, and at last obtained the promise he so ardently solicited. He gave Olympia directions how to find the house in which she was to be received at Paris, under a false name. She wept, and engaged to follow him the next day; and Theophilus, now at the height of his hopes, rejoined M. Dumond.

They set off together in a post-chaise that waited for them, towards Paris. Theophilus thought himself the happiest of men, and supposed it not possible that his father, after he had heard, should disapprove of what he had done. As he approached Paris, however, his hopes grew more and more feeble: he recollected, with terror, the ambition

and artifice of his father ; inquietudes, doubts, and dreads, insensibly succeeded his security, and he arrived in town in a state of discouragement little short of despair. It was nine o'clock at night when he alighted at his father's house ; and the very reception of the domestics, but too plainly announced paternal wrath. He saw none but sad or severe faces ; some came to examine him with a kind of malignant curiosity, others looked at him and shrugged their shoulders, while the rest, with downcast eyes, stopt silently and let him pass : not one of them spoke a word.

At the top of the stair-case he met the Baron's old Valet de Chambre, who, with an air of mystery, put a note into his hand : Theophilus was going to enter——Stop, sir, said the Valet, rudely, you must not see your father at present.

What does my father refuse to hear me ?

He has written.

I am lost beyond redemption, cried Theophilus. So saying, he went to his own room, and tremblingly opened the Baron's billet, in which he found these words :

“ Ungrate-

“Ungrateful and rebellious as you are, you
 “are no longer my son, but my prisoner; nor
 “will I see you, till you have given me a written
 “promise of unbounded obedience.”

Struck as with a thunderbolt, by this terrible
 mandate, Theophilus remained motionless. At
 length, collecting all his powers, well then, said
 he, I will remain eternally a prisoner. The
 mournful recollection of Olympia's arrival, soon,
 however, annihilated his resolution; what must she
 imagine when she arrives, not to find Theophilus!

He had had the precaution, thinking it possible
 he might not immediately be able to go himself
 and tell Derval of Olympia's coming, to write a
 letter by the Lackey this same friend had lent him,
 containing a detail of the favour he requested; in
 which, without naming Olympia, he informed
 Derval, that a young lady, called Madame De
 Forlis, would be with him in two days, and begged
 him to grant her protection for twenty-four hours
 only.

The Lackey charged with this letter, had left
 Theophilus as soon as they had entered the gates
 of Paris, with a promise to go and deliver it in-
 stantly. Certain, therefore, that Olympia would
 be safe, should she happen to arrive to a moment,

Theophilus determined to pass two days without answering his father; hoping that this appearance of fortitude, might induce the Baron to forego his severity, and see him unconditionally.

Theophilus passed these two horrible days shut up in his chamber, flattering himself every minute, his father would either come or send; each time a servant entered, each time the door opened, he rose in a tremor, thinking he heard the voice of the Baron, or that an order was coming for him to descend. Towards noon of the second day, his agitation became still more violent; and the idea that Olympia would most probably arrive that very evening made it insupportable.

He was in this state, when a new incident swept away all resolution: his own Lackey, offended that Theophilus had confided in a borrowed servant rather than himself, had shewn his insolence and ill-humour ever since his young master's return. He found out to his great joy, that the Baron had imprisoned the Lackey who had been with Theophilus, to whom he was in the utmost hurry to tell this news.

And when did this happen? said Theophilus, trembling.

The

The very day of your arrival: the order was obtained before. The poor fellow left you at the gate, but he had not gone twenty yards before he was whipped up, and taken to a place he will not easily get out of.

This intelligence overwhelmed Theophilus with a thousand fears. If Olympia was come, Derval not being pre-informed, would certainly refuse her admittance. What must she think? What must become of her?—And should they have searched the Lackey, the Baron would have seen the letter he had written to Derval. These were distracting probabilities.

Willing to know the extent of his misfortunes, Theophilus took the only step to regain his liberty, and obtained the means of rescuing her from the most cruel embarrassment, supposing her to be arrived. He took pen and ink, and with a trembling hand, traced these few words:

“I promise unbounded obedience, only condescend to hear me.”

The note had not been gone a minute, before he heard some one knock at his door; it was the Valet de Chambre, who came to conduct him to his father.

Pale, panting, and terrified, but determined to dissemble, Theophilus descended immediately to his father, who came to meet him, embraced him, took him affectionately by the hand, and made him sit down by his side. A moment's silence succeeded, occasioned by mutual embarrassment. At length the Baron, endeavouring to take an open and satisfied air, spoke thus :

Let us forget the past, my son, you have promised me unbounded obedience ; I can depend upon your promise, and return you all my confidence and affection. I make no doubt that the person you have seen at Limousin, has taken every pains to seduce you, and make me appear culpable : she has told you your letters were intercepted, but that is the only artifice I have employed ; my fondness for you, and your own good, are my excuses. As for the rest, I said not a word more than truth, when I told you her conduct had rendered her unworthy of you. I know very well she has persuaded you she is innocent ; but can she deny that her reputation is lost ? The last retreat she has chosen, and her intimacy with the vilest of women, has completely ruined it ; be it folly, or be it vice, she is dishonoured, and that is enough ; her alliance would be ignominious. Neither did I make any agreement with her Aunt, but under the express condition that

she should inherit her fortune. That condition is broken, and my promises null and void.

To this discourse, which ambition, cupidity, and dishonesty dictated, Theophilus might have replied, that the Baron exaggerated the wrongs of Olympia; that her reputation had been attacked, but was not past retrieving; that her youth, and the unfortunate liberty to which she was left, would excite the indulgence of all reasonable people; that it was exceedingly unjust to condemn, without hearing her; that it was still more unjustifiable to have intercepted her letters, and rejected her, before there was the least cause to think her guilty; that as to her want of fortune, the Baron himself felt it was impossible to alledge that as a good reason, for breaking engagements so solemnly entered into; since, at the death of Euphrasia, he had not once mentioned this as a pretext for breaking his word: a pretext which the laws, perhaps, might admit, but which virtue and honour would disdain to hear: that, finally, supposing Olympia had actually inherited the fortune of her Aunt, as there would have been no proportion between the fortune she would have then possessed, and the newly acquired wealth of the Baron, the objection, in point of interest, would not have been removed.

Theophilus made all these reflections; but perceiving, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the Baron was decided and irrevocable in his opinion, and burning, besides, with impatience to obtain his liberty, that he might fly to Derval's house, he made no reply. His chief care, was to discover if the Baron had seen the letter addressed to Derval, of which the Lackey had taken charge, and was soon persuaded he had not.

Disguising the most distracting inquietude, and the bitterest chagrin, under an humble and submissive appearance, Theophilus, in a low voice, assured his father of his obedience, and was again embraced. The most cutting remorse made Theophilus feel, at this moment, how dreadful a thing is deceit; and especially to deceive a father, even though unjust and tyrannical.

My son, said the Baron, you know my engagements with the family of Mademoiselle de Lisba; they must be fulfilled, and without delay. These words made the youth's blood run cold; but, seeming not to remark it, the Baron thus continued: Madame de Lisba is at Versailles; she will return the day after to-morrow, and the very same evening I must present you as the husband of her daughter; the next morning the articles will be signed.

I once

I once more repeat, my father, replied the miserable Theophilus, I am ready to obey you.

This new assurance obtained new praises, which cut Theophilus to the heart; at last perceiving clearly, from their conversation, that the Baron had not seen the letter addressed to Derval, he came to the point that touched him nearest.

May I have leave to go out this evening? said he; I stand greatly in need of something that may divert my thoughts; may I visit my friends?

You are free, answered the Baron. I must only tell you, you will be observed till the marriage ceremony is over; that I expect you will not go out on foot, and that your servants may go with you.

Theophilus was eager to profit by a permission he had been so impatient to obtain; but while his horses are putting to, let us take a retrospect of what has passed at the house of his friend Derval.

Derval had been hunting that day; had returned from the chase at three o'clock, and had given a dinner to seven or eight of his young friends; this noisy and thoughtless company was to spend the afternoon with Derval. Towards the end of
the

the repast, at the very moment when the champagne began to operate, a servant came to tell Derval, that a lady in a carriage came to demand admission into his house.

What is her name? asked Derval.

Madame De Forlis, sir.

O goodness, cried Pulcheria, it is Olympia.

Exactly so, replied Madame de Clémire, Olympia herself; who, thinking Derval pre-informed, expected to be received, properly, and entertained during twenty-four hours, while the grave and respectable Derval (for it was thus Theophilus had painted him) should be absent.

Madame De Forlis, said Derval, laughing, that is a good name enough for a Comedian. But what kind of appearance has this same Madame De Forlis?

She is young and very handsome.

Let her come in! Let her come in! cried they all together.

I will go for her, said the Footman; and I am very much deceived, if I did not see her about
three

three or four years since, at Audinot's (a); she was a Dancer there, if I remember right.

Olympia and her maid were waiting in their carriage at the gate; it opened, the carriage entered, the servant came to receive them, and took them into the house up a private stair-case. Olympia, trembling, fearful, and fatigued, rested upon the arm of her maid, a lusty broad-faced lass, from Limousin, a Farmer's daughter, and who had all the appearance, phrases, and manners of a good hearty country girl. In one hand she had a bundle, containing her mistress's night-cloaths, and with the other she supported Olympia, who scarcely could support herself.

After passing through a long gallery, the Footman opened the door and retired. Olympia and her maid entered this fatal door, which closed upon them. Imagine, if you can, what were the astonishment and terror of Olympia, at finding herself thus suddenly amidst a set of young fellows, half drunk, the oldest of whom was not five and twenty. She shrieked, endeavoured to fly, was stopped, and surrounded.

Good God! cried she, where am I? My Postillion has made a mistake, gentlemen; I di-

(a) A Theatre on the Boulevards at Paris. T.

rected

rected him to the house of a venerable person, M. Derval.

The words, venerable person, set them all in a roar.

Derval advanced: You are not deceived, Madam, said he, with an affected gravity, I am Derval.—Olympia, petrified, was ready to faint, and held by the back of an arm chair—She is really charming, continued Derval.

'Tis a romantic girl indeed, said another, who was still sitting at table.

Why really, added a third, her little country coquetry, whether natural or not, fits very well upon her.

Oh Catherine! said Olympia, take me from this place.

Phaw, cried the toper at the table, Catherine! I do not like that name; there is nothing romantic in that, my dear.

Come, mademoiselle, said the maid, in her broad dialect, take my arm, and leave these flea-bitten fops; I am sure they know nothing of politeness and good manners.

Here

Here the roar of laughter again began; neither did they fail to remark, that Catherine called *Madame de Forlis, Mademoiselle.*

Olympia confounded, and in a kind of stupor, made an attempt to go, but was retained by Derval. Come, come, said he, you have given us enough of your frights; sit down with a good grace.

The terror and shame of Olympia was so great, that she found her legs could no longer support her, and she accordingly sunk down upon the chair. A servant, just at this moment, entered, and addressing himself to Derval, laughing, said, There is a little Lackey, sir, below, of Madame De Forlis, tugging at a large portmanteau, and enquiring which is his mistress's bed-chamber, as she does not intend to go any farther.

No sooner had he said this, but they all at once broke out into fresh peals of laughter. Upon my soul, said Derval, there is a fund of gaiety and ease in this procedure which charms me; it utterly abridges all formal compliments and ceremony.

Derval at last sat himself down by Olympia, seized one of her hands, and kissed it; when, collecting

lecting all her force, Indignation, and Anger, vanquished Shame. She rose, and impetuously tearing herself from Derval, flew to the other end of the chamber, where seeing a door she opened it, and entered a gallery: Derval followed, but impelled by fear, she ran with such swiftness he could not overtake her. At the end of the gallery was a cabinet, the door was half open; she glided in, flung it to, and instantly locked and bolted it. After which she sunk upon a couch, and gave a free course to her tears.

Derval knocked, and said a thousand extravagant things; but all in vain. At last he threatened to burst the door. The terrified Olympia opened the window; it was two story high, and the garden belonging to the house was beneath. —No matter—the desperate Olympia was determined to cast herself headlong into the garden, if Derval broke open the door; she instantly climbed up, and threw open the window, but not hearing the voice of Derval she stopt, and sat herself down on the frame.

Finding that Derval was no longer in the gallery, she imagined he was gone to call his servants to break in. Oh miserable Olympia! cried she, whither has thy imprudence, thy credulity brought thee? Basely betrayed, deceived, abandoned,

done, obliged to chuse death or infamy.—I will not hesitate.—Alas! in losing life, what have I to regret?—Shall I not be delivered from those forebodings, those sensations, which are my torment and my shame?—What do I say?—I!—Do I still love the perfidious Seducer, who, in promising me an agreeable Asylum, has allured me to this house of horrors?—Yet I cannot think him so beyond example wicked, as thus designedly to expose me to insults and destruction; reasons that I am ignorant of, must surely clear him from such unheard-of crimes.—But has he not deceived me! Did he not tell me Derval!—Olympia's attention was diverted; she heard footsteps in the gallery, and kneeling upon the frame, put her body through the casement.—They are coming to force the door, said she.—Oh God! deign to pardon my errors; my conduct has been imprudent, but my heart is pure.—Approve, on merciful Father! this desperate act which virtue inspires.

As Olympia ended her prayer, she heard some one pronounce her name; and knew, with inexpressible joy, it was the voice of her maid, who called to her to open the door, for that she might without danger. Olympia at first hesitated; but Catherine protested, that Derval and his friends had all left the house. Olympia then went to the door,

door and opened it, when instantly a man advanced, and threw himself at the feet of the shrieking Olympia. It was Theophilus. As soon as she knew him, she drew back with indignation; her remaining strength immediately fled; and she fainted in the arms of Catherine.

As soon as she came to herself, the first object she beheld was Theophilus bathed in tears, and kneeling before her. Olympia turned away her head, and addressing herself to Catherine, Let us leave this detested house, said she.

Catherine replied, that Derval and all his companions were gone, and that he would not return while she remained.

That will not be long, said Olympia.

And will not Olympia deign to hear me, replied Theophilus, with a timid and trembling voice.

Olympia replied with reproaches, such as appearances gave her a just right to make, while Theophilus listened in silence and consternation. When she had ended, he answered by owning it was true he had deceived her, respecting the age and character of Derval, but that he was, notwithstanding

withstanding his faults, a faithful friend, and the only one on whose secrecy he could rely; and he prayed her to hear his justification, and what he had suffered since his arrival in Paris without a witness.

After much entreaty, Olympia consented to send Catherine out of the room; and Theophilus certain he could dissipate Olympia's anger, since she consented to hear him, began the sorrowful recital of his persecutions. He disguised, he concealed nothing; not even his formal promise to marry Mademoiselle de Lisba.

Olympia grew pale as she listened, nor could she repress tears that involuntarily flowed. I call heaven to witness, continued Theophilus, had my life only been in danger, no tortures should have tore a promise from my lips which my heart revolts at; but I was obliged, either for a moment to deceive a father who abuses his power, or be prevented the possibility of flying to your succour. Alas! I little imagined the outrages to which you were exposed by my captivity. I could not have supposed such scenes, but with feelings and despair the most dreadful. But I knew you were to arrive in a strange city, and demand an asylum in a house where you would be refused admittance; and this was enough to determine me to dissemble

for

for a moment; especially since violence the most unjust robbed me of liberty.

No, no, interrupted Olympia, vainly endeavouring to conceal her emotion; it is your duty to fulfil your promise to your father.

I will fulfil that which was voluntary. My father received a sacred promise to be your husband, and by his own command; to this I shall be faithful; this only is inviolable.

And what are your hopes?

That you will keep sacred the solemn oath I received from you.

How can I?—Oh heaven!—Do you not depend on the will of an inflexible father whom you have promised to obey, and in three days?

That delay is sufficient to free us from his insupportable tyranny.

What is your design?

To sacrifice my fortune, my estate, my country—to fly.

Oh horror! Fly! How have you dared—

If

If you truly love me, you will not hesitate: your faith is pledged; is mine; is my due—I cannot receive it here—follow me then to England—

Heavens! Into what Abyss would you drag me! What! I steal a son from his father! I consent to an illegal marriage which the laws can dissolve! I elope, and sacrifice decency, reputation, and honour! No, let me rather die.

Well then, cried Theophilus, wildly, receive an eternal adieu!—I cannot live without you, Olympia! Losing you, I lose every thing that makes life dear.

Olympia, seized with terror and desperation that was not feigned, held Theophilus who was going. Hear me, said she; cease to freeze me with these horrid fears.—Pity me Theophilus.—Would you terrify me into a promise so destructive to us both?

Hear me Olympia—think of my situation: think that, in three days, if I stay, I must forever renounce you, and marry a woman I detest, or be thrown in prison. The *Lettre de Cachet* is already obtained.—And what is afterwards to become of you Olympia? Deprived of your only friend

friend on earth, exposed to persecution, pursued by hatred, by revenge!—Oh, let us fly this scene of horrors!—I have foreseen every thing; my plan is formed, is certain.—In abandoning our country, we shall not regret fortune, nor need we fear indigence. I have the honourable means of providing for you.—But there is no time to be lost, we must determine without delay.

Olympia heard these pressing arguments, then raising her hands fervently clasped to heaven, Deign, oh my God, said she, to inspire me.—In vain, alas! do I wish for good advice: in vain I feel, I know my weakness, my imprudence: I see a precipice beneath my feet, a saving hand might snatch me from the dreadful danger; but I have neither Protector nor Guide; my fall is inevitable.

Suffocated by her tears, the sorrowful wailings of Olympia ceased; Theophilus again threw himself at her feet, and demanded his sentence; declaring, vowing, he would not live were it unfavourable; and Olympia at last, terrified and overpowered, pronounced the fatal promise, which for ever fixed her destiny.

It is time, said the Baronness, interrupting her narration, to leave off and go to bed; it is later
than

than usual; to-morrow you shall hear the remainder of the adventures of Theophilus and Olympia.

M. de la Palinière came the next morning to Champcery to pass a few days, and the children told him all they had heard of the story of Theophilus, at which he expressed a desire to hear the rest; and, as the tales were never deferred on his account, in the evening, the Baroness thus continued her recital.

As soon as Theophilus had obtained Olympia's consent, he instantly left her; a prey to the most profound grief and the bitterest repentance. Theophilus went home, and had sufficient command over himself to appear tranquil. A conversation, which passed the same evening between him and the Baron, confirmed the latter in a belief he was at length determined, and that Ambition and Vanity had been too mighty for Love. He was the more credulous in this point, because he judged by his own feelings; common minds are often dupes to this kind of calculation.

The next day Theophilus appeared triflingly busy; and his father heard, with inexpressible pleasure, that he had past great part of the morning with Taylors and Embroiderers; and that he

had not been abroad, except to the Coach-maker's to see his new chariot. Theophilus knowing, however, how strictly he was watched, had the resolution not to go near Derval's the whole day, and went to bed without having seen Olympia.

By this conduct he totally dissipated his father's fears, who gave way, freely, to the joy which such a change occasioned. Theophilus, who on the day of Olympia's arrival had had a moment's conversation with Derval, met him secretly at the Coach-maker's, where he revealed in part only the state of his affairs: he did not conceal the real name of Madame de Forlis, but added, that he was determined to marry Mademoiselle de Lisba; and that Olympia had resolved to sacrifice an unhappy passion, to go a to Convent twelve leagues from Paris, the Abbess of which was an Aunt of her's; and that she would depart in the night, previous to the day when he was to receive the hand of Mademoiselle de Lisba.

The day of interview arrived, and the Baron conducted Theophilus to the Viscountess de Lisba's, where his manner and conduct were such as gave the Baron more satisfaction than he expected.

When they came away, Theophilus told his father, he felt an agitation which would not per-

mit him to sleep; and that, in order to divert his thoughts, he would go and pass a part of the night at the Opera Masquerade. The Baron thought this confession frank and natural, and entirely approved his design. Theophilus added, he should afterwards go and sup with Derval.

Eight o'clock in the evening came, Theophilus ordered his carriage to be got ready, and shut himself up in his chamber; he flung himself into an arm chair, and, unable to suppress the feelings and remorse of his heart, gave free way to his tears: in vain did he endeavour to drive a crowd of distracting thoughts from his mind; in vain did he seek to disguise his strong motives to repentance; he saw, in spite of himself; the Illusion grew faint, and the fatal Charm was almost broken; but, alas! it was too late; the unfortunate Theophilus found what were his duties, and what his errors, only to plunge himself with deeper grief and more lasting horror into the abyss his Passions had dug.

Nine o'clock struck—he shuddered! It is the last time, said he, I shall hear the clock strike in the house of my father.—How silent is that house at present! In what dreadful agitation shall it be to-morrow!

At last collecting all his force, he wiped his cheeks, armed himself with resolution, and not being able to depart without first embracing his father, he rose suddenly and went to the Baron's apartment. The latter perceived he had been weeping, and was not surprized at it; he knew his sensibility, and wished by his tenderness to give him consolation.

My son, said he, I have not yet told you all the gratitude I feel at your submission; yet believe me, I know it's value. Oh! my dear Theophilus! thy filial piety ensures my future happiness; and it will certainly, my son, ensure thy own felicity. I will weary heaven with prayers in thy behalf. Almighty vengeance pursues and punishes rebellious children; but what rewards, what blessings, what content, may not a son like thee expect?

At this discourse, which rent the heart of Theophilus, the unfortunate young man, wild and beyond himself, fell on his knees before his father, who, greatly affected, embraced and blessed him.

What, cried Theophilus, in broken accents, must I at such a moment receive—the paternal benediction!—Oh! promise me, my father, never to retract it.—If hereafter you should be deceived in me—Oh pity—my father, pity—

your poor Theophilus! he will want your pity.
 —Do not—do not heap your curses on
 his head!

I read thy heart, replied the Baron; thou art
 fearful of not making the woman happy I have
 chosen for thee: but do not deceive thyself, my
 son; it is not love, it is not a passion so fleeting,
 which can render an union fortunate, that is to
 be eternal. I know thy virtue, thy good sense,
 and am easy. So saying, the Baron raised The-
 ophilus, and tenderly embracing him, added, you
 confessed you had some debts, and I gave you
 eight hundred guineas to pay them; to this I
 would add something that should be appropriated
 to your pleasures; there are five hundred more
 in that bureau; take them into your own cham-
 ber; they are your's, a small testimony of the
 satisfaction your conduct gives me.

No, exclaimed Theophilus, no my father! I
 cannot accept that money; what I have is sufficient.

The Baron astonished at a delicacy the mo-
 tives to which he was ignorant of, made some
 fruitless efforts to engage his acceptance of the
 money. At last Theophilus, with a bleeding
 heart, tore himself from his father's arms. It is
 impossible to describe his feelings. While he passed

through the rooms, and quitted the house he was never again to enter, he felt his heart ready to break.—His regret came too late, and was the more bitter, because it was superfluous.

The unhappy Theophilus arrived at Derval's in a pitiable state. As soon, however, as he saw Olympia, he forgot for a moment his grief and his remorse; while she, sinking beneath her fears and consternation, was mournfully silent: the terrible sensation she had suffered for three days past were visible in her countenance; and her weakness was such she had neither the power to complain, nor the faculty to reflect.

Derval did not sup at home. Theophilus had brought the jewels and diamonds his father had presented him the night before, and sold them all to a Jew. He had never contracted any debts, he had therefore the eight hundred guineas his father had given him entire; the money he received from the Jew doubled the sum, and Theophilus promised himself he should soon augment it, in the country whither he was going to reside.

The Jew was to depart the same evening for England; and when he went for his passport, obtained another for Theophilus and Olympia, under the feigned names of Signor and Signora

Andrazzi;

Andrazzi ; he gave Theophilus his passport and his money, and set off about two hours in advance.

I am exceedingly vexed, grandmamma, said Cæsar, to think that Theophilus should be guilty of a falsehood, and tell his father he had debts when he had none, in order to gain money ; that is vile.

The action is no doubt very blameable, and yet Theophilus had a delicate and noble soul ; which you may suppose, by his refusing to accept the five hundred guineas which his father would fain have pressed upon him.

Yes, his father offered them as a reward for obedience ; Theophilus could not so accept them, and his refusal gave me pleasure.

Are you surprized at it ?

Oh no, I think it nothing but natural.

You are right ; Theophilus had eight hundred guineas and his diamonds, consequently might place Olympia beyond the reach of poverty ; it would have been shocking, at the very moment he was eternally going to abandon his father, to have accepted a benefaction which was offered as

a gratuity for conduct the very reverse of his own; it would have been mean, it would have been perfidious, to have taken the money: but let us return to our history.

Theophilus quitted Olympia at midnight, and went to the Masquerade. He sent away his servants, telling them he would return in Derval's carriage; he then disguised himself, put on his mask, called a hackney-coach, and instantly went back; the post-chaise was ready, he conducted, or rather dragged, the panting Olympia to her seat, and away they went.

There was no pursuit; the precautions Theophilus had taken, assured him, that as soon as the Baron discovered his flight, he would immediately imagine he had fled to Spain: the artifice succeeded as he had supposed, and they arrived, without accident, at London.

His first care was to find out a Priest of the Catholic religion, and then, at midnight, in the presence of two domestics, he received the hand and faith of the mournful Olympia, who, bathed in tears, had no appearance of a young Bride, in the action of being united to the man she loved; she rather seemed a Victim, offered at the altar of Obedience.

A few

A few days after their marriage, Theophilus, who did not think himself safe where so many French were continually seen, quitted London, and departed for Edinburgh. Let us now leave Olympia and him, buried in an obscure part of Scotland; and be it sufficient to say, that there they pass the spring-time of their lives in gloomy privacy, misfortune, and regret, and return we to the unhappy father of Theophilus.

It was long before he even suspected his son's flight; Theophilus set off just as the Baron went to bed; and in the morning when he awoke, he heard with unconcern, that Theophilus was not come home; supposing that Derval, when they left the Masquerade, had engaged him in some party of pleasure. At ten o'clock, however, he sent to Derval, and was told, that when he left the Masquerade, he went to breakfast at his Country-house, a league from Paris.

The Baron then did not expect his son before dinner. Three o'clock came, but no Theophilus appeared; and the Baron was the more uneasy, inasmuch as Theophilus, naturally prudent and regular in his conduct, had never been of such parties before. Surprized and restless, the Baron mounted his horse, and went himself to Derval's Country-house, where he learnt Theo-

philus had never been. Derval could give him no information ; but, fearful of being again guilty of some indiscretion that might affect his friend, he answered with precaution to the Baron's questions ; and gave him even to suppose, that he had passed the night at the Masquerade with Theophilus. This somewhat quieted the Baron's fears. He returned home, and went into his son's chamber, where, causing the bureau to be opened, he found the jewels and diamonds were gone. This brought to his mind the agitation of Theophilus, the evening before, when he took leave of his father, and he no longer doubted. The misfortune he dreaded was but too real.

Fully persuaded Theophilus was gone for Spain, the Baron determined to follow him thither in person, and set off post immediately ; but mental and bodily fatigue brought on a fever, which obliged him to stop at —, where he lay for some time dangerously ill.

His recovery was slow, and his Physicians informed him, the waters of Bareges (18) only could re-establish his health ; he, therefore, determined to pass three months at that place. The melancholy reflections he had there leisure to make, served but to increase his afflictions, which were heightened by the bitterest repentance. Through
his

his own conduct he had lost a dear and only son; he was the dupe of his artifice, the victim of the violence himself had used; then it was that he first felt how dangerous it is to abuse power, and how absurd to sacrifice nature, justice, and honour, to ambition. His fortune was immense, but how might he enjoy it? He no longer had a son! He recollected the beauty, the gentleness, and the virtues of Olympia, and was obliged to own she would have made him and his son happy. He could not condemn a passion in Theophilus, which he himself had endeavoured to create, and approved: and what completed his despair, was the certitude that his son would never have fled from his friends, his father, and his native land, had he not endeavoured to force upon him a marriage he detested.

In fact, had the Baron done nothing more than refuse his consent to the union of Theophilus and Olympia——had he not menaced the former, to deprive him for ever of his liberty, should he continue to refuse the hand of Mademoiselle De Lisba, Theophilus, though he might have bemoaned, would have submitted to the injustice of his fate. And if it be true that Olympia was worthy the attachment she had inspired, of which there was little doubt, she herself would have prevailed on him to sacrifice an unhappy passion. These re-

flections did not escape the Baron; he had never in reality, formed the barbarous resolution of imprisoning his son; this menace was meant but to intimidate; and he learnt, too late, that fear is more likely to produce dissimulation than obedience.

The unhappy Baron remained four months at Bareges, and then returned to Paris, still flattering himself with the hope of finding his son, though he had been gone above a year. He spared no pains to discover the place of his retreat; he sent a trusty person into Switzerland, Holland, and England, but in vain. He then lost all hopes, and fell into a deep melancholy.

Many of his friends advised him to marry again: Madame de Lisba especially, with whom he was now more intimate than ever, was incessantly repeating, that an amiable wife alone could make him forget an ungrateful son. The Baron, at first, rejected this advice; but being only five and forty, and ambitious, restless, and desolate, he soon began to listen to it. The offer of a brilliant alliance, and the desire of children, at last determined him to espouse Mademoiselle de Lisba, the same young lady to whom he would have married Theophilus. The Baron flattered himself, she would reward him for the miseries of
which

which she had been the innocent cause; but this illusion was of short duration.

The unfortunate Baron could not long mistake the character of his wife; she was soon weak enough to vaunt of her coquetties, and her love of perfect freedom. Equally ignorant and idle, her conversation was equally frivolous and insipid. She had besides all the vices of a foolish coquette, who cannot dissemble that she knows she is not handsome; she was envious, malignant in speech, and unequal in temper: her understanding was mean, her imagination depraved, her heart cold, and her want of feeling made her incapable of contributing to the happiness of her husband, listening to the advice of her mother, or profiting by experience.

As soon as she was married, and turned loose into the world, she was no longer to be found at home; she made visits, not to fulfil a duty, but to consume three or four hours a day; she went to public places for the same reason; she loved neither Plays nor Operas, but they lasted three hours; and she found a great pleasure in remembering, as she entered her box, that she was going to get rid of so much time. She naturally had a taste for play, and yet, however attractive it might be, she would not have set down to *Lotto Dauphin* with

with the same delight, had she not remembered it was her custom to play till three o'clock in the morning; that she should therefore lie till one the next day, and consequently that half the day would be over before she was up. Such were her continual calculations; and thus do all those wish to abridge life, who have no rational mode of employing their time.

The despairing Baron, while he lamented the errors of his wife, remembered the wrongs of his son; who had fled, only that he might not be forced to marry a person by whom he was thus hourly made wretched.

Oh Theophilus! cried he, I was a tyrant, that wanted to sacrifice my son to my vanity; my punishment is most equitable and most severe. I feel now how much I deceived myself, on the means of making you happy, and how well founded your resistance was. Blinded by pride and ambition, I am doubly their victim; I have lost my son, yet experience the same pangs as though he had obeyed me.

Time only increased the Baron's torments, till, at last, his wife dishonoured him so openly, that the Baron, by the advice of his friends, determined to shut her up in a Convent, where this
unhappy

unhappy woman died before the end of the year: and thus was the Baron delivered from a fatal and justly detested tie.

He had no child by this second marriage, and found himself more desolate in the world than ever. Overwhelmed with sorrow, tired of his existence, pursued by the ever present memory of a dear son lost, he resolved to travel, and to seek in foreign lands that ease which he could not find in his own. He departed for Denmark, visited Copenhagen (*a*), Roschild, Fredericksburgh (*b*), and many other other places.

Embarking afterwards on board a small merchant ship, he was driven by contrary winds upon the coast of Norway. Here the vessel got entangled among a multitude of islands, but, aided by the Coasting Pilots, was brought into a small gulf, surrounded by enormous mountains, where it was sheltered on all sides from the winds. The Baron landed, and was brought to a village, the singularity of which fixed his attention.

This village is composed of about thirty houses, all built on the sides of rocks that jet out into the

(*a*) Situated on the eastern side of the Isle of Zeland, and 279 leagues from Paris.

(*b*) Odensee is the capital.

sea,

sea, and behind which rise mountains, whose summits are hid in the clouds, and whose sides are covered with the fir and the juniper-tree. Each habitation stood by itself, and was separated from the next, either by a precipice or the sea. The houses were not very distant from each other, yet had no communication; and the neighbours, when visiting each other, must either make a long tour, or clamber rocks and mountains almost inaccessible.

During the summer, they hold a correspondence by means of their fishing-boats, in which they sit and talk to their neighbours who remain in their houses; so that the children in this small Republic learn how to conduct a boat, and little boys and girls are seen hardly unmooring their barks, and with the help of an oar, steering to see their acquaintance. In winter, the ice produces a more easy and prompt communication.

The people feed on fish, rye-bread, and a kind of cakes made of flour, raisins, and honey. They are all in easy circumstances. The men are excellent Sailors, and do not marry till they have made several voyages; with the money they save they embellish their houses, which are all painted and varnished without, and ornamented within,
like

like the prettiest habitations of the villages of Holland.

As soon as a young man has gained sufficient money by his voyages, he chuses a wife, and fixes for ever on the rock where he was born. Here dwells happiness; nor can he conceive it exists at a distance from his parents, his wife, and his children. The inhabitants of the village are uniformly clothed; the men in blue, the women in jackets and petticoats of white cloth, with a narrow edging of blue silk or stuff. The head-dress of the young maidens, consists in plaiting their hair, and fixing it with a golden-pin to the top of the head. These people are as remarkable for their virtues and the purity of their manners, as for the singularity of the place they inhabit (a).

The house to which the Baron was brought, belonged to a man who spoke German well, and the Baron knew enough of the language not to stand in need of an Interpreter. His Host was a venerable old man of seventy-two; he led the Baron into a small chamber, neatly furnished, the window of which opened towards the sea. The

(a) The Author was informed of all these circumstances by a friend, who passed five days in this village, called Angel-Sound.

Baron

Baron asked several questions, particularly if he had many children.

Yes, thank God, answered the old man, I have six daughters married, in this village; besides which, I have a son in my house, his wife, and seven children.

Are none of your grandchildren married?

Oh yes, Sir; the eldest has a daughter three years old.

And thus you have seen a great grandchild.

Yes, Sir; and what is a still greater happiness, my own mother is living.

Your mother! how old is she?

Ninety-five, and in good health.

Does she live with you?

Most certainly.

I doubt not but you make her life happy! But tell me, venerable man, are you likewise happy in your children?

How

How can a good father be otherwise? I have every reason to be satisfied with mine. I instructed them to the best of my power; I married them according to their inclinations, and they love me; this is all very natural.

What! have none been disobedient?

None; I laid no restrictions on them that were not conformable to reason, or prescribed by duty, and they have been always compliant. Had I been tyrannical, I had no doubt lost a part of my authority. My eldest son Imarkin, would have perhaps occasioned much misery to an ambitious father. When he returned from his seafaring life, I proposed to him to marry the daughter of the richest man in the village. I will think of it father, said he. Some time after, he came and told me he loved Kenilia, the daughter of our next neighbour. I objected to her poverty: he repeated, I love her. I see her at work every day from my window, making her house neat, and taking care of her old Aunt. I meet her sometimes a fishing, and when I row towards her, she rows away; she does the same by every young man in the village. She is good, modest, and industrious, father, and I love her. What could I answer to all this? said the old man. Put yourself in my place; would you have sacrificed your son

son to avarice? Oh, no! What heart of stone could resist the supplications of a son, asking a favour on which the happiness of his life depends. I gave my consent; my son married Kenilia, and I have thirty years received the blessings and transport of gratitude. Not one of my children are more affectionate than my son Imarkin; yet since his marriage he has owned, that had I forced his inclination, he, at that time, was capable of committing some folly, of again embarking, perhaps, and flying from his father. Such are the fruits of tyranny: it produces disobedience and rebellion.

The Baron heard, not unmoved, a discourse which opened every wound of his heart. After this conversation the old man led the Baron into the room where his family was assembled, and presented him to his aged grandmother; the revered object of her son's tenderest affection, and adored by all her offspring. She sat in an arm-chair surrounded by her grandchildren and great grandchildren: it was evening, and Imarkin, placed beside his dear Kenilia, related stories and incidents of his voyages, while the women and children listened as they worked, and to which the boys, who had never been at sea, paid great attention.

The

The Baron contemplated for some time, with mournful tenderness, this interesting picture, and then returned to his chamber. No sooner was he alone, than a thousand distracting reflections offered themselves to his imagination. Alas! said he, and am I then reduced to envy the fate of this obscure old man? That image of pure felicity his family offers, I have despised, sacrificed, lost, beyond retrieving.——I am a father without a son——I might have confirmed my son's happiness; like this old man, might have seen his gratitude, have held his children in my arms, and have lived in the midst of a happy family.——But my injustice has driven him from me, and the world, to me, is now a desert.

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, the Baron walked distractedly about his room; the tears coursed each other down his cheeks, and he spent the greatest part of the night in this fearful agitation. Sometimes he imagined Theophilus was dead, and that he beheld and wept over his tomb; at others he supposed him overwhelmed by poverty, imploring heaven for his wife and children. He saw his misery, he heard his groans, and his blood ran cold with horror and pity; he abhorred, he curst that senseless ambition, that guilty pride, which had smothered every tender emotion of nature, every principle of justice

tice in his heart, and had made him a prey to superfluous regret and eternal remorse.

Fatigue and grief at last obliged the Baron to lie down; it was morning before his eyes were closed. When he had slept some time, he was awakened by clamorous songs and shouts of joy; he soon distinguished this tumultuous noise came from without; he opened his window, and saw ten or twelve boats ornamented with green branches, and full of men, women, and children, who sung in full chorus, and who appeared animated by the most exhilarating gaiety.

The little fleet advanced towards the house, and the old man entered the Baron's chamber, to tell him these small vessels were all full of his children and grandchildren; there you see my six daughters, continued he, with their husbands and offspring. They all come to celebrate my mother's birth-day, and we have every year, on the same occasion, the same rejoicing. Oh, that I may continue to see it every year as long as I live!

But your house cannot contain them all?

Well-a-day, no, and that is the reason we do not all live together; but I and my sons are going to carry our mother on board that bark, where
you

you see a kind of canopy decorated with ribands; after which we shall all go to a place by the sea-side, about a league off, and dine, every one at the same table. We rose this morning to go and fish for our dinner. We have been very successful, but we are always so on this occasion: God blesses our endeavours. Some of our girls and their assistants stay to dress the dinner, and if you wish to see people happy, continued the old man, come along with us.

So saying, he took the Baron by the arm, and brought him into the chamber of their common mother; she was surrounded by as many of the family as could find room, and held a new-born infant on her knees.

Come here my son, said she, as soon as she saw the old man; come and give thy benediction to the child that is born to us this morning. Our dear Vellia cannot come this year to the family feast; she was brought to-bed while they were fishing; but look what a charming present she has sent us.

The old man, with a full heart, took the child in his arms, kissed it, and gave it back to his aged parent, who scarcely could resolve to part with it; she looked at it with inexpressible rapture for a considerable

derable time, but, at last, consented to let it go. The old man, then, assisted by his son and sons-in-law, took up his mother in her arm-chair, and carried her on board her boat; the only one which had a tilt, or was ornamented with ribands.

As soon as she was seated, their songs, their shouts, and acclamations again began. This was the signal of departure. The Baron had the honour of being placed in the Mother-bark, for so it was called; and, after three quarters of an hour's navigation, the little fleet arrived at its destined port.

Immediately the women, who had staid at the Tent to prepare the dinner, ran to the water's edge to receive *the mother*; and the family being then all assembled, as soon as they had carried her on shore, her son fell on his knees before her, and begged her blessing for himself and all their children.

The mother then raised her aged hands to heaven—Grant, oh God, said she, that my son, even to the last moment of his life, may enjoy the same felicity thou hast given me; may his children ever be to him, what he has been to his happy mother! Bless, oh God, these children which are the delight of my old eyes, and repay yet to my

my son, the seventy-two years of felicity I owe his tenderness and virtues.

As she ended, her trembling arms fell upon the shoulders of her son; she clasped his neck; and mingled her tears with his; the children, whose hearts all overflowed with happiness, came in their turns, and were all affectionately kissed by the mother and the son. This moving ceremony ended, they went into the Tent, and sat down to table, where pure joy and innocent gaiety succeeded the tenderness they had just experienced. Dinner over, they carried *the mother* into a charming meadow, where they all joined in different sports of leaping, running, and dancing; and toward the decline of day re-embarked, and brought her safely home.

No tongue can describe the Baron's sufferings during this day; a picture so delightful but reminded him of his misery; and happiness so pure, excited only bitter, but fruitless repentance in his bosom. Notwithstanding, however, the pain, instead of pleasure, which these things gave him, he left his respectable host with admiration and tenderness, though he departed more unhappy, more sensible of his misfortune than ever.

The vessel sailed for Holland, and the Baron arrived at Amsterdam in August. He staid a

few days in this city, and then went to Utrecht; here he was not above two leagues from the residence of the Moravian Brethren, a numerous society of men and women so called, who all live in one house, at the entrance of a pleasant village named Zast. The Baron was desirous of seeing a society, every way so worthy to excite the curiosity of a traveller (19).

He arrived at Zast about three in the afternoon, and one of the Administrators of the house undertook to be his Guide. He was a venerable Moravian brother, who spoke French well, and answered all the Baron's inquiries with equal good sense and politeness. After having seen the part of the buildings where the women, as well as that where the men lived, separate from each other, the Baron asked his conductor, if the Moravians admitted indifferently to their society people of all nations?

Yes, replied the brother, of all Christian nations.

But pray are not you Calvinists?

That is the prevailing religion, but we tolerate all sects.

What

What do you require of those you admit?

Industry, peace, and virtue.

Do you receive married people?

Yes; exclusive of what you have seen, there is another wing to the building where the married people live; each family has a convenient apartment; it is necessary the man should know some trade, or possess some useful talent; such for example as painting, engraving, and likewise money enough to begin with. We do not ask those to work who have an independent income.

You inquire the character of such as come to live among you no doubt?

Certainly; and it is necessary that one of the Administrators, at least, should be answerable for their conduct.

This happy and peaceable abode, is a sure asylum against tyranny. Whoever is oppressed in their own country, by changing their name, addressing themselves to the Ancients, and bringing proper recommendations, may here be received, and here live for ever unknown. And more than once has this place been the refuge of unfortunate virtue,

and persecuted lovers. Here is found the first of human privileges; that is, perfect Liberty. Tied by no vow, we are detained by no constraint; we can travel and return, or quit the place for ever. But come, continued the Administrator, come and see what will deserve your attention. The Baron waked as from a revery, and followed his Guide, who brought him among the shops; for all the lower parts of that vast house are full of them, in which were sold the various works of the Moravian men and women. These shops have a charming effect, all sorts of things may there be had, mercery, shoes, household furniture, porcelain, pictures, &c. The women likewise make very good lace. They never put two prizes upon their goods, and what they ask is always very reasonable. Their apartments are over their shops.

The Baron greatly admired the animated effect, which this vast quantity of shops altogether produced. As he went out of a Turner's shop, he passed before that of a Designer, and went in: a young boy, of about eight years old, was sitting behind the counter to take care of the shop; he was reading with his head inclined, and his hair, in large ringlets, hung over his cheeks and forehead. He rose when he saw the Baron enter, threw his head back to shake his locks behind, and discovered one of the finest countenances
nature

nature ever formed. The Baron was struck motionless for a moment with surprise, while the boy, with youthful caresses, came running to the Administrator, and calling him his friend. What, said the Baron, is this charming boy French?

No, replied the Administrator, he is English, but he speaks three or four languages already; and is besides so gentle, so obliging, so industrious, and so desirous to learn, that every body loves him; he is the spoilt child of the house. We all caress Polydore, for that is his Christian name.

It is mine likewise, replied the Baron. Alas! charming boy, continued he, mayest thou for thy own sake, never have other conformity with me.

The tone and manner of the Baron while he pronounced these words, drew the attention of young Polydore; he looked up at the Baron for some time, then stood on tip-toe, and held out his arms to kiss him; the Baron affected by this action, took up the boy and clasped him to his bosom—My lovely little fellow, cried he, how happy is thy father!

No, he is not, replied Polydore, sighing.

He has lately lost a wife that he loved, said the Moravian brother; but he finds in this child, his own industry, his studies, and his virtue, the best consolations to a misfortune so great.

The boy, at mention of his mother, dropt a tear to her memory; while the Baron tenderly kissed him, then sat down and took him on his knee. The Administrator perceiving the Baron inclined to stay, asked his permission to leave him for half an hour, and went out. The Baron being now alone with Polydore, kept looking on the boy in silence, who on his part did not seem less attentive. After a few minutes, Polydore took one of the Baron's hands and kissed it with great expression. Charming boy! said the Baron, dost thou read my heart? Dost thou feel all thou hast inspired?

I feel I love you, replied Polydore.

Thou lovest me!

Yes, I do; but you cannot tell why.

And why?

Because you are very like my papa.

The

The Baron's heart beat so violently, he could not utter a word. At last, raising his eyes to heaven, Oh God! cried he, may I hope it— May I flatter myself—The singularity of these circumstances, the name of this child, the supernatural feelings he inspires me with—all seem to announce—Tell me, sweet boy, where is thy father? conduct me to him.

He left me, a little while, to go and visit one of our sick brethren.

Where does this brother lodge?

Beside our chamber, over this shop.

Let us go there.

If you please.

The Baron rose. Polydore still holding him by the hand, shut the shop-door, went with him, and conducted him to a small chamber, where they found an old maid-servant, whom Polydore desired to go and seek his father. A universal agitation seized the Baron; he sat down, but still kept hold of Polydore's hand. His excessive anxiety, and the warfare of his passions, gave his physiognomy an air of wildness which intimidated

Polydore; and the boy durst look at him no longer. They were both silent some time, when presently they heard foot-steps.

Here comes papa, said Polydore, with joy!

The blood rushed in the Baron's face, and at the same instant returned, and left him pale and cold; he trembled, he rose, he fell upon his chair again; his attention was fixed upon the door; a man entered——With inquisitive avidity, with open and wildly steady eyes, the Baron looked——Nature gave a cry——he sunk——it was Theophilus.

Nine years sufferings, nine years of painful remorse, are all forgotten.——The son, the father are found; they are in each others arms; they mingle the tears of joy; they seem each to receive a new existence, and sorrow, for a moment, is lost in oblivion.

Pity it is, that recollection of past affliction must return to disturb joy so pure.

As soon as Theophilus and the Baron had recovered the faculty of speech, they mutually said nearly the same things; each had experienced the same pangs, the same heart-rending repentance; and

and each had forgotten the wrongs he had received. Theophilus, kneeling, implored his father's pardon; while his father, bathed in tears, conjured him to forgive the violence and tyranny that had brought on all their misery.

At last the Baron, after having a thousand times embraced his son, took the young Polydore in his arms, and made Theophilus as happy as it was possible in his situation to be, by loading the lovely boy with the tenderest caresses of the tenderest father. Theophilus beheld with rapture his dear Polydore on the bosom of the Baron; but even in the midst of these his transports, the name of Olympia more than once escaped his lips; the smile of joy would instantly change to the deep sigh of sorrow, and thus did new subjects of remorse arise out of his very happiness.

As soon as the Baron was a little more calm, he remarked, with surprize and grief, the dreadful change visible in Theophilus; it was his heart only that knew him instantly, his eyes might have been mistaken. Theophilus was only in his thirtieth year, but a fearful paleness and meagerness had deprived his countenance of that air of youth, which ought still to have given it grace. Time destroys only the freshness of beauty, but misfortune changes the expression of the features; in

vain was the sparkling fire fought for which formerly animated his eyes; his body languishing and spiritless, demonstrated his depression and melancholy.

The objects by which he was surrounded, did not less forcibly affect the Baron; the chamber where he had passed many years was naked of all ornament, his bed was of straw, and so was the bed of Polydore; every thing he beheld contributed to increase his regret: at last the Baron, pressing Theophilus by the hand, said, Let us be gone my dear Theophilus, let us not tarry; depart we from this obscure asylum, where you so long have sorrowed, from the sight of a place that wounds my eyes, and rends my heart: come, return to thy country, return to the house of thy Fathers.

Since, my father, replied the sorrowful Theophilus, you thus kindly pardon my errors, and own my child, my life shall be consecrated to your future happiness. I will not hesitate to follow; only permit me, once more, to lead Polydore to the tomb of his unhappy mother.

Theophilus could not proceed, his feelings impeded speech; nor could the Baron reply but with his tears. Theophilus beheld them, and was
still

still more deeply affected. What! my father, cried he, do you honour her dear memory with a paternal tear?

My grief for her, replied the Baron, is little short of thine.

Theophilus when he heard this, again embraced his father. Alas! said he, and could you at length have loved, could you have adopted her, and is she now no more?

Theophilus could say no more, he tore himself from the Baron's arms, hid his eyes, took Polydore by the hand, and hastily left the room.

While the unfortunate Theophilus wept, for the last time, over the tomb of Olympia, the Baron gave the necessary orders for their departure; and after taking proper leave of the Administrators, he with his son and grandson got into their carriage and went for Utrecht, whither they did not arrive till late at night. The next evening, when Polydore was gone to bed, the Baron gave his son a circumstantial account of every thing that had happened since their separation.

Here the Baroness interrupted her narrative, and the children were sent to bed. The following evening she thus continued:

Theophilus, as soon as his father had ended, related his story in turn. After describing the grief and remorse he underwent at quitting his father and France, he entered into a detail of his flight, his arrival at London, his marriage, and his departure for Scotland.

“ Arrived at Edinburgh, continued Theophilus, we had once more the precaution to change our name. I soon after engaged in some affairs of commerce, but was ignorant of men and business. I was deceived, I deceived myself, and, in less than eight months, I lost and expended above half the sum I had brought out of France. In the mean time my wife was ready to lie-in, and ten months after our marriage Polydore was born. Alas! I became a father only to become more sensible of my misery. I wept over my dear child, while the passionate tenderness with which he inspired me distracted me to the soul; a thousand times have I kissed him, with all the enthusiasm of fatherly affection; and as often have I groaned over his destiny, without daring to thank heaven for having given him to my arms.

“ I carefully locked these cruel sorrows in the bottom of my heart, fearful my wife should see them. I wished her to imagine me satisfied

" with my fate, and thus was deprived of the
 " mournful consolation of telling her my griefs.
 " I had lost the illusions that had seduced me,
 " and Olympia was nothing more to me than a
 " dear friend. Love had ceased to enslave my
 " reason, and a tender and solid friendship might
 " have made us happy, had not a want of confi-
 " dence robbed it of it's purest sweets. I owed
 " to the repose of Olympia the concealment of
 " my feelings, my reflections, my remorse, which,
 " thus constrained, became each day more and
 " more insupportable. Neither was I without
 " my fears, that Olympia secretly cherished the
 " same sensations, and this idea added tenfold to
 " my woes.

" The sweetness and equality of Olympia's
 " temper, and her tenderness, might to have af-
 " fured me to the contrary. From the first moment
 " I received her plighted faith, to the last of her
 " life, never did a word of complaint escape her
 " lips; never did she afflict my heart by one
 " mournful reflection, or one indirect reproach.
 " Often would she speak of her happiness, and
 " seem to think me happy; but it was but too
 " natural to suspect, another made use of the same
 " dissimulation oneself employed.

" Besides

“ Besides that I have several times surprized
 “ her bathed in tears, have trembled while I in-
 “ terrogated, and listened without believing; for
 “ she never failed to attribute such appearances to
 “ an excess of sensibility, or to causes totally
 “ foreign to our situation. It was necessary to
 “ make her suppose I credited what she told me,
 “ and this added an additional pang.

“ Thus did we pass three years in Scotland;
 “ during which time, having totally spent above
 “ half the sum I possessed, I determined to buy an
 “ annuity on my wife and son's lives, with six
 “ hundred guineas which yet remained. Olympia
 “ wished to return to England; I was willing,
 “ and we departed without delay. Arrived at
 “ London, I only thought of placing the small
 “ remains of a small fortune out to the best
 “ advantage, and was happy to think it might
 “ yet afford a mere subsistence to my wife and
 “ child: this affair settled to my mind, we retired
 “ to a village some miles distant from London;
 “ where I might still have found happiness, had
 “ it not been for bitter Remembrance, which
 “ deprived me of repose, and took from me that
 “ ease which is the sweetest charm of solitude.

“ Not that I regretted fortune or worldly
 “ parade, but I sighed for glory; I groaned to see
 “ myself,

" myself, at two and twenty, banished my country,
 " and buried in a village with the mournful Victim
 " of my folly, and an unfortunate child destined
 " to obscurity and distress. I could not drive
 " from my imagination the distracting idea of a
 " father's pangs, whom I had never ceased to
 " love. Many a time, Sir, have I supposed you
 " sinking under your grief, and offering expiring
 " complaints to heaven, against the guilty son by
 " whom you had been abandoned.

" This terrible picture was ever present to my
 " fancy, overwhelmed me by day, and fearfully
 " troubled my dreams by night. Repeatedly
 " have I awaked, bathed in a cold sweat, with
 " every convulsion of despair and terror, crying
 " ——— *Curse me not, my father! Conclude not that*
 " *horrible imprecation!* ——— Thus did my dreadful
 " remorse often trouble the sleep of my child, and
 " sink deep in the heart of the feeling and un-
 " fortunate Olympia.

" We had been two years returned to England,
 " when an unforeseen event plunged us into the
 " very depths of misery: the man in whose hands
 " I had placed my six hundred guineas became a
 " bankrupt, and thus I lost all the money I pos-
 " sessed in the world. I will spare your sensibi-
 " lity, my father, a detail of what I felt at this
 " moment.——

“ moment.—At last, the strong sensations of
 “ the husband and the father, gave me the forti-
 “ tude I stood so much in need of. I had been
 “ learnt to draw in my youth, and this talent,
 “ which had been my amusement in solitude, be-
 “ came now a useful resource. I knew a cele-
 “ brated Engraver in London, of whom I asked
 “ employment; he gave it me, and six months
 “ after, being satisfied with my performances,
 “ he offered me an apartment in his house, which
 “ I accepted.

“ This man was a Moravian brother, had
 “ lived four years at Zast, acquainted me with
 “ the nature of that establishment, and I, in conse-
 “ quence soon formed the project of retiring to
 “ that abode of Peace and Industry. Olympia
 “ had the same wish; we spoke to our generous
 “ Protector, who gave us a strong recommenda-
 “ tion to the Administrators, and we were ac-
 “ cordingly received. When we arrived at Zast,
 “ Olympia quitted her English hat and habit to
 “ put on the uniform of the house. I cannot
 “ describe what I felt, the first time I saw her in
 “ her cloth biggin, her jumps, and striped woollen
 “ petticoat: her beauty appeared a thousand times
 “ more striking under this coarse clothing. I
 “ looked at her with sorrowful tenderness; she
 “ read my heart, and wishing to divert my cruel
 “ reflections,

" reflections, she assured me she was delighted
 " with her new dress, and that she had never
 " worn so convenient a one before. I took her
 " hand, and while I pressed it to my lips, my
 " tears involuntarily dropt upon it: she put her
 " arm round my neck, kissed me with the most
 " tender affection, and told me, she could not
 " conceive why I was thus moved; but while
 " she said so, the bitter waters of reflection flowed
 " down her lovely cheeks.

" At Last I found neither ease nor happiness;
 " they were fled never to return. I bestowed
 " every spare moment on the education of my
 " son. I loved the child passionately; but this
 " sensation, although so natural, was a new and
 " inexhaustible source of inquietude and pain.
 " Could I, when I thought of the future, expect
 " that obedience from my son, which I had re-
 " fused to pay my father? While labouring under
 " the malediction of an irritated parent, could I
 " expect that heaven would give me a grateful
 " child?

" Such were my afflicting thoughts; but I had
 " soon another, and a fearful ill, by which I was
 " taught, there were pangs yet superior to all I
 " had hitherto suffered,

" Olympiæ's

“ Olympia’s health was visibly on the decline ;
 “ though still preserving her accustomed mildness
 “ she never complained, but still replied she felt
 “ nothing that ailed her. I sent for a Physician
 “ from Utrecht, who at first eased my fears.
 “ At the end of three months, however, he be-
 “ gan to be alarmed, and at last pronounced the
 “ terrible sentence, which entailed on me eternal
 “ grief.

“ Olympia had long known her situation, but
 “ religion and misfortune taught her to look with
 “ serenity on death. A Priest who lived at
 “ Utrecht, came secretly to see her, and I even
 “ kept him three days in my chamber. Oh !
 “ who shall ever efface the fearful horrors of these
 “ three deplorable days.—I have not the forti-
 “ tude to repeat what I felt, my father, and yet
 “ I live.—But Olympia herself commanded me !
 “ My life was necessary to our child.—Here,
 “ sir, read this letter to me : it is sacred, it con-
 “ tains the last wishes of Olympia ; it was given
 “ me by her Confessor, and at the very moment
 “ when, no doubt, despair would have driven me
 “ to some fatal excess.”

Here the unfortunate Theophilus opened his
 pocket-book, and took out a letter which Olym-
 pia had written the day before her death. The

Baron,

Baron, suffocated by his tears, threw himself into the arms of his unhappy son, and thus they remained for a considerable time, unable to express those sensations that rent their very hearts, except by sobs and groans.—At last the Baron took Olympia's letter, and, after various efforts to calm his troubled mind, read as follows :

“ I have asked to know the truth ; and am told,
 “ that this, perhaps, may be the last day of my
 “ life—I shall see you then no more, my Theo-
 “ philus ; to-day or to-morrow, the sacred ties
 “ that have united us must be for ever broken—
 “ To-morrow Theophilus and Polydore must be
 “ for ever separated from Olympia.—Oh may
 “ this writing, sometimes recal me to the memory
 “ of my husband and my son ! May they here
 “ read my heart, my real sentiments ! May this
 “ confession, by rendering virtue still dearer, if
 “ possible, to the soul of Theophilus, become
 “ a useful lesson to my son !—Oh thou who
 “ hast sacrificed all to me, thou whom I have de-
 “ prived of a father, a family, and a country ;
 “ hast thou ever supposed, even for a moment, I
 “ was satisfied with myself ?—No, Theophilus,
 “ I have read thy thoughts, I have felt thy pangs,
 “ have suppressed, have concealed pangs still
 “ more insupportable. Each of us at length, have
 “ seen the abyss into which we had been hurled
 “ by

“ by Passion ; we followed an Illusion, it vanish-
 “ ed, and we were lost. Remorse followed,
 “ brought us back to Reason, and discovered
 “ Truth.—For love, thou hast betrayed the most
 “ sacred of duties, but Nature soon reclaimed her
 “ rights. In the sorrowful Olympia thou hast
 “ only beheld the unfortunate author of all thy
 “ pangs, and the accomplice of all thy faults.
 “ In losing thy love, I had not even to hope of
 “ obtaining thy friendship ; what confidence can
 “ subsist between two guilty people, who know
 “ their guilt ; who weep over, without a possi-
 “ bility of expiating it, and who mutually attri-
 “ bute to themselves the evils the other endures ?
 “ —Silence was all the remedy, but what an
 “ effort ! How painful to my heart ! What ! I,
 “ who for seven years have been uniformly occu-
 “ pied concerning thine and my child’s happiness,
 “ not once to dare open my heart to thee.—
 “ Ever together, yet ever alone, dissimulation,
 “ endeavours to deceive each other, have been
 “ our constant studies ; and Reason, Pity, and
 “ Friendship, have imposed Deceit as a law, have
 “ interdicted all confidence.—Oh capricious
 “ and rigorous fate ! can I then regret life ?—
 “ Yet, Theophilus, doubt not but that the idea of
 “ an eternal separation is as cutting as it is terri-
 “ ble ; but when you shall know the torments from
 “ which death will deliver me, you will scarcely be
 “ sorry

" sorry at our separation.—Who can support
 " life, and see those they love truly wretched ;
 " and know, that all their ills are the works of
 " their own hands? Who can I accuse but my-
 " self of my misfortunes? Was it not my im-
 " prudence which furnished your father with pre-
 " texts, and just ones too, to break his engage-
 " ments? I had lost my reputation, he rejected
 " me ; he had a right so to do. Ambition, no
 " doubt, made him wish to find me unworthy ;
 " but he derived from nature an authority, which,
 " seeking the happiness of his son, he might justly
 " exert.—Ah ! hadst thou consulted reason,
 " thou hadst abjured the weak and guilty project
 " of flying from thy father's house ; thou wouldst
 " not have doubted, but time and filial affection
 " would have softened his heart ; oughtest thou
 " to have added treason to disobedience? Why
 " didst not thou say to him—*My faith is no*
 " *longer mine, you yourself have engaged it ; I*
 " *cannot give my hand where you forbid ; you re-*
 " *fuse your consent, and I submit to your rigour ;*
 " *but command me not to perjure myself ; force me*
 " *not to form other ties, and I promise you never*
 " *more to see the object of this unfortunate passion.*
 " —Such was the salutary counsel I should
 " have given you, when you came to inform me
 " of your fatal resolution ; for even then it was
 " not too late. Had you confessed every thing
 " to

“ to your father ; had you spoken with candour
 “ and courage you might have irritated him, but
 “ must have been beloved. He threatened, he ap-
 “ peared inflexible, he endeavoured to terrify you;
 “ but how can it be supposed he would have punish-
 “ ed with severity, resistance accompanied with so
 “ much submission, and which so many motives
 “ rendered at least excusable? Could he have de-
 “ termined to have deprived his only son, in
 “ whom all his hopes were centered, of liberty?
 “ Oh no; certain that you would remain firm,
 “ unshaken in your determination, sooner or
 “ later he would have made us happy.—How
 “ was it possible, that at the moment of our guilty
 “ folly, this thought should never have offered
 “ itself to our imaginations? Alas! you threatened
 “ your own life; and while you were blinded by
 “ Love, I become stupid with Terror: had I had
 “ more experience, more reason, I might have
 “ convinced you; for, notwithstanding all my
 “ fears and forebodings, I was far from imagining
 “ our torments could ever be what they have
 “ proved: could I have seen the future, I might
 “ have shewn how infinitely better it would have
 “ been eternally to have renounced each other,
 “ than headlong to have cast ourselves into this
 “ gulf of woes. Let us suppose I had had the
 “ fortitude, the generosity, to prevail on you to
 “ marry the woman your father wished; let us
 “ imagine

“ imagine her conduct to have justified your aver-
 “ sion for her, would you not have found infinite
 “ consolation in the remembrance of your obe-
 “ dience, and in paternal gratitude? Would not
 “ the affairs and pleasures of the world have re-
 “ lieved you from a thousand pangs, which you
 “ have suffered with me? The feelings and duties
 “ of nature, and the love of glory, would have
 “ occupied your heart and dignified your life;
 “ you then would have had the happiness to say
 “ to your children, I will give you an excellent
 “ education, and leave you a title which none
 “ can dispute; while I, returning to my pro-
 “ vince, should have returned with innocence,
 “ and the sweet remembrance of a virtuous sa-
 “ crifice, where I should have tasted the charms
 “ of solitude and ease.—Oh that some sincere
 “ friend had come at the moment when passion
 “ hurried us to ill, and offered such reflections to
 “ my mind! But an unfortunate orphan, deprived
 “ of all support, my Aunt dead, and without a
 “ guide, at the very moment when I wished to
 “ cherish virtue and honour more than life, I lost
 “ them both.—Youth, obstinate and presump-
 “ tuous, fears counsel, and desires independence.
 “ Oh Polydore! when hereafter you shall read this
 “ letter, may you become diffident of yourself;
 “ may you learn that neither wit, understanding,
 “ nor purity of heart, can supply the want of
 “ experience;

“ experience ; that passion serves but to lead us
 “ astray, and that happiness can only be found in
 “ virtue.——Adieu, Theophilus, I dare predict
 “ your future life shall be happier than your past.
 “ Your father still lives, and should heaven deign
 “ once more to bring you together, may your
 “ felicity never be disturbed by the remembrance
 “ of me ! Reflect that, could your father, even now,
 “ adopt me, and acknowledge me for his daughter,
 “ he could not make me happy. How should I
 “ dare appear in the world, after having betrayed
 “ my duty ? You yet may face the public, for,
 “ though guilty no doubt, you have not lost your
 “ honour ; but love never can lead woman astray
 “ without debasing her. I have lived in ob-
 “ scurity, a prey to remorse ; but I have neither
 “ supported the weight of public shame, nor the
 “ horror of public contempt : I have not seen
 “ my husband blush publickly to remember I was
 “ his wife :——My destiny is such, that could I
 “ live, nothing could make me happy.——For me
 “ felicity is no more. Adieu, dear and unfor-
 “ tunate Theophilus ; for our child’s sake, live ;
 “ may he repay the pangs which I have caused,
 “ it is the last wish of my heart ! May religion,
 “ which fortifies my soul, enlighten and console
 “ your’s ! Heaven disapproves our union, and
 “ therefore tears us from each other ; let us adore
 “ it’s justice and obey.”

Dear

Dear Olympia! cried the Baron, after he had read the letter, tender victim of my injustice and ambition, thou art well avenged by my grief and my regret! what happiness have I lost by refusing thee as a daughter!—Oh! my son, I have found thee, but I cannot make thee happy; I cannot be happy myself.

To you, my father will I consecrate my days; I will renounce the world; I will retire and hide myself in my father's house, for whom only, and for my son, will I hereafter live.

Let us, said the Baron, equally and entirely devote ourselves to the education of Polydore; let him pass his infancy far from the depravity of cities, and let his heart and mind be formed in solitude, that he may know the charms of felicity and a country life, and that when, hereafter, curiosity shall lead him into scenes of dissipation, he may regret them as the only substantial and pure pleasures.

Theophilus joyfully approved a project so conformable to his inclinations, and it was immediately put in execution; the Baron purchased an estate a hundred leagues distant from Paris, whither he, Theophilus, and Polydore retired. Here, though the remembrance of former sorrows, ad-

mitted not of perfect felicity, yet they at least found as much happiness as they hoped. The cares and tenderness of Theophilus, and the virtues of young Polydore, were the consolation of the Baron's old days. Before he died, he had the satisfaction to make the felicity of his grandson permanent, by chusing him an amiable and virtuous companion, who was the delight and pride of her husband and her family.

THE Fountain Academy is in Sicily, and is considered to the Palace. A miraculous property is attributed to this Fountain. To know the faculty of earth, they are written on tablets; if the tablets do not bring the inference is, the tablets are all false.

Argiva was a nymph of Teuchry. Colonus her husband, feeling her ready to die, fell himself into a kind of mortal languor. Vears, affected by their tenderness, metamorphosed the one to a River, and the other to a Fountain; which, like Alphonsus and Aristobolus, were reunited by mingling their waters. Colonus, although, however, forgot Argiva; then when it flows drink of, and bath in his streams, they forget their love.—But he is false.

“Buxton Spring, in the county of Derby, is intermittent,” says an Childrey tale in his Catalogue of England, “running only every quarter of an hour.”
 But the Water of the Fountains is false.

NOTES
 and attentively counted the minutes on his watch, without being perceived by Alphonsus.



NOTES,
REFERRED TO BY THE FIGURES

IN VOL. III.

(1) **T**HE Fountain Acadine is in Sicily, and is consecrated to the Palicii. A miraculous property is attributed to this Fountain. To know the sincerity of oaths, they are written on tablets; if the tablets do not swim, the inference is, the oaths are all false.

Argyra was a nymph of Theffaly. Celenus, her husband, seeing her ready to die, fell himself into a kind of mortal languor. Venus, affected by their tenderness, metamorphosed the one to a River, and the other to a Fountain; which, like Alpheus and Arethusa, were re-united by mingling their waters. Celenus, at length, however, forgot Argyra; since when, if Lovers drink of, and bathe in his streams, they forget their love.—*Dict. de la Fable.*

“ Buxton Spring, in the county of Derby, is intermittent, as Childrey says in his *Curiosities of England*,
“ running only every quarter of an hour.”

Dict. des Merv. de la Nat, Tome I. page 339.

It must be supposed, Thelismar knew the phenomenon, and attentively counted the minutes on his watch, without being perceived by Alphonso.

There are many other intermittent springs.

"In Provence is a Spring, which runs and stops eight times in an hour.—The Spring of Frouganches, in the diocese of Nîmes, runs and stops regularly twice in twenty-four hours.—The Springs near Paderborn, called Bullerbare, are said to run twelve hours, and stop the same.—That of Hautecombe, in Savoy, runs and stops twice in the hour."

Dict. des Mers de la Nat. Tome I.

"At Bosely, near Wenlock, in Shropshire, there is a famous boiling Well, which was discovered in June 1711, by an uncommon noise in the night; so great, that it awakened several people, who being desirous to find what it was owing to, at length found a boggy place under a little hill, not far from the Severn; and perceiving a great shaking of the earth, and a little boiling up of water through the grass, they took a spade, and digging up some part of the earth, the water flew to a great height, and was set on fire by a candle. This water was, for some time afterwards, constantly found to take fire, and burn like spirit of wine; and after it was set on fire, it would boil the water in a vessel sooner than any artificial fire; and yet the spring itself was as cold as any whatever."—*Cyclopædia.*

(2) "There is a Mountain in Scotland, called Cork-head, which has the singular property of being the highest Meridian in the Universe: its perpendicular height is said to be above 400 fathoms. This Mountain is split open to the very top, by a crevice which faces the Sun at noon;

" noon; and the two summits form a kind of Dial, which
 " indicates the hour, by shadow, on the opposite rocks."

Precis d'Hist. Nat. par M. L'Abbé Saury, Tome I.

(3) The following is an extract of a letter, in which
 Dr. Troil gives an account of his voyage to Iceland, to
 examine Mount Hecla:

" The sky was clear, the water of the Lake resembled a
 " looking-glass, and was thrown up in eight different parts
 " of the Lake, as from water-works. I particularly re-
 " marked one of these columns of water, which was from
 " six to eight feet in diameter, and thrown from eigh-
 " teen to twenty-four feet high. The water was extremely
 " hot, and, in six minutes, boiled us a bit of mutton and
 " some trout.

" Reckum afforded us a similar spectacle. Some years
 " since, the water was thrown from sixty to seventy feet
 " high; but the falling in of the earth, has stooped up a part
 " of the orifice; and the water does not now rise higher
 " than from fifty-four to sixty feet.

" When we came to Geiser, near Skallhot, we saw the
 " water thrown, with impetuosity, from a large mouth, and
 " forming a Cascade, to which those of Marly, S. Cloud,
 " Cassel, or Herrenhauffen, cannot be compared. Here
 " we observed, in the circumference of a good league, forty
 " or fifty *Jets d'Eau*, boiling up, which, no doubt, came
 " all from the same reservoir. The water of some was
 " very limpid, of others muddy; here it was a very fine
 " red ochre, there as white as milk. Some of the spouts
 " were continual, others intermittent, &c. We felt the

"earth tremble in many places.—There was a column of
 "water raised ninety-two feet, &c. &c." Intituted from
 "Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres & des Arts,
 "Année 1783, No. 9, Mercredi, 26 Fevrier.

"(4) "During the seycere winter of 1740, there was a
 "Palace of Ice of fifty-two feet and a half long, sixteen
 "and a half wide, and twenty high, built at Petersburg,
 "according to the most elegant rules of art: The Neva,
 "a neighbouring river, afforded the ice, which was from
 "two to three feet thick, and blocks of which they cut out,
 "and embellished with various ornaments. When built
 "up, they sprinkled them over with water of various
 "tints.

"Before the Palace they placed six cannon, made of,
 "and mounted with, Ice, with wheels of the same matter,
 "and two bomb mortars. The caliber of the cannon was
 "equal to that in which they usually put three pounds of
 "powder: they only put a quarter of a pound in these,
 "after which they made a hempen bullet, which, in the
 "presence of the whole Court, pierced a board of two
 "inches thick, at the distance of sixty paces.

"This renders credible what is reported by Olaus
 "Magnus, a Northern Historian, concerning fortifications
 "of Ice, which, he assures us, certain nations made use of
 "in cases of necessity.

"An English Philosopher made a curious experiment in
 "1763. He took a circular piece of Ice, two feet nine
 "inches in diameter, and six inches thick, of which he
 "formed a lens, exposed it to the sun-beams, and set fire to
 "gunpowder, linen, paper, &c."—M. de Bomare.

(5) "The Silver Mine of Sallerberist, in Sweden, is a most beautiful spectacle. It has three large mouths, like wells, too deep to see to the bottom. The half of a barrel, sustained by a rope, serves for a stair-case to descend these gulfs, which is worked by a water machine; only one leg, and not half the body, is in the barrel. (The person who descends has a companion as black as Vulcan, who mournfully sings a gloomy song, holding a torch in his hand. About half way down cold is severely felt, and torrents are heard tumbling on all sides. In about half an hour they land, terror is dissipated, nothing fearful remains; but, on the contrary, all is shining in these subterranean regions. They then enter a kind of Grand Saloon, sustained by two columns of mine-silver. Four spacious galleries surround it. The fires by which the people work, are reflected on the silver vaults, and in a brook, which runs through the middle of the mine. Here are seen people of all nations; some drawing carts, other rolling stones, every body employed. It is a subterranean City: there are houses, inns, stables, horses; and, what is more singular, a Windmill, worked by a current of air, that raises the waters which might otherwise incommode the Miners.

"There are various exhalations which produce various effects, to which the Miners give different names: that which they call wild-fire, is seen much like the spider's webs, or white threads, that are observed, rising in the air, towards the end of summer. When this vapour is not sufficiently thin, it takes fire at the lamps of the workmen, and produces effects similar to those of lightning or gunpowder. To prevent this, the workmen watch these white threads, which they hear and see issuing from the crevices, seize them before they reach their lamps,

and crush them between their hands. When the quantity is too great, they put out their lights, fall with their bellies to the ground, and, by their cries, advertise their Comrades to do the same; by which means the inflamed matter passes over them, and hurts only those who have not taken the same precaution, and who are therefore liable to be killed or wounded.

The most singular phenomenon these mineral exhalations present, is, that which the Miners name Balloon. This appears floating near the roof of the mines, in the form of a round pocket, made of a spider's web. If the bag burst, its contents expand through the mines, and kill all those that breathe it. — *M. de Bomare.*

(6) Kraken, a most amazing large sea animal, seemingly of a crab-like form; the credit of whose existence rests upon the evidence produced by Bishop Pontoppidon, in his Natural History of Norway, published some few years since; and though the reality of it cannot be denied, the relation will be thought to require good authentication.

As a full-grown Kraken has never been seen in all its parts and dimensions, an accurate survey of which must employ some time, and not a little motion, it is impossible to give a complete description of one. Nevertheless, we shall submit the probability of its existence, on the best information our author could collect, which seems to have fixed his own belief of it; though, at the same time, he acknowledges the account is very defective, and supposes a farther information concerning the Creature may be reserved for posterity.

Our Fishermen, says the Author, unanimously and invariably affirm, that, when they are several miles from the land, particularly in the hot summer days, and by their distance, and the bearings of some points of land, expect from eighty to a hundred fathoms deep, and do not find but from twenty to thirty, and more especially if they find a more than usual plenty of Cod and Ling, they judge that the Kraken is at the bottom; but if they find, by their lines, that the water in the same place still shallows on them, they know he is rising to the surface, and row off with the greatest expedition, till they come into the usual soundings of the place; when, lying on their oars, in a few minutes the monster emerges, and shews himself sufficiently, though his whole body does not appear. It's back, or upper part, which seems an English mile and a half in circumference, (some have affirmed more) looks, at first, like a number of small Islands, surrounded with something that floats like sea-weeds. At last, several bright points, or horns, appear, which grow thicker the higher they emerge, and sometimes stand up as high and large as the masts of middle-sized vessels. In a short time it slowly sinks, which is thought as dangerous as it's rising; as it causes such a swell and whirlpool, as draws every thing down with it, like that of Malestrom. The Bishop justly regrets the omission of, probably, the only opportunity that ever has, or may be presented, of surveying it alive, or seeing it entire when dead. This, he informs us, once did occur, on the credit of the Reverend Mr. Fris, Minister at Nordland, and Vicar of the College for promoting Christian Knowledge; who informed him, that in 1680, a Kraken (perhaps a young, and careless one, as they generally keep several leagues from land) came into the waters that run between the rocks and cliffs near Aistahoug; where, in turning about, some of it's long horns caught hold of some adjoining trees, which it might easily have torn up,

but that it was also entangled in some cliffs of the rocks; whence it could not extricate itself, but putrefied on the spot. Our Author has heard of no person destroyed by this Monster, but relates a report of the danger of two Fishermen, who came upon a part of the water full of the creature's thick slimy excrements (which he voids for some months, as he feeds for some others); they immediately strove to row off, but were not quick enough, in turning, to save the boat from one of the Kraken's horns, which so crushed the head of it, that it was with difficulty they saved their lives on the wreck, though the weather was perfectly calm; the Monster never appearing at other times. His excrement is said to be attractive of other fish, on which he feeds; which expedient was probably necessary, on account of his slow unwieldy motion, to his subsistence; as this slow motion again may be necessary to the security of ships of the greatest force and burthen, who must be overwhelmed on encountering such an immense animal, if his velocity was equal to his weight; the Norwegians supposing, that if his arms, on which he moves, and with which he takes his food, were to lay hold of the largest man of war, they would pull it down to the bottom.

In confirmation of the reality of this Animal, our learned Author cites Debes's description of Faroe, for the existence of certain islands, which suddenly appear, and as suddenly vanish. Many seafaring men, he adds, give accounts of such, particularly in the North-Sea; which their superstition has either attributed to the delusion of the Devil, or considered as inhabited by evil spirits. But our honest Historian, who is not for wronging the Devil himself, supposes such mistaken islands to be nothing but the Kraken, called, by some, the *Soe Troldeu*, or *Sea Mischief*; in which opinion he was greatly confirmed, by the following quotation

of Dr. Hierne, a learned Swede, from Baron Grippen-
hielm; and which is certainly a very remarkable passage,
viz. "Among the rocks about Stockholm, there is some-
times seen a tract of land, which, at other times, disap-
pears, and is seen again in another place. Bureau has
placed it as an Island in his Map. The Peasants, who
call it *Gummars Ore*, say, that it is not always seen, and
that it lies out in the open sea, but I could never find it.
One Sunday, when I was out amongst the rocks, found-
ing the coasts, it happened, that, in one place, I saw
something like three points of land in the sea, which
surprised me a little, and I thought I had inadvertently
passed them over before. Upon this I called to a Pea-
sant, to enquire for *Gummars Ore*; but when he came we
could see nothing of it; upon which the Peasant said, all
was well, and that this prognosticated a storm, or a great
quantity of fish." To which our Author subjoins, "who
cannot discover that this *Gummars Ore*, with it's points,
and prognostications of fish, was the Kraken, mistaken by
Bureau for an island, who may keep himself about that
spot where he rises." He takes the Kraken, doubtless,
from his numerous *tentaculi*, which serve him as feet; to be
of the polype kind; and the contemplation of it's enormous
bulk, led him to adapt a passage from Eccles. xliii. 31, 32. to
it. Whether by it may be intended the Dragon that is
in the sea, mentioned Isaiah xxvii. 1. we refer to the con-
jecture of the reader. After paying but a just respect to
the moral character, the reverend function, and diligent in-
vestigations of our Author, we must admit the possibility of
it's existence, as it implies no contradiction; though it
seems to encounter a general prepossession of the Whale's
being the largest animal on, or in, our globe; and the era-
dication of any long prepossession is attended with something
irksome to us. But were we to suppose a Salmon, or a

Sturgeon, the largest fish any number of persons had seen or heard of, and the Whale had discovered himself as seldom, and but in part, as the Kraken, it is easy to conceive, that the existence of the Whale had been as indigestible to such persons then, as that of the Kraken may be to others now. Some may incline to think, such an extensive Monster would encroach on the symmetry of nature, and be over proportionate to the size of the globe itself; as a little retrospection will inform us, that the breadth of what is seen of him, supposing him nearly round, must be full 2600 feet (if more oval, or crab-like, full 2000); and his thickness, which may rather be called altitude, at least 300; our Author declaring, he has chosen the least circumference mentioned of this animal, for the greater certainty. These immense dimensions, nevertheless, we apprehend, will not argue conclusively against the existence of the animal, though considerably against a numerous increase or propagation of it. In fact, the great scarcity of the Kraken, his confinement to the North-Sea, and perhaps to equal latitudes in the South; the small number propagated by the Whale, who is viviparous; and by the largest land animals, of whom the Elephant is said to go near two years with young; all induce us to conclude, from analogy, that this creature is not numerous; which coincides with a passage in a manuscript, ascribed to Svere, King of Norway, as it is cited by Ol. Wormius, in his Museum, p. 280, in Latin, which we shall exactly translate. "There remains one kind, which they call Havguse, whose magnitude is unknown, as it is seldom seen. Those who affirm they have seen it's body, declare, it is more like an Island than a Beast, and that its carcase was never found; whence some imagine, there are but two of the kind in nature." Whether the vanishing island, Lemair, of which Captain Rodney went in search, was a Kraken, we submit to the fancy of our read-

ers. In fine, if the existence of the creature is admitted, it will seem a fair inference, that he is the largest as well as largest in our world; and that if there are larger in the universe, they probably inhabit some sphere or planet, more extended than our own. Such we have no pretence to blimit; and that fiction can devise a much greater than this, is evident, from the Cock of Mahomet, and the Whale in the Bava Bathra of the Talmud, which were intended to be credited; and to either of which our Kraken is a very shrimp in dimensions. — *Cyclopædia*.

(7) Pliny has mentioned an extraordinary effect of oil, in stilling the surface of water, when it is agitated with waves; and the use made of it, by the Divers, for this purpose.

Dr. Franklin was led, by an accidental observation made at sea, in 1757, to attend particularly to Pliny's account; and the various informations which he afterwards received relating to it, induced him to try some experiments on the subject. Standing on the windward side of a large pond, the surface of which was rendered very rough with the wind, he poured a tea-spoonful of oil on the water. This small quantity produced an instant calm over a space of several yards square, which spread amazingly, and extended itself gradually, till it reached the lee-side, making all that quarter of the pond, perhaps half an acre, as smooth as a looking-glass. On repeating this experiment, which constantly succeeded, one circumstance struck him with particular surprise; this was the sudden, wide, and forcibly spreading of a drop of oil on the face of the water, which, he adds, "I do not know that any body has considered."

When

When a drop of oil is put on a looking glass, or polished marble, it spreads very little; but on water it instantly expands into a circle, extending several feet in diameter, becoming so thin as to produce the prismatic colours, for a considerable space, and beyond them so much thinner, as to be invisible, except in it's effects of smoothing the waves at a much greater distance. "It seems," says Dr. Franklin, "as if a mutual repulsion between it's particles took place as soon as it touched the water, and a repulsion so strong as to act on other bodies swimming on the surface, as straws, leaves, &c. forcing them to recede every way from the drop, as from a centre, leaving a large clear space." The quantity of this force, and the distance to which it will operate, the Author says, he has not yet ascertained; but he thinks it a curious enquiry, and wishes to understand whence it arises.

Upon the whole, there is great room to suppose, (notwithstanding the partial failure of an experiment made at Portsmouth, by Dr. Franklin, and others) that seafaring people may derive advantages from using oil, on particular occasions, in order to moderate the violence of the waves, or to lessen the surf, which sometimes renders the landing on a lee-shore dangerous or impracticable.

To this purpose we are informed, that the Captain of a Dutch East-India ship, being overtaken by a storm, found himself obliged, for greater safety in wearing the ship, to pour oil into the sea, to prevent the waves breaking over her, which had an excellent effect, and succeeded in preserving her.—*Cyclopædia*.

(8) Spider, a genus of the *optera* order of insects. The characters of which are, that they have eight feet and eight eyes;

eyes; the mouth is furnished with two claws; the two palpi are articulated; and the anus is provided with papillæ, or nipples, for weaving. Linnaeus enumerates 47 species.

Of the Spider, we have a great number of species common among us, which all agree in the general marks and characters.

They all have weapons issuing out of the mouth; but these are of two kinds, according to the two principal distinctions of the Spiders. They consist, in some, of two spicula, in the manner of a forked hook: this is their structure in all the kinds which have eight eyes. In others they are composed of two forcipated arms, or are divided into two claws, in the manner of the legs of a crab: these are the weapons of all those Spiders which have only two eyes.

The belly of the Spider is remarkably divided from the head and shoulders, so as to adhere only by a thread: this is the case in all, except the two-eyed kinds; and in the different species the body is variously painted.

Spiders frequently cast their skins, which may be found in the webs perfectly dry and transparent; and from such skins the forceps, or claws, for they are always shed with the skins, may easier be separated, and examined with much greater exactness, than in the common Spider while living.

The Spider's manner of weaving it's web is very wonderful. The creature has five little teats, or nipples, near the extremity of the tail: from these there proceeds a gummy liquor, which adheres to every thing it is pressed against; and being drawn out, hardens instantly in the air, and becomes a string, or thread, strong enough to bear five or six times

the

the weight of the Spider's body. This thread is composed of several finer ones, which are drawn out separately, but unite together at two or three hairs breadth distance from the creature's body. These threads are finer or coarser, according to the bigness of the Spider that spins them. Mr. Leuwenhoek has computed, that a hundred of the single threads of a full-grown Spider, are not equal to the diameter of the hair of his beard; and, consequently, if the threads and hair be both round, ten thousand such threads are not bigger than such a hair. He calculates farther, that when young Spiders first begin to spin, four hundred of them are not larger than one which is of a full growth; allowing which, four millions of a young Spider's threads are not so big as the single hair of a man's beard. — *Cyclopædia*.

(9) Polype, or Polypus, a fresh water insect, belonging to the genus of HYDRA, in the class of *worms*, and order of *Zoophytes*, in the Linnæan System; which, when cut into a number of separate pieces, becomes, in a day or two, so many distinct and separate animals; each piece having the surprising property of producing a head and tail, and the other organs necessary for life, and all the animal functions.

The production of it's young is, indeed, different from the common course of nature in other animals: for the young one issues from the side of it's parent, in form of a small pimple or protuberance, which, lengthening and enlarging every hour, becomes, in about two days, a perfect animal, and drops from off it's parent to shift for itself: but before it does this, it has often another growing from it's side; and sometimes a third from it, even before the first is separated from it's parent.

If the method of this little animal's producing it's young be very amazing, it's reproduction of the several parts, when cut off, is much more so. The discovery of this was perfectly accidental; for M. Trembley, who had often met with the creature in the water, and from it's fixed residence in one place, and some other observations, not being able to determine whether it were an animal or a vegetable, made the trial by cutting it afunder, when, to his amazement, he found, that in a few days each of those pieces was become a perfect animal, the head part having shot forth a tail, and the tail a head.

A thousand other trials, by cutting the animal in different manners, first by M. Trembley, and afterwards, at his request, by Mons. Reaumur, and Bernard de Jussieu, at Paris, and Mr. Folkes, Mr. Baker, and the other Naturalists in England, were the result of this; and all succeeded in the same manner by those who repeated them.

The several strange properties recorded of this animal, though very surprising, are, however, none of them peculiar to it alone. The Surinam Toad is well known to produce it's young, not in the ordinary way, but in cells upon it's back. Mr. Sherwood has, very lately, discovered the small eels in four palle, to be each, without exception, full of living young ones. And as to the most amazing of all it's properties, the reproduction of it's parts, we know the crab and lobster, if a leg be broken off, always produce a new one: and M. Bonet, Mr. Lyonet, Mons. de Reaumur, and Mr. Folkes, have all found on experiment, that several earth and water worms have the same property, some of them even when cut into thirty pieces. The *urtica marina*, or sea nettle, has been also found to have the same: and the sea starfish, of which the Polype is truly a species, though it had long
 escaped

escaped the searches of the Naturalists, was always well known by the fishermen to have it also.—*Cyclopaedia.*

(10) The Toucan is a very singular bird, particularly for the largeness and disproportionate length of it's beak, which, far from being a useful instrument, is only, says M. de Buffon, "a mass to lift which hinders the flight of the bird. This excessive and useless beak encloses a tongue more useless, not fleshy or cartilaginous, but a real feather, and certainly very ill-placed. It's name, Toucan, signifies "feather in the Brazilian tongue."

The Toucans are spread through all the hot climates of Southern America: it's plumage is very beautiful.

(11) The Kamichi is a large black bird of America, "very remarkable," says M. de Buffon, for the strength of it's cry, and of it's arms. It carries, on each wing, two powerful spurs, and on it's head a pointed crown, of three or four inches long, and two or three lines in diameter at it's base, &c."—*M. Buffon.*

(12) Bat, a genus of Quadrupeds, of the order of *fura*, the characters of which are these. The fore-teeth of the upper jaw are six in number, acute, and distant from each other; the fore-teeth of the lower jaw are also six, and acute, but contiguous; the canine teeth are two, both above and below, on each side; the feet have each five toes; the fore-feet have the toes connected by a membrane, and expanded into a kind of wings, whereby it flies; whence this animal has been generally, but with the utmost impropriety, ranged among birds.

The

The Bat, called also by us *Lapwing*, and *Flittermouse*, by the Latins *Vespertilio*, seems a medium between the quadruped and the feathered kinds; but it partakes most of the former tribe. In reality, it only appears to be a bird by its flying. They lay themselves up in winter in the driest apartments of caves; where planting their talons to the roof, they cover their bodies with their wings, and so hanging perpendicularly in great numbers, but so as not to touch each other, they sleep for some months.

Travellers speak of a sort of Bats in Golconda bigger than hens.

In Brasil there is a large species of this animal, which, if men lie asleep with their legs naked, will, it is said, make a wound in them so gently, as not to wake them, but so deep, that they will suck the blood at it, and leave the person in some danger of bleeding to death.—*Cyclopædia*.

(13) The Wax-Tree is a shrub of which there are two species: the one grows in Louisiana, the other in Carolina. This shrub has the appearance of myrtle, and its leaves are nearly of the same colour. Its berries, about the bigness of coriander-seed, contain kernels, covered with a kind of resin: this has some resemblance to wax, and the inhabitants make it into candles.—*M. de Bomare*.

(14) Sensitive Plant, in Botany. The structure of which is this: from the large stems, or main branches of the whole, there part off several other lesser ones, and from these there grow of others still less, which, by way of distinction, may be called the ribs of the leaves, as they serve to support a number of leaves arranged on each side, and standing on short pedicles in pairs, over against one another. Several
other

other plants have this sort of compound leaves, as the cassia, colutea, and the like; and all these shut their leaves together at night, and open them again in the morning, in the same manner as the Sensitive Plant does. The periodical opening and shutting of the leaves are therefore common to many plants, not peculiar to the Sensitive Plant; but the marvel in this is, that, beside having this motion periodical and regular, it is to be brought on at other times, and by accidents, there requiring no more than the touching the plant, to make it close it's leaves at any time of the day, which it soon afterwards naturally opens again. This is peculiar to this plant, and resembles the action of an animal, which had been injured or frightened.

Mr. Ellis has lately described a Sensitive Plant, which is a native of the Swamps, in North-Carolina, called *Dionaea Muscipula*, or *Venus's Fly-trap*; and which, from his account of it, appears to be the most animated of the whole sensitive tribe of vegetables. It's sensibility exists in it's leaves, each of which exhibits, in miniature, the figure of a rat-trap with teeth, closing on every fly, or other insect, that is tempted to taste the sweet liquor, which is supposed to be secreted in certain minute red glands, that cover it's inner surface; but before it has had time to taste it, the lobes of the leaves rise up, and inclose and grasp the invader; and he is soon deprived of his life, by the action of three small erect spines, fixed near the middle of each lobe; nor do the leaves open again, while the dead animal continues there. The same effect is produced by a straw, or pin.

Mr. Ellis conjectures, that in the construction and motive powers of this plant, nature may have had some view to it's nourishment, by forming the upper joint of each leaf, like a machine to catch food; and by having laid a bait upon the middle of it, to entice the unhappy insect that becomes it's prey.

prey. But, perhaps, it may be equally probable, that nature has armed and animated this plant, for the preservation of it's juices, against the depredation of insects.

Cyclopædia.

(15) "*Fraxinella*, or *White Dittany*, is a plant which grows spontaneously in the woods of Languedoc, Provence, Italy, and Germany. The extremities of the stalks, and petals of the flowers, produce a quantity of essential oil, as may easily be shewn by the microscope. Morning and evening, during the summer, it sends forth ethereal inflammable vapours in such abundance, that, were a lighted candle put at the foot of the plant, it would suddenly be all in a flame, and form a very curious kind of burning bath." — *M. de Bomare.*

(16) "*The Amianthus* is a fossile substance, composed of very fine threads, and is found of various colours. From these threads a cloth is made, which fire will not consume: on the contrary, it is thrown into the fire to be purified, from any dirty or extraneous matter, though it loses a little of it's weight each time it is thus washed. Among the ancient Greeks and Romans, they bound the bodies of their Kings in cloth, made of the *Amianthus*, to prevent the ashes mingling with the materials of the funeral fire. It is very proper for wicks to burn in oil, because it is not liable to any change which might impede the light. The Pagans used it in their sepulchral lamps." — *M. de Bomare.*

(17) China owes, to this Prince, the abolition of a custom equally barbarous and irrational. "It was common enough among the Tartars, when a man died, for one of his wives to hang herself. In 1668, a Tartar of distinction died at Pekin: a young wife of seventeen was preparing to give this proof of her affection; but her parents presented a request to the Emperor, supplicating him to abolish

"abolish an usage so odious. This Prince ordained it should be abandoned, as an ancient remain of barbarism. The same custom has been established among the Chinese, but was practised less frequently; and their Philosopher (a) denied it his sanction.

"The character of the Chinese, in general, is mild and tractable: they have great affability in their manners, without the least mixture of harshness, passion, or pettishness, which moderation is remarkable among the common people. Europeans, who have any business to transact with the Chinese, ought to carefully forbear all kinds of vivacity, tending towards passion; such excesses being held in China, vices contrary to humanity. Not that the Chinese are not as lively as we are, but they learn betimes to vanquish the defects of temper.

"The modesty of Chinese women is extreme: they live constantly retired, and cover their bodies with such attention, that the ends of their fingers are hid by their sleeves; and if they present any thing to their nearest relations, they lay it on a table, for fear their hand might be touched.

"The following are the most remarkable causes of divorce among the Chinese. 1. A babbling wife, who makes herself disagreeable, is subject, for this defect, to be repudiated, though she has long been married, and has borne her husband several children. 2. A woman who fails in submission to her father or mother-in-law. 3. Sterility. 4. Jealousy, &c.—On the nuptial night, the

(a) Confucius.

"young

" young Bride is led into her husband's apartment, where
 " she finds scissars, thread, cotton, and other working ma-
 " terials laid upon a table; by which she is given to under-
 " stand she must love labour, and avoid indolence.

" The respect which children pay to their parents,
 " and scholars to their masters, is incomparable. They
 " speak little, and stand always in their presence. Cus-
 " tom obliges them, especially on the first day of the
 " year, the day of their birth, and other occasions, to sa-
 " lute them kneeling, and several times bow the forehead
 " to the ground.

" Although an eldest son inherits nothing from his father,
 " he is still obliged to bring up his brothers, marry them,
 " and stand instead of the father they have lost. Those
 " who have no heir male, adopt the son of their brother,
 " or some other relation, sometimes even of a stranger.
 " The adopted son is invested with every legitimate privi-
 " lege, takes the name of the adopter, and becomes his
 " heir. Should another son happen to be born in the same
 " family, the succession is divided between them. The
 " Chinese are permitted to take more than one wife; the
 " second ranks after the first; the law, however, does not
 " grant this privilege, till the first is forty years of age,
 " without any mark of fecundity.

" Colours are not all worn indifferently in China; yel-
 " low appertains only to the Emperor, and the Princes of
 " the Blood; sattin, with a red ground, belongs to a cer-
 " tain class of the Mandarins, on days of ceremony; the
 " rest usually wear black, blue, or violet; the people com-
 " monly wear blue or black; the shirt is of different sorts
 " of stuff, according to the seasons. It's common enough,
 " during

" during the great heats, to wear silk next the skin, that
" the sweat may not stain their habits. The colour of the
" women is either red, blue, or green; few of them wear
" black, or violet, till they are old.

" Mourning, for a father or mother, continues three
" years in China; which custom, as they pretend, is founded
" on the gratitude a child owes it's parents, for their trou-

" ble and care during their first three years of infancy.
" White is the colour for mourning; but, during the first
" month after the death of a father or mother, children
" wear hempen sackcloth of a bright red, not finer than a
" common sack. The Chinese are permitted to keep a
" corpse as long as they please in their houses; and they
" sometimes do not remove them for three or four years,
" during all which time their seat is a stool, and their bed
" a mat of reeds, placed near the coffin. They forbear the
" use of wine and certain meats; they do not assist at
" feasts, nor frequent public assemblies. At last, however,
" the body must be buried; for it is the indispensable duty
" of a son, carefully to deposit a parent in the tomb of his
" ancestors.

" The Chinese have two famous feasts; the first, of the
" new year; the other, of the Lanterns. During the
" latter, all China is so illuminated, that it might be thought
" on fire. Every inhabitant of the empire, in town or
" country, light up different coloured lanterns, and hang
" them in their courts, at their windows, and in their
" apartments. The rich, on this occasion, go to a prodi-
" gious expence; their lanterns are of various forms, and
" most of them gilded and magnificently ornamented;
" though nothing gives so much brilliancy to the rejoicings
" as the fire-works, which are seen in every part of their
" cities.

cities. This feast continues five days. The common opinion concerning its origin, is, that it was established soon after the foundation of the empire, by a Mandarin, who having lost his daughter on the banks of a river, went in search of her, though without success, with torches and lanterns, accompanied by a crowd of people, who loved him for his virtues. The learned, however, give another origin to the feast of the lanterns: they pretend that the Emperor Kye, last Monarch of the family of Hya, complained of the division of nights and days, which rendered one half of life useless. He therefore built a Palace without windows, in which he assembled a certain number of persons; and that he might totally banish darkness, established a continual illumination by lanterns, which gave birth to this feast.

The magnificence of the Chinese is conspicuous in their public works, fortifications, temples, bridges, towers, triumphal arches, high-ways, canals, &c. There are about 3000 towers on their great wall, in the building of which, one-third of the inhabitants of the Empire were employed. This famous work is at present as perfect as the first day it was built. Their most famous edifice is, the Grand, or Porcelain Tower, at Nankeen: it is an octagon, of about forty feet in diameter, each side presenting a face of fifteen feet: it is nine story high: the wall of the first story is not less than twelve feet thick, and eight and a half high: it is faced with porcelain, which porcelain is in fine preservation, though it is three hundred years old. This tower is said to be about two hundred feet high. China contains 100 triumphal arches, built in honour of Princes, illustrious men and women, and persons renowned for their knowledge and virtue.

" Agriculture is highly honoured in China: a seasonable
 " rain gives occasion to the Mandarins to visit and com-
 " pliment each other. In the spring, according to ancient
 " custom, the Emperor fails not, with great solemnity, to
 " hold the plough, and sow different sorts of grain. Twelve
 " Lords are selected to assist in his labours; besides which,
 " he is accompanied by fifty respectable and aged Farmers,
 " on whom he himself bestows various presents. The
 " Mandarins observe the same ceremony in every town.
 " The Emperor Yongchin commanded the Governors of
 " towns, every year, to remit him the name of a Peasant
 " of their district, distinguished for his application to Agri-
 " culture, his irreproachable conduct, his family union,
 " his frugality, prudence, or peace-making among his
 " neighbours. The Emperor, on the Governor's testimony,
 " raises this man to the degree of a Mandarin of the eighth
 " order, and sends him honorary patents of his rank, by
 " which he is qualified to wear a Mandarin's habit, visit
 " the Governor, and sit and drink tea in his presence."

Abrégé de l'Hif gen. des Voy. par M. de la Harpe.

(18) Barege, celebrated for it's mineral waters, is situated at the foot of the Pyrennees, and is only habitable from the month of May to the month of October, at which period the inhabitants retire from this village to Luz, or other places in the valley of Barege, which contains seventeen villages, and the little town of Luz. The inhabitants carry away with them all that they possess, even to their very doors and windows, as the thieves are hardy enough to climb even mountains of snow, to go and pillage their houses. Barege is a few leagues from Bagneres, which also has it's mineral waters, with a delightful situation; and in the neighbourhood of the beautiful valley of Campan, five leagues from

from Barege, is the Cascade of Gaverny, one of the highest known.

(19) All the details, relative to the Moravian Brethren, given in the text, are exact; as are likewise the following:

The habitation of the Moravian Brethren is immense, most agreeably situated, and in the most healthy part of Holland. The water of Zaft is excellent, a very uncommon advantage in this country. Their gardens are extensive and beautiful, and the building is composed of several large wings. Within this enormous mass, all the widows, who have no children, sleep in one vast room, and eat together in a kind of refectory. The same order is observed for the unmarried women, the widowers who have no children, and the bachelors. Thus the free persons of both sexes are kept separate from each other; for the Brethren, who are widowers and bachelors, are not permitted to go into the apartments of the widows and maidens: they can meet them no where but in the gardens, nor see them any where else, except at Church, where they are likewise separate. The married people live together, in distinct families; the women all wear jackets, and little mobed caps, tied under the chin with a riband; which is blue, if the woman be married; white, if a widow; and red, if a maid. They call each other brother and sister, and appear to live in strict amity; their apartments are exceedingly simple, but exceedingly neat. The most ancient Brethren have the care of the house; and it is to those the members, who would wish to marry, must address themselves.

Their Church is vast, and built square, without paintings or ornaments. Two large galleries, supported by pillars, occupy two of it's sides; in one of which is an organ.

Benches

Benches are placed on the two other sides; one of which sides is for the men, the other, in front, for the women; who each enter, and go out, on their own side. Thus the men and the women are kept entirely separate.

Near the middle of the Church sits a Brother, opposite a little table, on which is a large book. Every body is seated; the men have no hats, they have no prayer-books, nor ever kneel; they only rise for a moment, before they go out, at the end of their prayers.

The ceremony begins by the playing of the organ; after which the Brother, who is seated at the table, sings by himself at first; he stops, and the congregation reply in chorus, accompanied by the soft organ. This music has a ravishing effect; it is affecting, majestic, and heavenly. After the music, the Brother, seated at the little table, makes a kind of sermon, or exhortation, in German, with which the ceremony concludes. They assemble in this Church twice a day, at seven and at nine, and always in the evening. They preach three times a week at their seven o'clock meeting, and read the Holy Scriptures the other four. Their prayers never last more than forty minutes. There is an air of modesty, simplicity, and parity of manners, reigns through the Society, which greatly affects a stranger. All labour, all are employed, and all are peaceable, prudent, and happy. This I myself saw at Zast.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.



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